

Woburn, Reading, North & South Reading, Stoneham, Winchester and Burlington.

[SINGLE COPY FOUR CENTS.]

Volume VI---Number 39.

bend were faultless ; and I can make a

pretty good bow. The evening passed. Flora's behavior to myself and others hit the lady-like thing to a nicety. Her courtesies were shown so gracefully and so generally as to exhibit no marked

preference ; and yet there was an air, a slight manner, visible only to myself, in her way of receiving my attentions, that was flattering in the extreme. Supper came. Champagne makes one feel

very complacent ; but I was not quite so much exalted as not to notice everything Flora did. She was standing near an old gentleman, quite an aged man, over seventy, I should think, with

a kind, benevolent face. He seemed attracted by her beauty, and was talking to her with a pleased expression of interest that made one love as well as reverence the silver hairs upon his temples.

ples. But she seemed uneasy. She did not attend to what he was saying. He was no dandified youth, and so he was not worth wasting her time on.— Suddenly she interrupted him in the

middle of a sentence, with, 'I beg your pardon, sir,'—and turning her back upon him, commenced a conversation with a guardsman. As she took his arm to promenade, she caught the old gentle-

man's foot, surprised, hurt and agrieved. But no expression of regret came over her countenance. Her head was carried as easily as before, and her glance was as bright. It was enough

for me. I never forgot Flora Goodman's rudeness to that old man. To say the least, there is nothing more ungraceful in a young girl than any lack of respect or attention to old age, and it shows a most ungracious spirit.

and it shows a want, a great want of something—a radical defect somewhere. The game was up for that night ; and that, my dear fellow, is why I did not marry Flora Goodman."

Rising in the World.

You should bear constantly in mind that nine-tenths of us are, from the very nature and necessity of the world

born to gain our livelihood by the sweat of the brow. What reason have we, then, to presume that our children are not to do the same? If they are, as now and then one will be endowed

with extraordinary powers of mind, those powers may have an opportunity of developing themselves; and if they never have that opportunity, the harm is not very great to us or to them. Nor

does it hence follow that the descendants of laborers are always to be laborers. The path upwards is steep and long, to be sure. Industry, care, skill, excellence, in the present parent law

the foundation of a rise, under more favorable circumstances, for the children. The children of these take another rise, and by-and-by the descendants of the present laborer become

gentlemen. This is the natural progress. It is by attempting to reach the top at a single leap that so much misery is produced in the world; and the propensity to make such an attempt

has been cherished and encouraged by the strange projects that we have witnessed of late years for making the laborers virtuous and happy by giving them what is called education. The

education which I speak of consists in bringing children up to labor with steadiness, with care, and with skill; to show them how to do as many useful things as possible: to teach them

to do all in the best manner; to set them an example in industry, sobriety, cleanliness and neatness; to make all these habitual to them, so that they never shall be liable to fall into the


contrary; to let them always see a good living proceeding from labor, and thus to remove from them the temptations to get at the goods of others by violent or fraudulent means. — *William*

HAPPINESS OF WORKING-MEN.—The situation or social position of the poor—and by that word, we mean the

laboring population—is by no means so deficient in the means of happiness and comfort as many are led to believe.—“The mechanics,” says Lord Byron, “and working classes who can maintain

and working classes who can maintain their families, are, in my opinion, the happiest body of men. Poverty is wretchedness; but it is, perhaps to be preferred to the heartless, unmeaning dissipation of the higher orders." A

popular author says : "I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all the rich and great ; but if I were disposed to this weakness, it would be a healthy young man going forth in a morning

 The Years — they do not go

from us, but we from them, stepping from the old into the new, and always leaving behind us some baggage, no longer serviceable on the march.

trodden, there they stand, every one in his place, holding fast all that was left in trust with them. Some keep our childhood, some our youth, and all have something of ours which they will give us for a token like our own.

the opinions cast away, the hope that went with us no farther, the cares that have had successors, and the follies outgrown to be reviewed by memory and called up for evidence, came down.

⚡ The estimated expenditure on law costs in the affairs of the Royal British Bank is £17,000.

Middlesex Journal.

MODERN, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1857.

The Comet Panic.

The Comet has come and gone, or is going. At least, this is the presumption; yet very few, if any person, have seen that erratic body during its supposed visit to the "glimpses of the moon." We confess that in our searches of the evening or the midnight sky we have seen nothing more beautiful than the Pleiades or more terrible than the Ursa Major, and certainly nothing that had a "length of tail behind." We would not aver therefore that no one of the numerous comets that traverse the illimitable depths of space have not been within a hundred millions or even twenty millions of miles of the earth, but we will stake our reputation upon the argument, that if such has been the case, that it has been pursuing a perfectly legitimate and lawful course of adventure, without the slightest disposition to accomplish any such quixotic feat as knocking this little globe of ours about the ears.

The late excitement respecting this reputed "second comet" to our regions, shows that the world has not yet outgrown its tendencies to marvellousness, credulity and superstition. We cannot so much blame the children and grandmothers of olden times for exhibiting a little uneasiness or terror, at seeing a strange and flaming meteor, stalking athwart the heavens and apparently increasing in size and proximity, for they did not know whence it came or whither it was going. It was a startling and unusual event. The Almanacs, if they had any, did not contain any account of it. And hence such celestial phenomena were looked upon as the harbingers of evil. No one had philosophy enough to suggest that they might possibly be the precursors of good. Even an eclipse of the sun or moon was supposed to enfold within its gloomy shadows some "chimeric dire" threatening calamity to man. But in these days of knowledge and science we greatly wonder that any persons can let their credulity, so run away with their reason, as to imagine disaster or ruin will accompany or follow these "signs in the heavens." So far as eclipses are concerned, the people of most civilized countries have come to consider them as matters of course, to which indeed they attach a special interest, but by no means regard with wonder or alarm. The reason is obvious; they have been instructed to believe them to be natural phenomena recurring at intervals and founded on regular and well ascertained laws. Now why should not the same confidence be reposed in the order, system and regularity of the motions of the comets as of other heavenly bodies. Not to do so, seems to be an impeachment of the skill and wisdom of the Creator. We know that astronomers have not yet determined the orbits of many of the comets in our system, still when it is seen that those already ascertained, perform their cycles in regular periods, why should we not infer that that is a condition imposed on all. "Order is heaven's first law." And it is quite unlikely that the machinery of the universe will run out of gear to please certain men who are fond of the notoriety that frequently accompanies great predictions. If the earth had been "jostled from its sphere" as many times as has been foretold by foolish prophets, it would be a rather sorry place to live in about this time. We think, however, it stands a chance of surviving several more such paper catastrophes.

But there are persons, and even editors of newspapers, (who certainly ought to be wiser) who, though they do not believe in comet collisions yet have faith in comet influences. If the earth has not been struck flat in the face, yet it is said to have had a brush from the tail or other appendage of its cometship, and hence the storms, tornadoes and very cool weather of the present season. Now, how very absurd such inferences are. Do we never have cool, or hot, or damp, or dry weather only when comets are in our vicinity? Do not storms sweep the earth and the seas, and tornadoes revel in prostrate trees and dismantled buildings only when the firmament is darkened with an eclipse or emblazoned with unwonted fires? We verily believe such things have happened when the sun and the moon gave out their usual light, and night revealed to the gazer heavenward, only the beautiful stars that are—

"Forever shining as they shine:
The hand that made us is Divine."

It is time these relics of astrology were given up. There are plenty of causes for all the phenomena common to our atmosphere to be found at or near the surface of the earth without going so far out of the way to account

for them. It is a safe rule to observe, that when ordinary causes can be applied to given events, it is no mark of wisdom to seek for their solution in the remote or marvellous.

THE STATE OF GENERAL WARREN AND ITS MORAL.

The 4th of July stands not alone to us as being significant of our country's glory. The 17th of June will ever be held in grateful though in melancholy recollection. And the inquiry may be started in this place, why have our people caused to be carved and to be erected, the beautiful and well-deserved statue of Warren? Why the ceremonies of the 17th ult., on Bunker's Hill? Why such a concourse called together? Was it merely to perpetuate the name of a few men who died for their country? Those were brave men—they earned all the renown they have or shall receive—but was this the grand purpose of the magnificent display? No, no, but to show, and to keep alive in the souls of our children and youth, a love of our institutions. Whatever tends to stir up and keep alive the spirit of '75 and '76, cannot but contribute to the good of all our people. This spirit will make us forget the minor differences, or at least save us from exaggerating them, and preserve us as a nation. Granted there is much said against the Union, and many hard things are said because all cannot be gratified in their wishes. Granted that there are many unpleasant, unrighteous customs and laws still existing in our borders, that ought long since to have been removed; still the Union is worth preserving. The mission of our country is not ended. One class complain already of the late ceremonies, because Mr. Everett, or some others, did not say more on the occasion, of the evils that still afflict our land. That was not the time and place to introduce party questions, on which good men in the nation are divided, have been so and will be for many long years to come. Men from almost every section of our country had been cordially invited to come together to participate in a national celebration. Would not it have been a great impropriety to have attacked the opinions of one class of our fellow citizens, merely because we had so good a chance? How could such conduct be justified? Good men disagree on the questions of the day. Let each express his honest convictions in his way, on all proper occasions, but let him bear in mind that his brother has the same privilege. If we can keep alive and vigorous in the heart the noble spirit by which our fathers were animated—the spirit of '76—we shall scarcely go wrong.

In our prosperity and continued growth, nothing is more natural than that we should become intoxicated, and thus the high purposes of our nationality would not be attained. A tolerant spirit must be sacredly and constantly maintained. Our fathers disagreed on many great and important questions. They understood that the poorest way to overcome their differences would be to quarrel and call each other hard names. That hearty prayer, in the continental congress, when a question of vast moment was pending, had a most moving effect on the assembly. Talking could not have done it. Learning could not. Eloquence could not. It was the power of kindness, of christian love.

In our fast and fruitful age, we have many reformers and reform movements. Each man says come and see my zeal for my favorite subject. Some of these plans are more feasible than others, but we confess that we have no hope of any reform that is not predicated on true christian principles.

He that will not allow others to differ from him is a bigot, and has not learned the spirit of our institutions. To expect our people to be of one opinion on religion and politics is the greatest folly imaginable. It cannot be. Hence, we must cultivate more and more a tolerant spirit.

Independence!

When Pete Pollywog got up on a certain Fourth of July morning, and found himself in possession of numerous strings of fire-crackers, sundry torpedoes, pin-wheels, etc.,—the result of the savings of several weeks, or more likely of the sharp importunity of his respected male parent—he thought himself one of the most independent of biped existences. He didn't wait for Aurora to dawn, nor the sun to rise, before he exhibited his independent propensities by the frequent discharge of the explosive forces aforementioned. These detonating exercises were continued through the day, without regard to maternal anxieties, and against the remonstrances and high wrought fears of sister Mag. But after the sun had gone down, and the last rocket had exploded in the upper air, and shed down its "golden rain" like star dust

sifted from the firmament, Pete was a tired and exhausted boy; his face was smirched and his fingers were searched, and although he had been having a "glorious time," he slunk to his bed with many feelings of discomfort and fatigue. Happy for him if he found himself the next day a wiser as well as a sadder boy.

There are many people who imitate Pete in their attempts at independence. They gather together by assiduity, or cunning, what will purchase them the means of indulging in a terrible excess of pleasure or passion, at whatever expense of pain or annoyance to their friends and neighbors, or of real harm to themselves. And thus they run on till jaded nature cries out for repose, or plunges them into unheeded ruin.

It may be that our nation is trying the same experiment. We are running on in a career of apparent prosperity, we are heaping up the fruits of our toil and absorbing the conquests of war and "manifest destiny," and well nigh regard ourselves as the only independent nationality on earth. But are we not liable to that fatal collapse and disaster which surely follows unrestrained desires and the exercise of a dashing and dare devil independence? At any rate if such a result is not in some degree probable, it will do no harm to suggest that it is possible. So we advise Pete Pollywog, and that fast young man or woman, as well as our great and growing nation, not to be too independent.

LESSONS OF THE SEASON.

After one of the coldest and severest winters known in our usually rigorous climate, we have had a dreary and unpropitious spring. Much of the seed that has been committed to the earth, has been sown in peculiar anxiety. So that many ancient scriptures passages, as well as customs, have been very forcibly brought to the mind. It was no unusual event for the river Jordan to overflow its banks and so inundate the country that the husbandman was obliged, when he sowed his grain, to "cast his bread upon the waters," cheered by the assurance that he should "find it again, after many days."

Fears of the comet in some circles, predictions that we were to have a cold and unproductive season, the extreme high prices of provisions, the general prostration of business throughout the length and breadth of our land, have a depressing effect on the public mind. But no one should despair. All these things are ordered in wisdom. The "bud may have a bitter taste, but sweet will be the flower." Many valuable lessons will be learned by the present state of business. Many will suffer, but still many more will be taught a useful lesson touching industry, temperance and frugality.

But if the toil of the farmer shall be crowned with success, and we shall realize a good crop of all the staple articles of life, and no evil from the Comet, and our quiet Summer succeeded by a Fall and Winter of very active remunerating trade, surely the lesson ought not to be wholly unheeded by us fault-finding mortals. The farmer must plow and sow in faith. And so should it be with every class of business men, and indeed, with all who would move their brothers to noble deeds. FAITH is all-essential,—but little will be attempted without it. Much can be accomplished with it.

The Railroads throughout the country are feeling very seriously the loss of income caused by the small quantity of produce coming to the seaboard and of merchandise going west, which have been small this season, beyond all precedent, in both directions. The stocks of the New Western roads have fallen to a very low figure, and are still tending downward. The great lines of the Baltimore and Ohio, the Pennsylvania Central, the Erie, and the New York Central roads suffer as seriously as the Western and the Eastern. But they may all console themselves with the reflection that their position is as good as that of ship-owners or manufacturers.

The truth of the whole matter is that there has been by far too large a proportion of the capital and labor of the country invested in the cities in trade and manufactures, when compared with the amount which has been invested in agriculture. The resources of the country for the time being are not adequate to furnish remunerating business to the towns and cities. To those who have managed agricultural business with a sufficient degree of skill and boldness, this is a most fortunate state of things, and many farmers throughout the country cannot fail to have profited by the course of events. The same state of things in this respect, exists in France and England, though to a somewhat less aggravated extent, than in the United States.

There is hardly a railroad in the country whose stock is not now considerably below par. Those in New England now stand much better, comparatively, than for some years past. Of a list of a hundred and fifty railroads now before us, the only stocks above par are the New Haven and Hartford, and the little Taunton Branch, which is only 11 miles long.—[Traveler.]

Two Aldermen of the Brooklyn (N.Y.) City Government have been detected in receiving bribes. They have resigned their positions.

Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, July 3rd, 1857.

My Dear Journal:—The most active preparations for the celebrating the 4th have been in progress here during the past week, and our city is, as usual at such times, filled with strangers. Patriotism vents itself among the boys in the shape of torpedoes and crackers, and among the children if a larger growth by means of guns and fireworks. It is a noisy and stirring time of which I will give you a more detailed account in my next.

The dull and uninspiring weather which has hung like a pall over us for a few days past has given way to sunshine, and everybody's face seems illuminated in proportion.

Notwithstanding the near approach of our National holiday, every body is so "lawful" in their doings that there is hardly an item of news to be raked up anywhere. People won't elope, or marry their servants or anything of the kind, much to the chagrin of news-gatherers and penny-a-liners.

One little circumstance seems to give us Bostonians some uneasiness, and that is the fact that our board of Aldermen have refused the customary music on the common. It is objected to on the score of expense, but as the people themselves are willing to pay for it, this excuse is not valid. Our dear economists forget the expense of a dinner in Faneuil Hall, and an excursion down the harbor and dinner there, or the trifle spent by visiting committees, etc, but then such officials cannot be supposed to think of every thing particularly if the people are going to receive any benefit.

Amusements are flourishing better here than at any previous summer season for several years past. The Howard Athenaeum continues crowded nightly, with fashionable and critical audiences; and well it may. For in addition to the artistic company who appear nightly upon its boards, the management have taken every precaution to ensure the comfort of its patrons until it has become one of the coolest and most comfortable places of resort in the city. I understand they are to continue through another week.

Since the opening of the National under the management of Wm. B. English, Esq., the house has enjoyed an immense run of patronage. Whatever may be said of the character of the plays produced at this house, it must be admitted that Mr. English has the ability to cater to that particular class who have been his patrons, and also that he has developed powers, in the youthful actresses, Lucille and Helen, of which they had no idea they were the possessors.

A. B. N.

(Correspondence of the Middlesex Journal.)

Matters and things in New York.

New York, June 30, 1857.

The town is in ardent spirits this morning. Business is dull and time hangs heavy on our hands, so every body has bought a gutta serena suit and a chiffonier's hook, and is going up to Albany, pearl-fishing. The amusement promises to be decidedly fashionable, and Newport and Saratoga will be deserted right away, unless some peevish creek should be discovered in their vicinity. Fishing and hunting have been voted a bore; all the books are troulous, and all the woods devoid of game, but digging up pearls by the bushel is another story! It is said that a large jewelry firm of this city advanced \$40,000 on the bushel of gems found near Albany, and if this proves true, a grand crusade up the river may be looked for. Why not? one man's fingers can dig muscles just as well as another's. But who is to buy and wear all this precious commodity?

Business is in a state of stagnation, as the market is only moderately supplied with goods, and everybody is waiting for the new tariff to take effect, when vast quantities of merchandise, especially dry goods, will be withdrawn from bond. The amount of dry goods now in bond is over \$20,000,000 in value. The South Western merchants are beginning to make their appearance, more for the purpose of seeing the town than of buying, for the next two weeks. Country merchants should be warned of a new "pand" dole, which is beginning to be practised successfully. Several gentlemen recently arrived, exhibit very elegant billets from ladies residing in Wooster, professing acquaintance, and requesting an early call. It appears that the "old borders" in some houses of ill-repute, are in the habit of dispatching notes of this kind to all the names which appear on the hotel lists in the evening papers. We give special notice of this, lest some unsophisticated D. D., might be entrapped into an embarrassing position.

The prospect of business for the fall is much more promising than it was two or three weeks ago. All accounts seem to agree in predicting excellent crops from most sections of the West, and those of our merchants who have recently returned from collecting tours in that section, speak with great confidence of the condition of the country. The only trouble has been a want of specie, owing to which wealthy farmers have been unable to pay the smallest bill, and consequently, the dealers who supplied them could not meet their liabilities in New York. The Mayor Wood's excitement has blown itself away, though we have occasionally a little "sizz," from some exploded pyrotechnia.

HIDES, LEATHER AND SHOES.—A manufacturer in Connecticut, writing to a dealer in Boston, says he has just returned from New York, where he found an attempt was being made to re-instate the high prices for leather of last winter. He doesn't believe it will be successful. Large quantities are daily arriving from the tanneries in the interior of the State, and an increased amount is coming from Pennsylvania. Most of the leather being sold there was to Boston dealers. He thinks if manufacturers will stop work, as he has, sole leather will soon be down to 18 cents per pound.

THE BURDELL WILL CASE.—It is stated that Mrs. Cunningham, confident of a decision in her favor from the Surrogate, in the estate case, is making active preparations to dispose of her property with a view to removal to Ohio, where it is said she has some relatives residing. Her daughters will accompany her. One of them, it is said, will shortly be married.

"THE MIDDLESEX JOURNAL."

Mr. Editor:—Allow me to say a word of your efforts to furnish an interesting paper. In this work I think you have been eminently successful. There are few papers which have more good editorial than your Journal. I hope you find a support equal to your merits. A word of those who assist you.

South Reading Writers. I read with pleasure what appears above the initial "M." (Mansfield,) because he is a careful observer of current events, and knows how to put them into a readable form. His suggestions are often most excellent. Let him remember that though he receives not money for his industry, he receives the thanks of many. And what shall we say of "E's" (Eaton) productions? He is the antiquarian of his vicinity. He looks about, and gathers up the facts and scraps of history and biography with an industrious hand. He has a fine taste, and stored mind, and is an interesting poet of a peculiar style. Let him not be weary in well-doing.

Stoneham Writers were once very prolific; but since the removal of a faithful Whitecomb, not so much has been done for your paper. And yet, the articles of "Thompson" are by no means void of interest. Let him be encouraged.

Reading Writers. And from this place you have some good things. "G." has said many good things, and "St. Clair," certainly knows how to write for the popular mind.

Winchester Writers do not, to my mind, aim to be quite so practical and general in their labors. Though, as a whole, your writers are doing much to interest and improve the community where your Journal is published.

I think your paper is doing good, and I hope it will be read by every family within ten miles of good old, substantial Warren. I wish you great prosperity, and hope are true that you are able to be at your post as of old.

Yours, HENRY, OF LYNN.

TERRIBLE MURDER.—A terrible murder was committed near Gordonsville, in Louisa county on Saturday last, and the supposed murderer has been arrested and committed to prison for trial.

A gentleman named Hall, with his family, had moved to the place of the murder three days before its commission, and hired a negro girl, aged 15 years, from Mrs. Maria Thompson, of Louisa. On the morning of the occurrence Mr. Hall left home at an early hour for Gordonsville, and about 10 o'clock received information that his wife had been murdered. Hastening home he found Mrs. Hall lying in the yard, near the door of the house, cold in death, her skull fractured in several places, and her clothing, breast and arms, dreadfully burned. An inquest was held over the body during the day, when the servant girl was examined. From all we could gather, there seems to be no doubt that Mrs. Hall was killed by the girl with a shovel, as she was entering the house; and that the black wretch then set her on fire and attempted to burn her, but finding that to be a difficult task, extinguished the flames and reported the murder to the neighbors, with the hope of hiding her own guilt.—[Richmond Dispatch, 50th.]

CAVING IN OF A WELL.—Heart-rending affair.—On the 15th ult. Mr. Casper H. Blair, residing near Daltown, York co., Pa., went to his well, in the yard, for the purpose of drawing water, when the walls caved in, precipitating him down the well, a distance of seventeen feet, (the well is about forty feet deep) where he was firmly held by earth and stone, unable to extricate himself. The Eagle says:—

"At the time the accident occurred Mr. Blair was alone at home, his wife having gone to visit his mother, who was ill. She returned about 5 o'clock, and not finding her husband in the house, she called and received an answer, when, on searching for him, she found that he was in the well."

The alarm was immediately given, and strenuous efforts made by the neighbors to rescue him from his perilous situation. They worked faithfully, and, at one time, were within eighteen inches from him, the unfortunate man conversing with them all the time. Their exertions, however, seemed to avail but little, for as fast as they succeeded in removing the earth, fresh quantities would fall in upon him. Finding their exertions in his behalf of no avail, the doomed man shortly after midnight, requested that his wife might be brought within hearing of his voice, that he might bid her a last farewell. His request was complied with, and we leave the reader to imagine the scene—the anguish of mind of her who, on the 14th of April last, he led to the altar a bride. At 1 o'clock on Tuesday morning, he ceased to exist, and his lifeless body was found about 4 o'clock, much bruised with one hand off."

MAINE POLITICS.—The politicians of Maine have now entered the field, fully organized for the State election, in September. The Republican candidate for Governor is Lot M. Morrill, of Augusta, a lawyer by profession, well known out of the State, as well as in, as a politician of shrewdness, and a speaker of much ability. He has been President of the State Senate, a Maine law man and a brother of Ex-Governor Morrill, and two years ago acted with the Democrats. Maassah H. Smith, of Warren, when the Democrats have put in nomination, is not so well known. He also is a lawyer by profession, but is said to have retired from business. In politics he has always been a Democrat, has served in the Legislature, and has run for Congress in the Lincoln and Waldo district. He is a man of considerable energy and fair ability, and is likely to receive the full vote of the party.—As few offices are to be filled at the approaching election, the contest will not be very animated.

While John Barker was harrowing in a field near Bloomington, Illinois, his two horses took fright and ran off. The harrow was thrown up into the back, with the teeth up, and the horses became entangled in the harness in such a manner as to cause them both to fall on top of the harrow, the teeth of which penetrated to their vitals and killed them.

In New Haven, a man named C.C. Conlay, died on Monday, from the effect of having a tooth drawn, several days since. He took cold in his head soon after the operation; his face became very much swollen, and it was found impossible to reduce the inflammation. He was a contractor in Colt's Armory, where he had been employed for a number of years, and he leaves a wife and one child.

SOUTH READING.

JUVENILE PROFANITY.—So ethely desolate of any redeeming quality is profane swearing, that seldom can a man be found, however profane himself, who will coolly and considerately justify the practice. A person of our acquaintance who hardly ever uttered a sentence that did not contain a profane expression, was greatly shocked on learning that his children had been heard to swear, and with an oath inquired how and where they could have learned it, as he had always warned them against it. As the evil is so common, children are almost involuntarily drawn into it. Many parents would be amazed to know its prevalence, and that their children bear a part in it. Look at that little fellow, seven or eight years old, parading the streets with his paper cockade and wooden sword, uttering oaths so big as to make his little bosom heave with emotion. The smiles of his mother, which greet him on his return to his home, shows that she has no suspicion that anything could have been amiss in his conduct during his short absence. Of all the boys that play in the streets, most of them probably are profane. What is true of this place will apply to other communities. M.

BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS.—This caution may be seen posted up in most Railroad Depots and thoroughfares, but seldom seen in stores, where it is very much needed. Picking pockets in stores is becoming the order of the day. Last week we recorded one of many, this week another. Mrs. Poland of this town, and an occasional contributor to the Middlesex Journal, was on a visit to her friends in Salem last week, and while doing some shopping in one of the largest dry goods stores in that city, was robbed of her pocket book containing \$15.75. The clerk remarked that it was the second instance of the kind within a few days. M.

ERRATA.—We would not call attention to mistakes which might occur in the Journal during the sickness of its Editor, but for the reason that some of the readers of the last number very naturally inquire "Why two men were arrested in Crystal Lake?" Under the head of "Criminal Record," it should have read "Two young men were arrested on Monday, on charge of too public exposure while bathing, the day before, in Crystal Lake." The semi-colon after "Quapanowet" should also have been omitted. M.

STONEHAM.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Editor:—It is very seldom that we notice petty jealousies or envious dispositions, however strongly their claims may be urged by highly colored phrases, or strengthened by fanciful absurdities, mistaken for religion. We have no sympathy with the craven spirit that would disturb a meeting of any kind, and indeed we are at a loss for terms to express the depth of meanness that would instigate the act; and feeling the repugnance we do for everything of the kind, we can appreciate the feelings of others, whose greatest pride is their unsullied character. In making the following statements of facts, we only reiterate the sentiment of a community, who indignantly repudiate the foul calumny on our most respectable citizens. We were present at the meeting mentioned in the Journal of the 20th June, and occupied a side seat, commanding a view of the whole room, and we could but remark the gentlemanly deportment of those so styled noble bucks in the article referred to; and we can conceive of no motive that would justify the writing of such an article. We will not outrage common sense by supposing the bare act of a person's rising and immediately resuming his seat on discovering his mistake would justify it,—for the gentleman assures us it was a mistake,—thinking it was customary there, as at other places, for the congregation to rise during the closing prayer. The person designated as one of those noble lords, is a gentleman of high-toned sentiments, and his morality is unimpeachable. We challenge the whole fraternity of Millerism to show a single act of his not in accordance with the true gentleman. After a careful perusal of the article, we can only construe it into a contemptible ruse to gain notoriety for a society sadly degenerated. And we hope for the sake of the permanency of that society nothing of the kind will be repeated. BARNUM.

Two Girls, hired for the purpose, have been arrested in New York for enticing a girl into a house of ill-fame where her person was violated, and she was kept in confinement for two days by the keeper.

According to the census of legal voters, which has been taken by Mr. Morrill, Lynn has three thousand two hundred and sixty legal voters—the largest number of any in the county, excepting Salem.

MURDER.—We learn by an extract from a private letter, received by a gentleman in this city, from Fort Arbuckle, Indian Territory, that an Indian recently arrested and confined at Fort Arbuckle, fearful that he would be hung, planned an escape. While the guard was at dinner, he shot the sentinel having charge of him, and then effected his escape to his tribe. The commanding officer of the fort sent out a detachment of soldiers and demanded the murderer or his head, from the chiefs of the tribe, the officer commanding the detachment threatening instant retaliation unless the demand was complied with. After consultation among themselves, the chiefs arrested the murderer, decapitated him, and formally delivered the ghastly head to the officer commanding the detachment, who in due time delivered it to the commanding officer at Fort Arbuckle. The head, after having been exhibited to the excited soldiers, was presented to the surgeon of the fort.—[St. Paul Pioneer, June 18.]

In the presence of the Secretary of War, at Washington, a Mons. J. B. Richer exhibited a process to restore putrid meats or fish to a perfectly sound or healthy state. The experiment was tried on a putrid beef steak and a shad, which at first were so offensive that no one could hardly stay in the room. By a hocus pocus preparation and sousing the beef and fish in a bucket of water, they came out perfectly fresh.

SUICIDE OF CAPT. DRAYTON.—The man who committed suicide in New Bedford on Wednesday was Capt. Drayton, who attempted to carry away seventy slaves from Washington in the schooner Pearl, in 1848, and was sentenced to twenty years imprisonment and pardoned by President Fillmore after four years incarceration. The New Bedford Standard says:—

"Since his release, Capt. Drayton has travelled in the Free States, selling his personal narrative and other anti-slavery works, and speaking for the great cause in which he acted so heroically. He has frequently visited New Bedford, and usually called upon us; and we rejoiced as much to take him by the hand as we do to greet one of the venerable Revolutionary patriots, whose stubborn fanaticism for liberty will be celebrated next week."

Capt. Drayton's health was completely shattered by the hardships he had undergone at the hands of the kidnappers. No victim of an Algerine pirate ever fared worse than a man fares in this age who exercises practical Christianity in the Slave States. Not being able to pursue any active business, or resume his old calling of a merchant, Capt. Drayton has maintained himself and family by the sale of books, as aforesaid, and by private contributions. He was a native of New Jersey, born in 1802, was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and leaves a widow and several children. He was a tall spare man, with a very resolute look, and frank, engaging manners.

In consequence of low spirits, induced by broken health, Capt. Drayton has probably for some time meditated self-destruction. He met an old friend, Wm. Bush, in this city, on Wednesday last, and observed that he came here to die, and wished to be properly interred. His friend received the sad remark as a jest. But alas! that noble heart has ceased to pulsate; that self-sacrificing soul has gone to its home with the Heavenly Father.

Capt. Drayton had about \$12 in money on his person. Some friends who knew and revered the departed, have attended to its proper entombment. The Worcester Spy says:—

"Rev. E. E. Hale, formerly of this city, but now of Boston, has always manifested a warm interest in the welfare of Capt. Drayton and his family, and we believe that through his assistance the children of this old hero were provided with good homes, when both parents were weighed down with sickness and privations."

A HEART AND HAND WORTH HAVING.—No person who has any reverence for the good, the true and the beautiful in human nature, can help admiring the noble woman of whom the following record is made by a letter-writer at the West:—

"While in Gratiot County, Mich., during the recent fearful famine, he saw a woman who, with affectionate devotion, sustained her sick husband and two children on maple sugar and leeks several days before she could get other relief; and when, at last, relief came, she had to carry the provisions several miles on her back. This woman had taken care of her sick husband since last August, and her family of two children; besides which, she made 100 pounds of three star flour, cleared the ground and hoed in two acres of spring wheat, and planted some corn and potatoes. She was habited in tattered garments."

SENTENCE OF A MERCHANT FOR FORGERY IN ENGLAND.—Justice is promptly administered in England, without regard to persons. At Leeds, lately, a merchant of some standing, named Joseph Manning Wilson, was charged with forging bills of exchange of the value of £10,000. The forgeries were executed in the years 1855 and 1856, after which Wilson absconded to Australia. He returned to England with the idea of making America his home, but was apprehended in the English Channel, and, after a trial lasting but eight hours, was convicted and sentenced to transportation for life. In May, 1856, a merchant in the same city was convicted of forgery to a large amount, and sentenced to a life transportation.

LEGAL VOTERS.—The amendment to the Constitution, providing that hereafter the House of Representatives shall be based upon the number of legal voters, operates to cut down materially the list of representatives in some of the cities and large towns of the Commonwealth. In Salem, the Gazette says, it will reduce the representation to three.—The number of legal voters in that city, as reported, a 2536; in Lynn, 3290; Gloucester, 1748; Haverhill, 1790; and in Andover, 757; Amesbury, 703; Georgetown, 410; Hamilton, 290; Ipswich, 635; Manchester, 385; Middleton, 243; W. Newbury, 392; Swampscott, 212; Springfield, 2736.

Forty-one DAYS WITHOUT EATING.—We learn that Mr. William Lythop, who is stopping at the Spiritualists' Hospital, in this town, commenced eating again on Tuesday last, having abstained from partaking of any nourishment, (except a little cold water,) beside what he derived from taking food of his wife's hand while she was eating, for forty-one days! He has been able to go about, during this time, with nearly the usual sprightliness, as when he partook of his hearty meals.—[Quincy Patriot.]

FUGITIVE SLAVE KILLED.—The Cincinnati Commercial says that on Sunday last three slaves escaped from Kentucky into Ohio, and on Monday they were discovered hid in the woods, about four miles back of the river. The negroes being armed, made a desperate resistance, and one of them, while in the act of shooting a Mr. James Humphreys, one of his pursuers, was shot and instantly killed.—The second escaped, while the third was arrested and taken back to Kentucky.

ELOPEMENT WITH A CEROVYAN'S DAUGHTER.—A wealthy clergyman of Brooklyn having recently visited Europe, his daughter during his absence became acquainted with a young man of small means and large affections. The two fell in love, and as the father's consent was out of the question, they determined to elope. On Sunday last the young lady fled slight indisposition, and informed the family that she should not appear at dinner. A carriage was in waiting a few blocks from the house, and going out unobserved, she ran off with her lover.—[New York Evening Post.]

The alterations in the frigate Niagara were expected to be completed by Saturday, the 20th ult., on which day she would leave Portsmouth for Liverpool, to forthwith commence shipping the submarine cable. The officers of the Niagara were very hospitably entertained by the naval authorities at Portsmouth.

The Middlesex Journal.

Woburn, Reading, North & South Reading, Stoughton, Winchester and Burlington.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

"OUR LOCAL INTERESTS."

[SINGLE COPY FOUR CENTS.]

New Series.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1857.

Volume VI.—Number 40.

The Middlesex Journal,

JOHN J. PIPPIY,

Proprietor and Editor.

Published every Saturday Morning.

Office—Main Street, Woburn.

TERMS:

\$2.00 PER YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
All papers will be forwarded until an explicit order for discontinuance is received; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.
Letters and communications should be addressed to the Editor at this Office.

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For a square of 12 lines, 1 year, \$10.00

" " " 6 months, \$6.00

Business Cards, 1 year, \$5.00

Payable quarterly.

Small advertisements, not exceeding 10 lines, 75 c.

or the front insertion, and 50 c. for each continue

insertion. Larger advertisements charged at proportion

ate rates. All advertisements sent to the office not

immed, will be inserted till ordered out, and charged

accordingly.

AGENTS:

North Woburn—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINS & CO.

East Woburn—Mr. ALBERT L. RICHMOND.

Stoughton—Mr. E. T. WATKINS.

Reading—Mr. T. RICHMOND.

South Reading—Dr. J. D. MAXFIELD.

Winchester—Mr. J. H. HAYES.

The Middlesex Journal Printing Office is

equipped with new and superior type, and the

proprietor is prepared to execute ALL KINDS

OF JOB WORK, IN THE BEST MANNER, AND AT

THE LOWEST PRICES, ON REASONABLE TERMS.

BUSINESS CARDS.

BOSTON & LOWELL AND

NASHUA & LOWELL R. R.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after Wednesday, April 1st, 1857,

trains run as follows:—

Nashua, Woburn, Manchester, Concord and Upper

Railroads, 7.30 a. m., 12 m., 5.30 p. m.

For Lowell at 7.30 a. m., 12 m., 5.30 p. m.

For Haverhill, Wilmington, and Woburn W. R., 10

a. m., 3.30 p. m.

For Woburn Centre, 7.45, 11.30 a. m., 5.30, 6.30,

8.15 p. m.

For Medford and Winchester, 7.15, 10, 11.30 a. m.,

2.30, 3, 5.15, 6.30, 8.15 p. m.

*Saturdays at 10 p. m.

Leave Woburn at 15, 10.50 a. m., 2.30 p. m.

*Nashua at 7, 11.35 a. m., 5 p. m.

*Lowell at 7.30, 9.30 a. m., 12.10, 2.15, 5.30 p. m.

*Woburn Centre at 6, 7, 9 a. m., 1.15, 4.45,

8.15 p. m.

7.15 p. m.

Stony Brook trains leave Woburn at 7.15, 11.45 a. m., 4.45, 5 p. m.

Groton Junction at 8 a. m.

12.55, 3.45.

J. B. WINSLOW

Super. B. & L. R. Co.

April 11.

CONVERSE & CO.,

WOBURN AND BOSTON

RAIL ROAD EXPRESS.

5 Trips Daily.

OFFICES: 10 Court Street, Boston.

101 North Street, Woburn.

Orders sent by Express, to be collected, or delivered,

Particular attention given to collecting and paying notes,

raffs, bills, &c.

PERSONS.

WOBURN & BOSTON EXPRESS.

WILL leave Woburn daily at 8 o'clock, a. m., and

Boston at 7 o'clock, p. m. Office in Woburn at

E. T. WATKINS & Wm. Woodbury's stores.

In connection with the above, the subscriber will run

an Express team from East Woburn on Mondays, Wed

nesdays and Fridays, at 9 o'clock. Office in East

Woburn at store of W. W. WATKINS & H. B. BARNETT.

Office in Boston at 34 R. R. Exchange, Court Square

and 4 North Market Street.

All orders for goods, packages, &c., punctually attend

ed to.

April 7, 1855.—ly.

A. A. PERSONS.

HAT MANUFACTORY.

W. A. HASLAM,

PRACTICAL HATTER,

INVENTS the attention of the inhabitants of Woburn

and vicinity to his stock of

HATS & CAPS,

of his own manufacture, and hopes by good attention to

business, to give perfect satisfaction to all who may call

upon him.

Side hats made at short notice. Those persons who

find it difficult to get a hat to fit the head, can have one

made by his measures, that will be as easy to

wear as an old one.

A child's hat renovated in good style, from 25 to 50

cents. A new hat made in good style, from 25 to 50

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Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1857.

Mid-Summer.

When the sun has attained his utmost northern limit, and touching gently the tropic of Cancer, bound back on his career of joy and warmth to the southern hemisphere, he leaves behind him the glories of summer in the temperate zone. We regret to lose the long days of the June solstice, that begin and end in such glowing radiance and throw the mantle of beauty over the mid-day world, but as the hours of light diminish in number, the luxuriance of nature is enhanced. Thus we receive a compensatory solace, even in the loss of things that most we love. We are now in the midst of that all embracing glory that finds expression only in mid-summer. We cannot open our eyes without getting impressions of stately beauty, quiet loveliness or abounding grace that charm the senses and awaken deepest admiration. We believe our readers are not indifferent to the many inspiring objects that nature presents in these her gayest and most brilliant hours, but we dare say many of them have never really looked at the numerous landscapes that constantly lie before and around them; that is, have never examined carefully and in detail the variety of scenery that makes up the *tout ensemble* of the beauty that is open to their gaze. They undoubtedly enjoy the prospect upon which the eye rests as a whole. There is a comprehensive glance, and sensations of delight are produced. To do this is much. There are those, however, who daily take into the vision scenes of unsurpassed beauty and glory, and still allow the impression upon the "mind's eye" to be so slight, that for all purposes of inspiration and enjoyment they may as well have not been seen. We presume the cattle "upon a thousand hills" see the wide prospect before them, and the goats upon the craggy precipices of the Alps send their glances among the leaping catarracts, and into the vales below, and away to the winding rivers, and sleeping lakes, and busy cities of the plains; but "having eyes they see not" for it is the substance back of the retina that sees, and then informs and entrances the soul. We must look upon nature then with earnest, inquiring and loving eyes, for it is only on such conditions that she yields her most fascinating beauties and her divinest forms. We must study her under the varied aspects of morning, noon and night, and amid the different phases of weather; when the sun is pouring a flood of light upon valley and hill, or when the clouds screen his brightness and send thick shadows across the fields, or envelope the whole landscape in one sombre hue. We must look also at the variety that everywhere meets the eye. Here is the delicate green of the birch or willow, and there the deeper emerald of the oak and maple, and anon a group of dark evergreens comes in to tone down and relieve the scene. There is a wide difference between a field of grass and a field of grain; both are beautiful, both wave with the stirring breeze, and send their ripples of light in rapid chase along their bending tops, but they have a different character; and to the observant eye will never be confounded. These varieties and contrasts may be indefinitely extended, but we cannot in a short article do more than make a suggestion or two with regard to the use of our eyes in our daily contact with the world of nature about us. We have not during the present season had quite so much of sunshine as some years afford us, but never have we had more luxuriant and abounding beauty. The frequent and copious rains of the spring have given such a vigor and vitality to all vegetable growths, that we shall have a mid-summer of unstinted loveliness, and we beg all to feast upon it with ever increasing ardor and delight.

THE HON. WILLIAM L. MARCY died suddenly, of disease of the heart, at Ballston Spa, N. Y., on Saturday last. He appeared to be quite well up to within a short time of his death, but complained of a "stitch in the back," and requested the attendance of a physician; when the physician entered his room, some twenty minutes after Mr. Marcy requested his attendance, he found him lying on a sofa, with a book on his breast, quite dead, having apparently died without a struggle. His funeral took place at Albany on Wednesday, and was the occasion of an unusually large display, both civic and military. Mr. Marcy was a man of very high qualifications as a statesman; one of the few public men who commanded the confidence and respect of all parties. His death is a great public loss, and one which the nation can ill afford to bear.

FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK.

The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank is among the institutions that are well-conducted and in a flourishing condition. It must be a matter of gratification to our citizens to see that the number of depositors is so very large—947 out of an entire population of under 6,000. This speaks well for the thrift and saving habits of the community, and in after years when these young depositors (most of the depositors are children and youth) grow up to be men and women, the habits they are now learning to practice will tell well for the prosperity of the town. We have been furnished by the Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. James N. Dow, with a statement of the affairs of the institution, as follows:

| | |
|----------------------------------------|-------------|
| Amt. rec'd from 947 depositors, | \$44,471 41 |
| " withdrawn by " | 10,919 99 |
| " interest on deposits, | \$3,521 42 |
| Int. rec'd above expenses & dividends, | 421 11 |
| Capital, June 30th, | \$33,942 53 |
| Invested, | \$32,395 00 |
| Cash, | 1,547 53 |
| | \$33,942 53 |

Extra dividend to be divided this coming July, \$300 00, above the expenses and dividends.

At the annual meeting of the institution held on the 7th inst., the following gentlemen were re-elected officers for the ensuing year:—Bowen Buckman, President; Abijah Thompson, J. Tweed, Thomas Richardson, V. Pres.; James N. Dow, Secretary & Treasurer; Trustees, Stephen Dow, J. P. Converse, Stephen Nichols, John Flanders, Horace Conn, G. R. Gage, E. A. Thompson, John Hill, Jr., O. R. Clark, J. D. Tidd, N. Wyman, Joseph Stone.

GOVERNOR GARDNER'S REFUSAL TO REMOVE JUDGE LORING.

His Excellency Governor Gardner has, in a letter to the President of the Senate, which has been published in some of the Boston papers, given his reasons for his refusal to remove Judge Loring from the office of Judge of Probate. His reasons are, in substance, that the Personal Liberty Law, which was passed over his veto, and about which His Excellency evidently yet feels chagrined—is unconstitutional in some of its provisions, and partakes of the character of an *ex post facto* law. Governor Gardner also objects to the proposed mode of removal, and says that Judge Loring having been charged with an official misdemeanor, if removed at all it must be by impeachment and trial at the bar of the Senate, but he objects to even this course as unconstitutional and unjust, under the circumstance of the unconstitutionality of the law for the violation of which the removal is urged. Governor Gardner may be right, but it would, nevertheless, gratify a large number of the people of Massachusetts to see Judge Loring removed from office.

COMMENCEMENT AT TUFT'S COLLEGE.

The first commencement at Tuft's College (Universalist) took place on Wednesday of this week. This College was erected about two years since and opened somewhat over a year ago. The buildings are beautifully situated on Spring Hill, Medford, and command a fine view of Boston and surrounding towns. A large number of visitors attended the Commencement, which was an occasion of much pleasure to all present. The Brigade Serenade Band was in attendance, and enlivened the proceedings with their fine music. The exercises of the forenoon consisted of a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Ballou, President of the College, and orations by three students, who afterwards received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. At one o'clock, Professors, students and visitors sat down, under a spacious tent, to a sumptuous dinner prepared by Mr. J. B. Smith. After the substantial and deliciously bountiful provided had been discussed and in a great measure "put out of sight," appropriate toasts were offered and speeches made by Rev. Mr. Whittemore, President of the Board of Trustees; Hon. Richard Frothingham, Jr., of Charlestown; Rev. Mr. Pope, of Somerville, and several other gentlemen. After the very agreeable exercises in the tent the company returned to the Chapel of the College, where an oration was delivered by E. P. Whipple, Esq., of Boston, and a poem by Rev. Russell A. Ballou of Somerville.

We learn that Tuft's College, since its opening, has fully satisfied the expectations of its friends, and that its prospects for the future are quite encouraging.

FIRE IN WEST CAMBRIDGE.—On Thursday morning at 1 o'clock, a barn in West Cambridge, near Lexington, owned by Hugh Fletcher, on High street, was totally destroyed with its contents, including a large quantity of hay and a cow. The fire was the work of an incendiary.

New Publications.

We have received from Morris Cotton, Publisher, 120 Washington street, Boston, "The School Harp" and "School Melodies" two singing books, intended for use in schools. The selections of songs, and the music to which they are set, appear to us extremely well adapted to the purposes for which they are intended. We cheerfully recommend them to teachers and school committees.

SNOW'S PATHFINDER RAILWAY GUIDE for the New England States and part of Canada, comes to us this month in an enlarged and much improved form. Travellers in New England will find in it all they wish to know as to the various railway, steamboat and stage routes, and no one should set out on a journey without one in his pocket. The cost is six cents each. They are for sale at the Woburn Book Store, and at all book and periodical stores throughout the country.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—Old colony for June commences with Bulwer's new novel "What will he do with it?" It also contains several excellent articles, among which American Explorations in China and Japan, The Scilly Isles, and the Manchester Exhibition of Art Treasures, are deserving of attentive perusal.

The London Quarterly Review for April, reprinted by Messrs Scott & Co., of New York, is a more than usually interesting number of that, to us, always favorite quarterly. It opens with an excellent article on Pedestrianism in Switzerland, and then indulges in a review of Mrs. Stowe's new book, *Dred*, which we care less about; but following the aforesaid review, which kills Dred with faint praise, we have an elaborate and very interesting article on Lunatic Asylums. An amusing article on English Political Satires precedes a very instructive paper on the history of the Photographic Art, which all engaged in the business, at least, and they are a host, should read. "Roving Life in England," in which that most singular and yet most charming writer, Mr. George Borrow, author of "Lavengro," and the sequel to it, "Romany Rye," recently published, is made to figure conspicuously, is a most entertaining paper. An excellent article on Life and Manners in Persia, and the origin of the war between England and that nation, which happily is now ended, as reported by the last steamer's news from Europe, furnishes a great deal of information relative to the domestic life of the Persians, and a considerable amount of other information concerning British diplomatic mismanagement. A political article on the "New English Parliament and its work" closes the number, which is one of the most interesting that we have read for some time.

LARGE SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—Mr. Juduthan Fowle intends offering for sale, on the 20th instant, a large quantity of very valuable and desirable real estate, consisting of his two houses and orchard on Railroad street, and a large number of eligible building lots on Eastern Avenue, Green and East streets, west of the school house. This will be an excellent opportunity for persons wishing to purchase, either for profitable investment or present use. George R. Hitchborn, Esq., is the Auctioneer.

DENTISTRY.—Dr. C. T. Lang, recently of Boston, has opened an office in Hart's building, opposite the Unitarian Church, for the practice of Dentistry. To wish Dr. Lang success in his business would, we suppose, be tantamount to wishing that our neighbors be afflicted with what Burns calls "a—l o' pains," nevertheless we hope he will receive a good share of patronage, and find it pleasant and profitable to live and do business in Woburn.

NEW STORE.—Mrs. Cutter has opened a store in the building formerly occupied by the late John Fowle, for the manufacture and sale of Children's Clothing. This will be quite an accommodation to many families who are blessed with little responsibilities. We hope Mrs. Cutter will be well patronized; there are certainly children enough growing up in Woburn to keep her busy if she clothes but a tithe of them.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE Republicans having taken care of the present, are looking with confidence and enthusiasm to the future. The Republican members of the late Legislature, before adjourning, passed the following resolution, in secret session, by an unanimous vote:—

Resolved, That we nominate John C. Fremont as candidate for the Presidency of the United States in 1860, upon the platform of principles adopted by the Republican Convention at Philadelphia, in 1856, and upon the resolutions of the present Legislature in relation to the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the case of *Dred Scott*; subject to the decision of a Republican National Convention.

TRADE is of course quiet, as nobody wants to be unperturbed in the care of this life, on the very eve of our great anniversary. Cotton and wool are firmer than they have been and consequently goods are "stiffer." The new tariff has released a vast quantity of goods from bond. One silk importer paid, the other day, over \$40,000 duty on silks removed from warehouse at one time.

Boston Correspondence.

My Dear Journal:—Last week was a most exciting one with us, consequent upon the celebration of Independence, but things have gradually settled away to their usual quietude, and we are jogging on contentedly as ever. With the exception of the shocking accident on the common, in the evening, the Fourth passed away as well as any one could wish. In the morning our streets were filled with bands of "Antiques," whose uncouth and curious costumes and exquisite music, drew out the crowds in large numbers. One of the best features of the day was the assembling of six bands upon the common, at eight o'clock, who played together under the leadership of Ned Kendall. I thought I had heard hand-music previous to this occasion, but the whole of my musical experience was as nothing compared to it. Where the instruments played in unison the ground fairly shook and trembled, and as "Hail Columbia," "The Star Spangled Banner," and other national pieces rolled out upon the air, the vast auditory seemed almost lifted from their feet. It was a great performance, and elicited much applause.

It appears the Oration delivered by Rev. Wm. R. Alger was not very pleasing to some of those who had the privilege of listening to him. Instead of a general dissertation upon the day and the associations clustering about it, the Rev. gentleman gave them something that smacked of radical abolitionism, and the audience writhed and twisted severely under the infliction. Now our city government refuse to pass him the customary vote of thanks and the papers generally condemn him. I do not see that he was to blame. If the city had selected Edward Everett as their orator they might have had just what they pleased to dictate, but if they had selected Wm. Lloyd Garrison, or Wendell Phillips, there would have been no knowing what was going to be said, until the words were spoken. So with Mr. Alger. They selected in him a man who was free to speak as he felt, and the fault, if there is any, is in the employers, not the employee.

This is one of the greatest seasons for summer amusements we have ever enjoyed. The heat makes not a particle of difference, the attractions offered being altogether more potent than its influence.

At the Howard Athenaeum, on Monday evening of this week, was produced Tom Taylor's very popular play, "Still waters run deep," with Mr. John Brown, as Midway; Mrs. W. H. Smith, as Mrs. Sternhold; Mrs. Julia Barrow, as Mrs. Midway; Mr. E. L. Davenport, as Hawkeley, and Mr. E. B. Williams, as Potter. Making, without doubt, the finest cast, and the best hands into which the play ever fell. I regret that there is not room for me to particularize upon the company now performing at this house. But let me assure those of your readers who are given to theatricals, that in the whole "record of the Boston stage," nothing has been presented to the public carrying with it such an air of genuine good breeding and refinement, as do the performances of this elegant company. They will remain here another week.

Mrs. & Mrs. W. J. Florence are at the National Theatre, playing to full houses. These artists are unexceptionable in their line—Irish and Yankee character and are deservedly patronized.

Matters and things in New York.

Very much water has been shed upon this week, for our sins doubtless, since no philosopher has been able to discover blessings in such July weather; and the raw north easter or wester of the last few days have not blown anybody any good. Wait a bit though; they have driven away and drowned whole nations of mosquitoes; let us give the devil his due. To-day we have fires in the ferry boats and all public places, the morning is cold and rainy, but the sky is beginning to smooth out its wrinkled brow, as though it might be induced to smile to-morrow. If it don't, the fun of legions of small boys will be destroyed, and a secret satisfaction afforded to many quiet people who would otherwise follow their patriotic spirit, on comfortable crowded excursions, where they are expected to manifest symptoms of unusual enjoyment. The country will, at any rate, be too wet for sober people to patronize for several days to come. Preparations have been made here for fireworks on a large scale; their success is a matter of doubt.

Last night the friends of the Metropolitan Police Bill celebrated its triumph with great rejoicings, and both joyful and disappointed people made a night of it in the larger beer saloons. Politicians are a very thirsty genus.

The marked feature of the week has been the commencement exercises of a number of literary institutions in this city, where both male and female ideas are taught how to shoot. Columbia College, N. Y. University, the N. Y. Normal School, the Packer and Polytechnic Institutes in Brooklyn, and Rutgers' Institute in N. Y. City, have discharged altogether between two and three hundred graduates, warranted to be educated on the modern plan, with all the latest improvements and thoroughly qualified to take a position in the hindmost rank of active life. Some of the city papers' reports of these college operations are about as absurd as one might suppose such things would be, when cooked up by a half-soaked Irish reporter, whose ideas of the structure of the English language were derived entirely from practical exercises in "composition" at the type case. One of these worthies reported the other day that a certain ex-Judge was present somewhere in an "ex-officio" character, evidently understanding the term as appropriate to an unplumed dignitary or a discarded politician. The "subs" on some of the leading papers of the city are a most disgracefully ignorant and heathen set. They are a most audacious set too, and can "do" anything from a profound financial article to a dissertation on the theological merits of one of Dr. Cheever's sermons. If they make any egregious bluffs they are set down as typographical errors.

Trade is of course quiet, as nobody wants to be unperturbed in the care of this life, on the very eve of our great anniversary. Cotton and wool are firmer than they have been and consequently goods are "stiffer." The new tariff has released a vast quantity of goods from bond. One silk importer paid, the other day, over \$40,000 duty on silks removed from warehouse at one time.

RESOLVED, That we nominate John C. Fremont as candidate for the Presidency of the United States in 1860, upon the platform of principles adopted by the Republican Convention at Philadelphia, in 1856, and upon the resolutions of the present Legislature in relation to the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the case of *Dred Scott*; subject to the decision of a Republican National Convention.

EXCURSION.—On Monday afternoon, accompanied by a band of music, the Yale Engine Company made an excursion by carriages to Danvers and Salem.

For the Middlesex Journal.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.

Mr. Editor:—Since the few, even of those who were the youngest amid the early scenes of the War of the Revolution, are rapidly passing from among the living, it is desirable that every event, however seemingly trivial, connected with that epoch, should be preserved. Under this impression, the writer begs to make a contribution to your Journal.

Recently returning from the far west, and passing through the county of Oneida, in the State of New York, I learned that an intimate friend of my deceased father was there, living within a few miles of Rome. I at once desired to pay him a visit; in a beautiful spot, a mile from the Central Railroad, I had an interview with Col. EMBREZER THOMPSON, a native of your town of Woburn, in his thirty-third year; and his wife, of the old family of Melford, with whom he has lived sixty-five years. Time has been tender of both their mental and physical condition, and it was strange that in that *best form* I recognized the soldierly Captain of the "Menotomy Light Horse," dressed in their red coats and buff breeches buckled at the knee, over half a century since; and who afterwards, in the War of 1812, was an officer in the "Bloody Ninth" Regiment of U. S. Infantry.

During the interview, the late inauguration of Warren's statue was adverted to. "Yes," said this venerable man, "I have read Mr. Everett's speech on the occasion, and it made the fire of 76 blaze out of every pore in my old frame; and it made me cry as I had cried before, when a boy nine years old I lived at Woburn, I heard the roaring of the cannon on the morning of the fight. I roared lustily because my mother forbade my taking the cold to ride to 'the hill' where my father was. I should have liked the speech better had Mr. Everett associated 'Cuff' with 'Salem,' both colored men, for Cuff deserved honorable mention. He was the slave of Master Whittemore, a graduate of Harvard, in the class of the elder John Adams. Cuff was on the hill with the 'Menotomy Militia,' of which Solomon Bowman was Lieutenant, and on the opening of the fight was cowardly, alarmed, and turned to run down the hill, but the lieutenant threatening to shoot him with a horse pistol, and picking him in the leg with the point of the sword, Cuff 'bought-face' and through the contest fought like a wounded elephant, making two 'cuss'd Brits' bite the dust.

"Cuff continued in the army, and was afterwards in Rhode Island, taken prisoner by the British. While acting as waiter to a field officer, he was ordered to take two very fine horses to water at a stream running between the camps of the two armies, and instead of returning to the British camp, lured the stream under a shower of bullets, and reported himself and two horses in sound condition to the officer of the Continentals, by whom he was liberally rewarded." Yours, J. C. Billerica, Mass. July 1857.

SOUTH READING.

FOURTH OF JULY.—The 4th was a very quiet day with us in its general features, the usual amount of powder was consumed in the shape of crackers, torpedoes, &c., but no serious accident from them. The inhabitants celebrated the day in various ways—a portion at a picnic in Green's Grove—others riding—and many others in visiting the city, or places nearer home where more public demonstrations were made. On the night previous, it is evident the police did not think it their duty to "watch," though the bell did not commence ringing until about 4 o'clock on Saturday morning.

Spice is excellent to improve a dish but one would hardly be willing to make an entire meal of it. So the bells sounded musically and in consonance with the general feeling for about two hours, when they ceased; but the town bell soon began again, and continued most of the time until past nine o'clock in the evening, thereby becoming a decided nuisance. It sounded as though some boy was tugging to the rope, beating up and down in harmony with the movement of the bell. We suggested to some one the propriety of letting the bell rest a little, inasmuch as persons in feeble health and weak nerves must be much annoyed by the monotony, but were entirely speechless on receiving the following answer:—"If the police should get up into the belfry and strike the bell there." We had not the thought of that.

The evening was delightful and fire-works were displayed by George O. Carpenter Esq., Mr. Joshua Whittemore, Mr. G. W. Cutler, and others in various directions. The moon made an effort to take the "shine" off the rockets and partially succeeded.

PROMISING YOUTH.—Years ago the expression "promising youth" conveyed an impression that the young person referred to possessed those elements of character, which when more fully developed, would place him in a favorable position in society, in point of ability, honesty, &c.

More recently the term is differently applied and seems to have reference to a person who is continually making promises but never fulfils them.

Those who have business transactions in the community know of many such promising persons, both youthful and aged. So accustomed do they become to it that the promise is as often repeated and with the greatest ease.

But seldom do we hear an answer given more coolly than one recently by a neighbor who is fond of a joke though at his own expense. He had called on a hard customer many times on the strength of the promise—"Call next week and the bill shall be paid." At last becoming a little more conscientious, or wishing to vary the form of expression, he remarked—"If you will call on such an evening next week, I will then tell you when you may call again."

Two boys were considerably bitten in the hand on the 4th. One in endeavoring to separate two fighting dogs, and the other in picking up a fire-cracker, which a dog considered under his protection.

EXCURSION.—On Monday afternoon, accompanied by a band of music, the Yale Engine Company made an excursion by carriages to Danvers and Salem.

For the Middlesex Journal.

TOBACCO.

Of the numerous ways which people take to shorten a brief existence, none probably is more successful than the use of tobacco. We have been taught to believe, and indeed we know, that war has slain its thousands, strongly drink its tens of thousands, and we do very truly believe that tobacco has slain its millions. This vice is common to both sexes, and to nearly all ages. There seems to be a passion, strong, deep and uncontrollable, for this noxious weed. The young use it because their superiors do, and because they think it manly, and adds wonderfully to their importance and dignity. Others use it, because they love its taste, but more especially do they like the peculiar exhilarating effect that it has on the nervous system. When the habit is once formed, it holds its victim with an iron grasp. He may resolve and re-resolve, and make effort after effort, to rid himself from the folds of the slimy monster; but they are of no avail, they merely prove to him that he is a slave and a slave for life, and that too, to a low vice, an expensive, filthy, health-destroying habit. This is not true of all. There are some few people of iron will. They will not be bound—they will arise in their might and break the enchantment, and throw off their chains and be free. As regards the effect that tobacco has on our moral and physical nature, it is of no use to talk; for the ground has been gone over time after time, and now no one really doubts its poisonous nature and its evil tendencies. Nor do we expect to induce the habitual user of the drug to leave it off, for in most cases he cannot do it if he would, and very few care to try. But cannot something be done to stop the boys, and in many cases the small boys,—the sons of our respectable citizens. I say can we not do something to induce them to leave off, before they become completely spell-bound to a wicked and disgusting practice?

Parents this question is for you to answer. Have you no influence over that son of yours that has just commenced, with so much gusto, puffing his Havana? Will not the habit, if it becomes confirmed, tend to make him less respectable, less healthy, and diminish in a measure, the joys of life? Does not the use of tobacco tend directly to the use of ardent spirits? This certainly is the case. It is a well observed fact, and can be accounted for on physiological principles; and this fact alone should stimulate all who have any influence with the young to exert it in such a manner that they may diminish the use of those artificial stimulants, which not only tend to demoralize the individual, but seriously to affect all ranks and conditions of society.

So. Reading, July 7th, 1857.

READING.

The Choir connected with the "Old South Church" had a merry time on the 2d inst., first taking a ride, and then having a social sing at Deacon Sweetser's in the evening. By the kind remembrance of friends there, your humble correspondent received a very polite invitation to spend the evening with them, which was most heartily accepted. After singing about an hour, the programme was for a short time changed, so as to give the vocal organs a little time to rest, while other organs were found to be in full play in all directions. For my own part, those "strawberries" made such a personal application, that I am constrained to say that I could discover no bad taste about them. After disposing of the red "dumplings," singing again was resumed; but for a short time, however, before little Miss S. and Miss C. made their appearance with no matter what the Deacon having an eye all the time on what was going on—something calculated to bring out a full tone, clearing the throat entirely of cobwebs and other obstructions, which so often annoy singers, especially when called upon to sing a solo. After singing about two hours, the company began to disperse, many of them bearing off handsome bouquets of flowers, and your humble servant was one of the number who carried home to his other half those "emblems of purity." Many thanks to kind friends for the privilege of so much enjoyment, the more appreciated as it was unexpected.

I should have stated before this that Master John Mansfield presided at the piano forte, and is distinct, very soon, to make his mark in the field of music. J. A. Kingman leads this choir, and is highly esteemed by them, and deservedly so; and when he and they shall cease to sing those beautiful songs in this world, and their spirits return to God who gave them, may they all meet in heaven, there to blend their voices in one eternal chorus.

Why do not the Selectmen proceed to lay out the road as prayed for by Robinson, Taylor, and others? Do they expect, ought they to expect, that these individuals will make the road at their own expense, while other people can have roads—the town paying for the land?

The house of Stephen Foster, Esq., is a queer looking concern, and, I suppose, there can be no sin in worshipping it, as it is not "in the likeness of anything in heaven above or in the earth beneath." The architect who drew the plan for this house ought to have his anubrotpe taken forthwith, for the benefit of this and future generations in particular.

THE PEARL EXCITEMENT IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Pearl Fishing Fever has lately spread to New Hampshire. A New Ipswich correspondent of the Herald says that some young men of that village found in a large number of claims taken from the trout brook, four pearls, one of which was estimated to be worth \$1000. Excitement ran high, and a messenger was dispatched to Boston, who returned with authentic information that the supposed \$1000 pearl was really worth one dollar. This caused the pearl excitement in that vicinity.

MISSING OR ABDUCTED.—A boy about six years old, named Thomas Webster, belonging to Dorchester U. P. or Mills, left his home on Monday morning for the purpose of attending school. He was last seen on that morning riding in company with a stranger, and was traced as far as Mill Village in Dedham, since which time nothing has been heard from him. He had on a brown Kossuth hat, brown and white plaid sack, black vest, shoes, but no stockings.

LEGACY TO TUFTS COLLEGE.—The late Francis A. Rust, of Boston, has left four hundred dollars to the Tufts College; also, for hundred dollars to the Universalist Home Missionary Society.

STONEHAM.

THE CELEBRATION IN STONEHAM.

For the last few years the ever-glorious fourth of July has rolled over our heads, here in Stoneham, with but little excitement; this year, however, it can be said, and we think with truth, that we have done something. As early as half past twelve, on the morning of the fourth, we were awakened by the ringing of bells and firing of an innumerable quantity of small arms, squibs, &c., nor were we allowed the privilege of again entering the land of nod; for from four to five the excitement was evidently on the increase, and the community seemed on a tip-toe of curiosity to behold some long wished for object, the centre of attraction seemed to be the East School-house.

At precisely five o'clock, the Plunktown Invincibles, Lieut. S. C. Trull in command, filed out of the yard in all the glory of battle array; the company then proceeded to the residence of Capt. Geo. T. Woodward, where he was received with the military honors due his rank, they then proceeded to march through most of the principle streets of the town, and at about half past seven arrived in the public square in front of the deserted hotel, where they went through a dress parade and passed in review before their commander. Immediately after the dress parade the distinguished student from Oxford, J. E. Risley, Jr., presented to Capt. Woodward, in behalf of the company, a magnificent service of (tin) plate; the speech of the student was evidently a well written one, but he labored under the disadvantages of a slight indisposition; as near as we could hear he spoke as follows:—

"Capt. Woodward, Sir—I shall, in making a few remarks on this occasion, endeavor to couch my language in terms that will not wound your high-souled feelings, by bandying empty compliments or offering fulsome flattery. * * * * * When the subject of our Commonwealth imperatively demanded the formation of the 'Plunktown's,' when a defunct public began to tremble for the safety of a company on which so much depended, when the company began to waver for the want of a leader, the finger of our intelligence and discriminating public pointed triumphantly to a man possessing the ability to plan, and the power to execute, * * * * * a man like the immortal Washington, as eloquently ennobled by the laurels of Webster, as 'first in peace, first in war and first in the hearts of his countrymen.' * * * * * All will recognize in the faint outlines of character, our gentlemanly and efficient commander. * * * * * These brave spirits, toeing their obligations to you, sir, who have elevated them to their present proud position, have commissioned me to present to you this elegant token of their respect for this great day, and to testify to the high regard in which they hold you. * * * * * Leave it to your richest legacy to posterity, who shall view it with awe, wonder and veneration, as a magnificent offering to true greatness."

The speech occupied some half-hour in delivery, and was received with evident satisfaction. Capt. Woodward responded very nearly as follows:—

"Fellow Soldiers:—Would that I had the power of eloquence of a Webster, a Clay, or a Patrick Henry, then I might return to you in bidding terms my regards for this token which you have so kindly presented me; but I confess I can scarcely refrain from saying a word or two on this, the proudest moment of my life. * * * * * At our parade last year we received the praise of a wondering world, and from the Fourth of July, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, to the present time, the Plunktown Invincibles have been gaining ground in the good opinion of a liberal and discriminating public; and today we stand on the top round of the ladder, on the highest pinnacle, as it were, of military discipline and renown. * * * * * I am rejoiced, fellow soldiers, to see you out today with so full rank, and in so good order. If I have helped you on and upward in your course of prosperity, I have my own satisfaction in your approval. * * * * * And now, in closing, let me remark, 'Plunktown Invincibles,' let us still continue onward in our own straight line of duty, and then, when called by the dread messenger to part with scenes of earth, we may leave behind us a name imperishable as the memory of Washington."

The remarks of Capt. Woodward were received with prolonged applause. Soon after the presentation, the company repaired to the Town Hall, where a bountiful collation was partaken of; a pleasant half-hour passed away in discussing the merits of the samejand in songs, toasts, speeches, &c., which, if true and space would permit, we would notice at length.

Pic-Nic.—The ex-members of the Correctional Choir of this place, held a picnic at Richardson's Grove, on the 4th inst., they passed in delightful recreation. Singing, promenade, and the like, being the order. Although not present, we believe that they passed to the satisfaction of all present.

ELECTION.—At a meeting of the Stoneham Light Infantry, holden at their armory the 6th instant, Lieut. Col. Lyman Le presiding, and Pay-master John H. Dikes, cording officer, the following officers were elected:—Captain—Charles C. Dike, vice, Tidd, resigned; 2d Lieut.—H. George, vice, D. G. Sturtevant, resigned; 3d Lieut.—Ja E. Wiggin, vice Dike, promoted; 4th Lieut, Frank B. Jenkins, vice Marshall P. Sweet, resigned. The meeting was well attended, and a unanimity of feeling was manifest. A battalion drill of the 7th Regiment is take place at Haverhill on the 16th inst.

At a meeting of the Stoneham Light Infantry, on Monday evening, Col. L. D. presiding, the following officers were elected Commander—C. C. Dike, vice S. D. Tidd, resigned; 2d Lieut.—H. George, vice D. G. Sturtevant, resigned; 3d Lieut.—J. E. Wiggin, vice Dike, promoted; 4th Lieut.—F. B. Jenkins, vice Marshall P. Sweet, resigned.

Gov. Gardner's reasons for refusing assent to the request contained in the Address of the two branches of the Legislature for the removal, with the advice and consent of the Executive Council, of Edward Loring from the office of Judge of Probate the County of Suffolk, have been published. They are, in substance, that the Personal Liberty Bill, for the violation of which the removal is now urged, is unconstitutional in some of its provisions, and also partakes the character of an *ex post facto* law. Objection is also made to the mode of removal contemplated by the Legislature.

LEGACY TO TUFTS COLLEGE.—The late Francis A. Rust, of Boston, has left four hundred dollars to the Tufts College; also, for hundred dollars to the Universalist Home Missionary Society.

HORRIBLE SUFFERINGS.

Mrs. Marble who was one of the women taken captive by the Indians at Spirit Lake, Minnesota, has been ransomed and has returned to St. Paul. Mrs. Noble and Miss Gardner still remained in the hands of the savages, though a party had gone to effect their ransom if possible. Mrs. Marble has communicated an account of the atrocities suffered by these captives, to a correspondent of the New York Evening Post, from which we make the following extract:

"Immediately after committing the murders at Spirit Lake, the Indians, with their captives, started westward, and traveled for about one month, through a country, route, unknown to any except the savages, and encamped at last at a place called Spirit Lake, west of the Big Sioux river, and about one hundred and fifty miles north-west of Spirit Lake, where the outrages were committed. On the route the captives were subjected to the severest hardships and tortures, being compelled to carry heavy packs of shot and to perform the most degrading service by day, and submit to the most brutal outrages by night. For the first few days of their captivity they resisted their tormentors, but were beaten with clubs and threatened to be shot until they at last submitted, in the hope soon to be rescued.

"Mrs. Thatcher, who was in feeble health, was unable to carry the burdens imposed upon her, and when endeavoring to cross the Big Sioux river upon some trees which the Indians cut down on both sides to form a bridge, she, being very weak, lost her balance and fell into the river. She dropped her burden and succeeded in swimming almost to the shore, when an Indian deliberately aimed his rifle at her and shot her through the head, killing her instantly. The body was left to float down the current, which was reddened by her warm life blood. This tragic scene was witnessed by the Indian women who seemed jealous of the presence of the white captives, with wild shouts of exultation. Mrs. Marble informs me that she and her surviving companions read with a dreadful certainty the face which awaited them when fatigue should overtake them."

NEWBURNWICK.—The Central Bank, at Fredericton, was robbed on Sunday, the 28th ult. The amount taken is estimated as high as \$200,000 in gold, and a still larger sum in bills. The burglars forced an entrance through which coals are received, by wrenching open an iron grating. Once inside, they then tore away a large portion of the masonry surrounding the vault, and made an opening between two iron doors, took off the locks and forced back the bolts. Having thus got into the vault, they effected an entrance into the safe in the same manner. The work must have been laborious, and could only have been successfully accomplished by experienced hands. They got clear off with their booty, and, although several parties were immediately started in pursuit, they have not been apprehended.

The rogues left a large amount of silver on the floor of the bank, disdaining, probably, to carry it away, as it was so bulky. No one visited the bank from Saturday afternoon till Monday morning, so that there was plenty of time to operate.

The robbers cut the telegraph wires both sides of Fredericton, and were thus enabled to get a long start, although we see that two men have been arrested at Exeter, and taken to St. John on suspicion.

HINGHAM.—The Fourth at Hingham, passed off very quietly. At South Hingham, two brutes tied a bunch of fire crackers to the tail of a goat, and by their explosion the animal was severely injured. The shoe business is reported dull, and many workmen have turned their attention to farming for the present. The fishing business at Hingham is dying out, as only six or eight vessels are at present engaged in it, and yet twenty years ago there were more than sixty, all hailing from that town.

ACCIDENT.—Two members of the Lowell City Guards, H. H. Small, and B. F. Webster, were severely burned on Saturday evening by the accidental explosion of a leaky can of powder, while they were firing a salute. Mr. Small was badly burned in the hands, and Mr. Webster about the face. Both are doing well.

ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—The anniversary exercises of the Theological Seminary will occur in August. Rev. George B. Cheever, D. D., of New York City, will address the Alumni on Wednesday forenoon, August 5th. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, N.Y., will address the Porter Theological Society on Wednesday afternoon, August 5th. Rev. William A. Stearns, D. D., President of Amherst College, will address the Society of Inquiry on Wednesday evening, August 6th. On Thursday, August 6th, the exercises of the anniversary will be attended.

Two young girls in Paterson, N. J., were arrested, convicted and fined for stealing flowers from a cemetery. Much pains had been taken by a mother to ornament the grave of her son, and just as the flowers were blooming most beautifully, they were all taken away by these thoughtless young girls.

St. Louis, July 7. — The St. Joseph's Journal, of 24, publishes a report brought by a French trader, that 100 troops and 500 soldiers, under Col. Sumner, were attacked by a large body of Cheyennes and Apache Indians, 200 miles west of Fort Revere, and all slain. The report is confirmed by a trader who arrived at Pacific City, Iowa, on the 24, and also by the emigrant train from St. Lake.

NEW YORK QUER.—New York papers report all quiet but the country, who are being engaged in holding inquiries upon the bodies of the victims killed in the late riots. It is thought that strangers, provided they display no outward signs of wealth, can visit the city with safety, and without running any great risk of being mobbed.

WORLDLY MINDED.—At the recent term of the Court in Carroll county, Ohio, Rev. Joseph Barclay was found guilty of the seduction and breach of promise of marriage to Elizabeth Sharp, and mulcted in damages to the value of \$3000.

HANEMANN RECONVERTED TO COMMON SENSE.—At a meeting of "spiritualists," an invalid was brought forward dreadfully afflicted with uterine scrofula that all the doctors had failed to cure. It was proposed to appeal to the spirit land for advice, and a Homeopathic physician present interrogated the departed spirit of Hanemann as to what remedy should be taken. Loud and distinct replies, audible to the whole audience, of A-y-e-t-i-C-a-l-a-a-e-t-i-C-P-i-l-l-s-Homer (N. Y.) Whig.

THE DE MOLAY ENCAMPMENT.

The large stature and fine appearance of this body of men on St. John's Day was the subject of universal praise. As they marched through the streets, they lacked nothing but the armor to carry the spectators back to the days when the Templars were the bulwark of the Christian faith.

When the Templars were suppressed by Philip the Fair, who coveted their wealth, and when De Molay, the late Grand Master, who had been summoned to France on false pretences, and condemned to death charges, was burnt at the stake, he and Guido, the Grand Prior of Normandy, who suffered with him, solemnly cited the King and the Pope to appear before the judgment seat of God, within a year. This summons issued from amidst the flames of martyrdom, was singularly fulfilled; both the potentates, under whose direction this horrible crime was committed and who shared the greater part of the confiscated property, died within the year.—[Providence Journal.]

THE STATE PRINTING.—As members of the craft who protest against the prices at which printing in Boston have bid for the State printing. The only bid made which approached a fair price was that of Houghton & Co., of Riverside, in this city. The excessive competition in printing has reduced prices at the best to a lean rate; but there are much lower than the ordinary—lower than any printer can sustain himself upon without resorting to what honesty does not approve.—The State, by the course it pursues in cheapening the work of its employees, is doing greatly more to weaken the moral principle of the community than all its laws can do to strengthen it.—[Cambridge Chronicle.]

A SMART YOUTH.—It is related of R. H. Purdon, of the Port Gibson Reveller, that he is but 19 years old, has edited a paper four years, has been engaged a dozen times, at least, without marrying, and above all, fought a duel with the editor of the Natchez Free Trader, receiving a wound in the arm, after which he returned to his desk and went on writing as if nothing had happened.

Special Notices.

WANTED.

WANTED in the Journal Printing Office, a smart, intelligent boy, for education, to learn the business. One whose parents reside in Woburn preferred.

Woburn Bank.

Stockholders in the Woburn Bank are hereby notified to meet at the banking room, in Woburn, on Monday, the 21st day of July, 1857, at 8 o'clock P. M., to decide upon the acceptance of an Act of the Legislature, passed May 18, 1857, increasing the capital stock of said bank, in the sum of fifty thousand dollars; and the transaction of any other business that may properly come before the meeting.

Per order of J. J. JENKES, Cashier.

Woburn, July 3, 1857.

Removal!

DR. T. RICKARD has removed from his former residence, on Pleasant Street, to the third house on the right hand side of Bennett Street, nearly opposite Dr. Clough's.

Woburn, April 4, 1857.—T. R.

Dr. Wm. R. Hayden's Improved Family Pills

Orleans, Me., Dec. 4, 1848.

Dr. Hayden.—Dear Sir:—Will you please send me four boxes of your Pills immediately, as the people in these parts like them exceedingly well. Please send them on receipt of this, as I am entirely out.

Respectfully yours,

F. T. PHELPS.

MARRIED.

In South Reading Rev. Reuben Emerson, Mr. Asa Boutwell, to Miss Letitia A. Osmond, both of South Reading.

July 5th, Mr. Warren Godfrey, to Miss Ellen Carey, both South Reading.

DIED.

In St. Pauls, Minnesota, July 1st of Typhoid Fever, Mr. Emory Green, only son of Mr. Jeremiah Green, of South Reading, aged 20 years.

English & Meadow Grass

AT AUCTION.

WILL be sold at Public Auction, on Thursday, the 14th inst. at 10 o'clock, p. m., all the

GRASS

standing on about 15 acres of land, situated on Rail and street and facing West Avenue. It is the best growth of English and Meadow Grass, and will yield 20 tons of hay per acre.

Terms of Sale. By order of

JEOTHAN POWELL,

WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer.

Woburn, July 10.

DR. C. T. LANG,

SURGEON DENTIST,

(Recently of Boston.)

Would most respectfully

inform the Ladies and

Gentlemen of this place

and vicinity, that he has

established an Office per-

manently at

WOBURN CENTRE,

Corner of Main and Walnut Streets.

For the practice of Dentistry, where he would be happy to see all who require his services.

Dr. L. having had several years' experience in his profession, feels himself well qualified to compete in the best manner, and to the satisfaction of all who have had him for their dentist.

He is also the proprietor of a

Filling, Cleansing & Extracting the Teeth.

Also, the best

MINERAL TEETH INSERTED

in whole or parts of sets, on Gold, Silver or Steel Plates, so true to nature that the keenest scrutiny cannot detect them.

Please call and examine specimens. Dental advice gratis.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

Dr. C. T. Lang having been associated with me in the Dental Profession for over four years, and the first year as Assistant and the last three as Partner, and the experience and confidence I have had with him is a perfect confidence in recommending him to any one who may need the services of a skillful dentist, and who will be pleased to have him in his office, and to have him make return of his duties here, to any one placing themselves under his care will not be disappointed.

DR. ALBERT GUILD, Dentist,

Boston, June 16, 1857.

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POETRY.

A poem entitled *The Messenger of Mortality* set in a conversation between Death and a gay lady, whom he has come to summon home. It opens strikingly:—

DEATH.

Fair lady, lay your costly robes aside,
No longer may you glory in your pride;
Take leave of all your carnal vain delight—
I'm come to summon you away this night!

LADY.

What bold attempt is this? Pray let me know
From whence you came, and whither I must go?
Must I, who am a lady, stoop to bow
To such a pale-faced visage? Who art thou?

DEATH.

Do you not know me? Well, I tell thee, then,
I'm that conquer all the sons of men!
No pitch of honor from me shalt be free:
My name is death: have you not heard of me?

LADY.

Yes! I have heard of thee time after time,
But, being in the glory of my prime,
I did not think you would have called so soon.
Why must my morning sun go down at noon?

Life is a city and a busy street,
And death the market place, where all men meet;
If life were a thing which could hold fast,
The poor could not live, and the rich would not last.

OUR OLIO.

"Lively and gossiping,
Stored with the treasures of the tailoring world,
And with a spice of millinery."

"FREE SEATS UP STAIRS."—Happening lately to enter the vestibule of a church in this vicinity, a succinct and staring tin sign confronted us, with the notice above quoted. We were forcibly reminded of a scene said to have been recently witnessed in Grace Church, New York.

Stranger, (to the Sexton).—"Can you favor me with a seat, sir?"

Sexton.—"Did you come in a carriage?"

Stranger.—"No, sir."

Sexton.—"Then take one of those benches yonder."

Moreover there came up to our mind such unfashionable, impracticable old texts as the following:

"And if there came in also a poor man in vile raiment, * * *

and ye say to the poor man: 'Free seats up stairs!'" Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool, are ye not then partial in yourselves?

We thought also of another scene which recently occurred in New York: Stranger.—"Can you tell me where I shall find your free seats?"

Sexton.—"Certainly. They are all over the house, sir. Walk in!"

Which of the two replies seems to chime in best with the spirit of the "Friend of publicans and sinners?"

Which would be most grateful to the Saviour, if He, Himself, should chance to enter their porch, a poor way-farer, as of old, in Judea?

A GOOD HIT.—A Methodist divine of this city on Sunday administered a most severe rebuke to a common custom in these days, of reading advertisements from the pulpit. A paper was handed to him giving notice that "the introductory lecture to the annual course would be delivered on Monday night," &c., at a certain medical institution in this city.

The preacher said he had conscientious scruples about cheating the printer by making such announcements from the pulpit; that he never heard such advertisements read in church without reminding him of the old deacon in Alexandria, who, on a certain occasion, exhorted in most earnest and vehement language the sinners in his congregation to repent, or they would go to hell—

as sure as there was flour in Alexandria, and he was sure there was flour there, for he had received just the day before, a fine assortment, which he would sell as cheap as any man in the city.—(Ohio Statesman.)

STARTLING CALCULATIONS.—Somebody with a strong antipathy to pig-tail and fine cut, has entered into an investigation, which has resulted in this wise: If a tobacco chewer chews for fifty years and consumes each day of that period two inches of solid plug, he will consume six thousand four hundred and seventy-five feet, or nearly a mile and a quarter in length of solid tobacco, half an inch thick and two inches broad, costing two thousand and ninety-four dollars! Plug ugly, sure enough! By the same process of reasoning, if a man ejects one pint of saliva per day for fifty years, the whole would swell into nearly two thousand three hundred gallons—quite a respectable lake, and almost large enough to float the Great Eastern in! Truly, there are several things we never dream of in our philosophy. Whether these interesting statistics will diminish the sale of the juicy weed we are not able to say.—(Philadelphia Journal.)

THE man who was "moved to tears" complains of the dampness of the premises and wishes to be moved back again.

JOSEPH ADDISON.—There is no name in the annals of English literature more widely associated with pleasant recollections, than that of Addison. Throughout his life, the distinction he gained by mental aptitude and culture, was confirmed by integrity and geniality of character. Lord Chesterfield declared him the most modest man he had ever seen. When he called Gay to his bedside, and asked forgiveness with his dying breath, for some unrecognized negligence with regard to that author's interest, the latter protested that he had nothing to pardon and everything to regret. The tranquil and religious atmosphere of an English pursonage, chastened the early days of Addison. During his ten years residence at Oxford, he was a devoted and versatile student, and it is to the discipline of classical acquirements that we owe the fastidious correctness of his style. Never did the art of writing prove a greater personal blessing than to Addison.

A BAD SIGN.—One fact connected with the Washington riot is full of alarm for the future—a majority of the mob is said to have been boys under eighteen years of age. The mob which hung the negroes in Louisville a few weeks ago was partly composed of the same material, and whenever a riot occurs we have the same report. And these are to be the men who in a short time will have control of the country! Where are the fathers and mothers of the land that their children thus run wild? Parental authority must be called into exercise or there will be little hope for the Republic, and less for the miserable youths themselves.—(Stanton Spectator.)

GALLANT TO THE LAST.—A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing on the "Woman Question," says: "I confess, in all sincerity, that I have never seen an ugly woman. This may appear paradoxical, and still it is the pure truth. I never find any woman entirely ugly. I enlarged upon this idea once before an audience of women. One who was extremely flattered said to me: 'Sir, I defy you not to find me ugly.' 'You madam,' I replied, 'are an angel fallen from heaven, only you have fallen on your nose.'—Probably she did not believe me, and has maintained against the whole world that she is ugly.

HOOD POETS.—How to get a fine Brick House out of an empty Whiskey Barrel.—Put the barrel in a secure place, near a spring of good water, on the road to the grog shop. When you want a dram take the price of it in your hand and start to the grog shop—go as far as the spring, drop the money through the bung hole, take a good drink of water, and return home. Repeat this operation till the barrel is full, knock out the head, and you have the price of a splendid brick building.

"The world we inhabit must have an origin; that origin must have consisted in a cause; that cause must have been efficient; that efficiency must have been ultimate; that ultimate power must have been Supreme; and that which always was and is Supreme we know by the name of God!"

In the bull-fighting days a blacksmith, who was wearing a bull pup, induced his old father to go on all-fours and imitate the bull. The canine pupil pinned the old man by the nose. The son, disregarding the paternal roaring, exclaimed, "Hold him, Gowler boy, hold him! bear it, feyther, bear it! it'll be the making of the pup."

"It is" (says Hood) "a stern and startling thing to think how often mortality stands on the brink of its grave without any misgiving; and yet in this slipping world of strife, in the stir of human bustle so rife, there are daily sounds to tell us that life is dying and death is living!"

A poor sailor, wrecked on an unknown coast, wandered about in momentary apprehension of being seized by savages, when he suddenly came in sight of a gallow. "Ah," said he, "thank God I'm in a Christian country."

If you wish to be happy keep busy; idleness is harder work than ploughing a great deal. There is more fun in sweating an hour than there is in yawning a century.

"Figures won't lie, will they?" muttered a seedy gentleman, holding on to a lamp-post.

"Well, perhaps they won't lie, but I see a figure that won't stand, anyhow."

The best attitude for defence is to keep a civil tongue in your head.

Winchester Advertisements.

Improve the Opportunity!

IMPROVE THE OPPORTUNITY!

THE Subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Winchester and vicinity, that, having in contemplation a change of business, he will offer a Large and Valuable Stock of Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, Silver and Plated Ware; Gold, Silver and Steel Spectacles, Fancy Goods, &c.,

At a large discount from former prices!

Those in want, or likely to be, will find it to their advantage to purchase at the present time, as I am determined to sell at some price or other. Also, for Sale, A good two-story DWELLING HOUSE, about a quarter of a mile from the depot, and on 12 to 15 House Lots, with 1000 to 100,000 feet of land, most of which is covered with from 200 to 300 bearing Apple, Pear, Quince and Plum Trees, with a good number of Currant and Gooseberry Bushes, Grape Vines, Strawberry, &c.

WM. PRATT.

Winchester, June 6, 1857.

Ice Creams! Ice Creams!!

SODA AND REFRESHMENTS!!

ON and after June 1st, there will be an Ice Cream Soda and Refreshment stand, in the Public Square, Winchester, Mass.

"W. Pratt's Jewelry Store," in Winchester, where the public can be furnished with ICE CREAM, SODA, CAKE, &c., and all refreshments usually furnished in a station of this kind.

Ice Cream furnished to families at short notice, leaving their orders as usual. Your patronage is solicited.

W. PRATT.

Winchester, July 1, 1856.

A. C. MORSE & CO.

Successors to W. H. & Co.,

DEALERS IN

Coal, Wood, Hay,

LINE AND CEMENT,

Yard Near the Depot, Winchester,

All orders attended to with despatch.

Winchester, Nov 15, 1855

JOSIAH HOVEY,

DEALER IN

Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery,

SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,

FANCY GOODS, &c.,

Lycium Hall, Winchester.

Great care will be used in the selection of pure and fresh Medicines and Chemicals, and none others will be accepted.

JOSIAH HOVEY.

The Latest News!!

THE undersigned has made arrangements for a supply of the principal Daily and Weekly Newspapers, and Monthly Magazines, all of which will be furnished at the earliest moment after publication and at the lowest prices.

The following will be for sale notwithstanding their late publication:

DAILY: Boston Post, Herald, Commonwealth, Standard, and others.

WEEKLY: Boston Post, Herald, Commonwealth, Standard, and others.

Also, a large stock of Harper's and Putnam's Magazines, Godley's Ladies' Book, &c.

JOSIAH HOVEY.

Lycium Hall, Winchester.

Books! Books!

THE undersigned has made arrangements with the various Publishers and Booksellers of Boston and elsewhere, so as to enable him to furnish Books and other Publications at the lowest prices. They can generally be furnished for less than the ordinary retail price.

JOSIAH HOVEY.

Lycium Hall, Winchester

Reading Advertisements.

GUNNISON & MANN,

READING, STONEHAM AND BOSTON

EXPRESS.

All orders left at the Depot, Reading; Allen, Rowe and Son's Store, Stoneham; or at 41 North Market St., Boston.

WILL BE PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

WM. E. GUNNISON, M. T. MANN.

WOOD PUMPS.

J. B. & A. NICHOLS, JR.

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DR. S. STOKING,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Office No. 19 Tremont Row (up stairs),

Directly opp. head of Brattle St., Boston.

CONTINUES to manufacture and insert whole and half sets of teeth, which are warranted to answer all the purposes for which a substitute is designed. He also cleans, repairs, and improves, a very successful mode of setting one or more teeth on plate without causing pain, which sometimes injure the natural teeth.

Dr. S. gives especial and personal attention to the filling of decayed teeth—the most difficult as well as the most important part of operative dentistry. And the one in which there are more positive injuries among dentists than in any other branch of the profession.

Extracting teeth at the present day is almost entirely a matter of force, and the use of the most powerful machinery. There are three states or conditions of the teeth, which are removed from the mouth, viz: that of looseness and natural sensibility; that of unreasonableness and insensibility; and that of entire consciousness, but of local insensibility to pain, in the region of the teeth to be extracted.

The first of the three, which is a painful one, states for back, as the days of the patriarchs. The second is of more modern date, and is the result of suffering with a kind of colic, which is called the "teeth ache." The third, which is of more recent date, is accomplished by the use of a cone of gold, or silver, or other material, which is placed over the teeth, and the patient is rendered insensible to pain.

The question is often asked,—and it is a very important one,—whether it is better to have the teeth extracted, or to have them filled? In reply, it may be said, that, with respect to the teeth, there is no question, but that, with respect to the patient, there is. If the patient is in good health, and the teeth are in good condition, it is better to have them filled, than to have them extracted.

If the patient is in poor health, and the teeth are in poor condition, it is better to have them extracted, than to have them filled. The reason for this is, that the filling of the teeth is a process of decay, and the extraction of the teeth is a process of cure.

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Cooper's Celebrated

MAMMOTH LOTION!

For Sprains, Cuts, Bruises, Burns,

Bite and Sting of Insects, &c., &c.

HAVING used this celebrated Lotion for several years past with complete success, and impressed with the superiority of this never failing remedy over all others of like character, I present it to the public as being all that can consistently be required for what it is recommended.

any of the above complaints if properly applied. For a Sprain it requires a thorough rubbing, for other complaints it does not require as much.

Manufactured by Dr. J. H. COOPER,

Woburn Centre, Mass.

Price 25 Cents

Barr, Foster & Co., General Agents, No. 10 Cornhill, Boston

Letter from Rev. J. M. Darguin of Dover, N. H.

Dover, N. H., Aug. 14, 1856.

Dear Sir, I want you to send me a bottle of your Mammoth Lotion, for Sprains, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, &c., &c.

I well remember the condition of my wrist when, by accident, I was cut by a scythe, and, well, the pain was so severe that I could not move it for many days. I have used your Mammoth Lotion, and I have found it to be all that I needed for what it is recommended. I have ever since.

JOHN M. DARGUIN.

Dr. J. H. COOPER.

Woburn, Sept. 23, 1856.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Cooper's Celebrated Mammoth Lotion, and have seen it used in several cases, with a perfect satisfaction. I think if people use the never failing remedy that they would not willingly do without it, for I believe it to be one of the best of its kind in use. Manufactured at Woburn, Mass., by Dr. J. H. Cooper.

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Woburn, Reading, North & South Reading, Stoueham, Winchester and Burlington.

[SINGLE COPY FOUR CENTS.]

Volume VI---Number 41.

THE EMIGRANT

BY MISS LOUISE OLIVIA HUNTER.

result of which had been the garnering of a basket full of ripe, red currants. The words, though spoken to herself, were uttered aloud, and quite forgetful of her mistress's presence, Bertha took a seat near a small table, and for some moments rested her head musingly against the snowy white-washed wall of the apartment.

ment—to behold the hands whose tireless activity had long been a proverbial low lying listlessly in her lap, and the busy, bustling mind whose favorite axiom was, "take care of the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves," now totally unmindful of the flight of time, and the numberless household duties yet to be performed ere the shadows of night closed in.

At any other period, this sudden dreaminess on the part of her old nurse and servant might have called a smile.

Berta's mother, Aunt Cassie, a widow with a few acres of land, who, seated by her work-stand, gazed at her daughter with the usually gloomed, stolid countenance of Berta. But not the slightest semblance of a smile now played about the lady's mouth, and her eyes slowly filled with tears, which she strove, though vainly, to force back. At length, with an effort, she broke the silence.

"Does Mrs. Rosenberg seem any worse to-day, Berta?" was her query, in a voice that slightly trembled.

Berta started, as if for the first time conscious of Mrs. Clinton's close proximity—then with a deep-drawn sigh, and an ominous shake of the head, she replied, "ah, yes, ma'am—the poor thing can't last long, depend upon it. She has been walking in the garden with her little girl for near an hour this

afternoon—and I watching her all the while—and her step is so feeble! more than once she was obliged, as from weakness, to rest upon the grass beneath the shade of the old cherry tree, and then as she turned her face towards me, I saw that it was very white—paler even than I had ever seen it before.—And then, too, there's a bright red spot upon her cheek, which will tell its own

"And there's that girl, Katrine, who came with Mrs. Rosenberg from Germany—I'm sure she doesn't half do her duty by the poor lady. Why, every spare minute she can get, away she

tramps to the village to gossip among the folks that haven't anything better to do than to listen to her nonsense! Just so it has been with her to-day. Instead of staying at home to mind her own business and wait upon her mistress, who its quite certain won't trouble her long, she's gone off on one of her customary frolics, and there's no knowing when she'll get back again."

"I should suppose," remarked Mrs. Clinton, "that such conduct on the part of Katrine would oblige Mrs. Rosenberg," however unwilling she might be, to discharge her."

"Ah, ma'am, but that she will never do, and Katrine knows it well," rejoined Bertha, "she knows that Mrs. Rosenberg has a perfect repugnance to strangers, and that rather than part with her she will put up with all sorts of annoyances."

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"Why, Bertha!" exclaimed Mrs. Clinton, and a partial smile for an instant wreathed her lip, "this is the first time I have ever known you to trouble your brain about any of our neighbors."

"No—that you're not, Miss Amy," for by this latter name — which Mrs. Clinton had received in infancy, when Bertha, then a comely young woman had held her in her arms at the baptismal font—the old nurse now continued to address her mistress, "that you're

not for you know that your own kind heart feels as deeply for the lady as my mine does. Ah! Miss Amy, dear, if you could only manage to become acquainted with Mrs. Rosenberg—I am quite sure it would do her a world of good, for she must be very lonely without no one for company but that little child, and with the thought always before her that her death-bed may be

"But you know, Bertha," replied Mrs. Clinton, in a tone of sadness, "it is quite impossible that I should again seek her friendship. Have I not already shown her every neighborly courtesy in my power, and have not all my endeavors to gain her acquaintance failed? Surely, being well aware of all this, you cannot imagine that I

and from time to time giving utterance to those wild, piercing cries of anguish. Fearful lest the lady might be dying, and knowing that she was alone, Mrs. Clinton resolved to throw aside all prudent considerations and to listen to her maid. The next moment she stood beside Mrs. Rosenberg, endeavoring to soothe the child, and using every means in her power to restore the mother, who, she saw at a glance, had only fainted. Bertha, who by this time discovered her mistress' absence from home, now came to her assistance, and the two managed to convey Mrs. Rosenberg into the cottage, where, after gently placing her upon a couch, Mrs. Clinton sent Bertha back again to her household duties, thinking it best to assist by herself her neighbor's return to reason. Those earnest endeavors for her revival at length succeeded—and when little Mina saw the color slowly coming back to her mother's cheek, and heard the first fainting cry of returning consciousness, she started up again, her hands outstretched, like a child, for her mother's embrace. The countess was nursing

At first Mrs. Rosenberg seemed barely to comprehend her situation, but when she saw a stranger bending over her, suddenly over her couch, the memory of her father's illness flashed across her mind, and, turning over her face to the quivering gaze that rested upon it, in feeble voice she called for Katrina. "Katrine gone, Mamma," lisped Nina, in broken accents, raising herself tip-toe to imprint a kiss upon the anparent hand of her parent, "but your lady—dear lady came to see my mamma."

It was an awkward moment for Mrs. Hinton, for she understood that simple, childish appeal to the invalid. Feeling that it was perhaps necessary to say something to justify her intrusion, in a few words as possible she related all

"Mrs. Rosenberg had listened attentively while she uttered these words, with her dark and strangely brilliant eyes riveted full upon the face of the speaker; and as Mrs. Clinton ceased, and turned to depart, she caught her husband, and pressing it to her lips, murmured, "do not go—stay with me!"

"Surprised and affected, Mrs. Clinton drew a seat by the bedside. "Believe me, lady," she said, soothingly, "I would gladly be your friend, while, at the same time, I know and appreciate your motives, in so long declining

"Forgive me," interrupted her companion, feebly, "I now feel that I have simply injured you. When I first came to this village, I learned that there were many who would fain have become acquainted with me, for the sole purpose of gleaning the history of my early days, and I wrongfully ranked you in that class. But never till to-day have I looked into your countenance, that I am now convinced that be- cause that you are a noble and exor- dinate but possibly unkind heart of goodness, whose attention I have undreaded. Often and eagerly have I longed for one true friend—and you—! tell me, will you indeed supply all longing?"

When Bertha Esling again entered Mrs. Roseburn's cottage, to call her

pressed to supper, she was somewhat surprised to find the invalid seated in a easy-chair, her hand resting affectionately in that of Mrs. Clinton, with whom she was conversing with ease and earnestness, while upon a low cushion at their feet sat little Mina.

During the brief period they had been together, each had completely won the confidence of the other, and when Mrs. Clinton related the tale of her trials, the tears of her companion flowed freely at the recital, while in return she gave her own sad history, of which it is necessary to insert but a brief sketch.

Mrs. Rosenberg was the only daughter of the rich and influential Count Von Rosenberg, whose extensive possessions lay in the flourishing town of W——,

Germany. Her father died when she was little more than twelve years old, and his title and vast estates being without reserve inherited by his son, his daughter was left dependant entirely upon the kindness of her brother. At the time of his parents' death, Karl von Eigenheim had entered his twenty-third year, and he was in every respect the opposite of his generous and noble father. He was selfish, grasping, and cruel-minded in the most extreme, and seemed never to have experienced the feelings and impulses of youth. From earliest childhood he had evinced a passion for hoarding: gold was his idol, and to attain it he would have made any sacrifice that the world could justify. And to such a spirit was entrusted the guardianship of a young and beautiful sister!

Clemence Von Eigenheim grew up and became a lovely and loveable being. Her brother ever appeared to regard her with fondness, and he certainly was proud of her dazzling beauty—but alas! his love for her was only similar to that of a merchant for the pearls contained in his warehouse; for while Count Von Eigenheim gazed with delight upon the glowing loveliness of

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he bade her prepare, within a week, to marry the Baron Steinwald, a man thought to have been her father, but so rich, in Karl Von Eigenheim's opinion, compensated for his defects. The result was, as might be expected, mence cloped with Gustorf Rosenberg; and to escape the wrath of her there, which they both felt might, at the first opportunity, be visited upon him, Rosenberg sold his little property and emigrated to the United States, ere, in one of the principal cities, he engaged in mercantile pursuits. For several years they lived very happily, but misfortunes at last overtook them. Rosenberg was seized with a lingering fever, which terminated in consumption, and he died, leaving his wife and child unprotected, and devoid of the means of maintenance. The death of her husband gave a shock to both the flesh and the spirits of Mrs. Rosenberg, from which she felt that she could never again fully recover. Her

From the day on which she received Mrs. Kensington's letter, and when at first he consented to the continuation of his former profession, that a physician should be, in his instant decision that ere the month earth would no longer her abode, threw her into a state of deepest distress, for she could not for the thought of leaving her darling child with none to watch over and care for. But He who "tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb," and who is a never-failing friend of the widow and the father of the fatherless, had, at the time of need, raised up an earth-protector for the little Mina. In an hour of anguish, when the first diction of her early doom reached

There were constantly intervals when her mind wandered, and then her fancy revelled amid the scenery of a far-distant father-land. Once more would seem to roam her ancestral lands, a frolicsome, thoughtless child, a pet and pride of all; then, reverting to the history of her early and continued love, she would allude pathetically to the hour of her departure from her native land—to the time when she had looked her last upon the gray stone walls and moss-grown turrets of Eichenheim Castle, the home of her own childhood. And tears were in eyes of all that listened, as they trusted her early hours with those had latterly passed, while as they thought of the period, when, surrounded by worldly grandeur, she had wil-

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

BY FITZ GREEN HALLOCK.

"Beside the nuptial curtain bright,"
The hand of Eden sings;
"Young love his constant lamp will light,
And wave his purple wings."
But rain-drops from the cloud of care
May bid that lamp be dim,
And the boy Love may part and swear,
'Tis then no place for him.

So mused the lovely Mrs. Dash;
'Tis wrong to mention names,
When for her early husband's cash
She urged in vain her claims.
'I want a little money, dear,
For Vandervoort and Flaudin,
Their bill, which now has run a year,
To-morrow means to land in."

"More?" cried the husband, half asleep,
"You'll drive me to despair."
The lady was so proud to weep,
And too polite to swear,
She bit her lip for very spite,
He felt a storm was brewing;
And dream'd of nothing else all night,
But brokers, banks, and ruin.

He thought her pretty once, but dreams
Have sure a wondrous power,
For to his eye the lady seems
Quite altered since that hour;
And Love, who on their bridal eve,
Had promised long to stay,
Forgot his promise, took French leave,
And bore his lamp away.

Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1857.

"This is the weather for corn," says the farmer, and rubs his hands with delight as he beholds his corn fields, the only backward crop of the season, coming on so finely. The farmer is right, and though the weather has been, during the past week, sometimes a little too warm for individual comfort, yet the genial sunshine is doing such great good to the growing crops, after so much dark and damp weather, and is giving hay-makers such a good opportunity to secure the hay crop in excellent condition, that we cheerfully bear with the inconvenience of a highly heated atmosphere for a short time, as it affords an excellent prospect for an abundant harvest of the substantial necessities of life, both for man and beast.

The weather however has not yet been so oppressively warm as it is some seasons at this time, the thermometer not having gone above 90° in the shade at mid-day, except in confined places where there was not a free current of air, where it indicated a higher temperature. And then there have been cool breezes in the evenings, and occasional showers, keeping the atmosphere clear and wholesome, as the good state of health prevailing in our large cities and towns sufficiently denotes.

The season thus far has been favorable to the agriculture of the country and to the public health, and these ought to go a long way towards compensating the public for the unprecedented dullness in some of the leading mechanical pursuits—the shoe and leather business for instance. We are much mistaken if this year does not turn more shoe-makers into farmers than any that has preceded it, which will be a fortunate thing both for the shoe-makers and the country. Other trades which have experienced the general depression, will also contribute their quota of tillers of the soil. In short many of the most important branches of the mechanic arts in New England, and particularly in this State, have been overworked; pressed too heavily, till a reaction had to come. The sons of farmers, finding they could make large wages as mechanics, became inmates of the work shops instead of holding on to the tail of the plough; and now many of them, which helpless families about them, find it necessary to go back to the farm and work their living out of the soil. To the majority who thus substitute implements of agriculture for the tools of their trade the change will be of great benefit, and those who stick to their trades will be more likely to obtain constant employment and good wages, while the country at large will, without doubt, gain immensely by the greater area of soil brought under cultivation, and the consequent greater amount of agricultural products produced.

There is yet plenty of good land all over New England, and even in the more densely populated State of Massachusetts, which the ploughshare has never turned. It is the expressed opinion of many who have emigrated to the Western States, and after a trial at farming there, returned to cultivate again their native soil, that New England affords to the industrious farmer of small capital advantages quite as favorable as are to be found anywhere at the West, while many conveniences and comforts of life are freely enjoyed here by nearly all classes of citizens, which are denied to Western people of ample means. Let mechanics who are out of employment turn their attention to farming; in nine cases out of ten those who do so will live better, happier and more independent, and be richer than if they had

continued toiling at their trades for twelve hours out of every twenty-four.

THE NEW LOCK-UP.—For the last week or two we have heard much talk about the new Lock-up under the Town Hall, some in praise of the "arrangement," and others severe in their condemnation of it; the latter saying that it is an ill-ventilated and unwholesome place, entirely unfit to confine a human being in. We concluded to pay it a visit—of our own accord remember—on the first convenient opportunity, and from some of the representations we expected to find a dungeon nearly as gloomy as the Black Hole of Calcutta. We accordingly looked at the premises last evening, and somewhat to our surprise found an airy and comfortable ante-room, with three cells leading from it, the doors being simply bars of iron three or four inches apart, enabling persons confined in the cells to see all parts of the ante-room. There is a bed in each cell, and one in the ante-room for the accommodation of poor travellers who call upon the town to furnish them with a night's lodging. This lock-up is simply a watch house, for the safe keeping of those who violate the laws; twenty-four hours being the greatest extent of time that any person would be likely to be confined therein, when he would either be removed to the county jail or set at liberty. For this purpose we think it is well adapted, being much more healthy and comfortable than many of the houses the poor inhabit.

Pic-Nic.—On Tuesday last the children of the Baptist Sabbath School, with a large number of their friends, teachers and parents, had a very pleasant Pic-nic at Fuller's Grove, North Woburn. They were conveyed to and from the grounds in omnibuses provided for the occasion. After enjoying themselves in the grove in various ways, the company, to the number of about three hundred, sat down on the green sward and partook heartily, with appetites sharpened by invigorating exercise, of the many tempting and appetizing edibles bountifully provided by the ladies. Singing by the children succeeded the repast, and as the sun was hiding his bright and shining face below the western hills, they returned to their homes, having passed the afternoon in a most pleasant and enjoyable manner.

LARGE SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

We call attention to the sale of houses and building sites advertised in another column, the property of Mr. Juduthan Fowle. These houses are fine structures, well finished, and beautifully located for private residences. An excellent opportunity is thus afforded to persons desirous of purchasing a handsome residence in an excellent neighborhood. The building sites are, without exception, the best unoccupied lots in the town of Woburn. They are so situated as to command an extensive view of the town; several good houses have recently been erected in close proximity to them, and many of the adjoining lots are owned by persons who will in due time build upon them respectable and handsome residences. All who wish to secure a good building site, in a most pleasant and attractive part of the town, would do well to attend this sale, as no better opportunity for the purchase of beautifully located lots will again be offered.

NEW DEPOT.—The fine new passenger station of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, on Causeway street, corner of Andover, Boston, will be used for the first time on Monday next, after which all the passenger trains of the Boston and Lowell and Nashua and Lowell Railroads will arrive at and depart therefrom. Passengers on these roads will rejoice at this change.

COOLING.—What is more pleasant to the inner and outer man, on a hot day with the thermometer at 90° in the shade, than a draught of cool soda, nicely flavored with a pleasant tasting syrup? Call at our neighbor Conant's and enjoy this luxury.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Several favors from correspondents are omitted this week for want of space, as a number of communications which have been on file for some time must take precedence.

MIDDLESEX COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.—The following persons have just been sentenced to the East Cambridge House of Correction from the present session of this Court, now holding at Concord:—John O'Brien, larceny, nine months; Bridget Hayes, larceny, one year; Patrick Joyce, larceny, three months; John McNoll, larceny of watches from jewelry store of Deacon Donnell in East Cambridge, three years; David Sands, assault with a slung shot, three years; Wm. Loker, breaking and entering, three years; Andrew McEvoy, common drunkard, apprehended from Police Court, six months; Robert Mare, larceny, one year; James Donovan and Patrick Burke of Lexington, committing an aggravated assault on Wm. Durgin in that town, each three years.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—Charles G. Leland is the editor of this periodical, and he certainly makes of it a gem of a magazine. The August number is on our table. While its engravings are at least equal to any magazine of its class, its literary contents are of a much higher order. It deserves, and doubtless receives, a very extensive patronage.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for August has been received. This magazine is, unquestionably, what its name purports to be, a "lady's" book. The number before us, like all of its predecessors, is "full to the brim" of engravings of the latest fashions and innumerable patterns of every conceivable kind of useful and ornamental fancy work. No lady should be without Godey.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, though only two dollars a year, will compare favorably with some of the three dollar "ladies" magazines. The August number has a capital engraving, some good illustrations, and several well written articles of prose and poetry.

The above Magazines can be procured at the Woburn Book Store, by the year or single number.

We have received the eighth Annual Announcement of the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania, located in Philadelphia, at 229 Arch street. This college appears to be in a prosperous condition; a large number of students (all females) are in attendance, and every facility is afforded for a complete and thorough medical education. The next session will commence on Wednesday, Sept. 30th. We observe by the list of matriculants that a number of ladies from Massachusetts and other parts of New England, have been and are now in attendance as students. On the 28th of February last, the degree of M. D. was conferred on seven ladies.

Boston Correspondence.

Effect of the Heat, Boston Harbor, Steamer Acorn.—The Roxbury City Fathers.—Amusements.

BOSTON, July 16th, 1857.

My Dear Journal.—The heat and dust of Metropolitan life is having the effect to drive our citizens out of town with their wives and little ones, and washing on street is quite clear of its usual throng of gay and fashionable promenaders. Excursions, picnics, etc., are at full blast, and everybody, who can possibly do so, avail themselves of these cheap and popular methods of getting recreation and amusement. The watering places near at home are fast filling up, much to the gratification of Ocean House proprietors, and people have fairly begun to realize summer as an institution.

Boston Harbor, the pride and glory of every Bostonian, is a pretty place at any time, but in these long summer afternoons presents a peculiarly refreshing appearance; its surface dotted over with clean white sails, beneath whose influence the graceful yachts skip over its deep, dark bosom, seeming like animated beings, to partake of the beauty and pleasure of the scene.

There are also a variety of steamboats plying about, affording ample accommodations to pleasure parties in search of enjoyment, and of these none are in greater demand or more sought after for safety and convenience, than the snug little propeller Acorn, belonging to the Boston and Sandwich Glass Co. This is a staunch boat, a fast sailer and is under command of a most worthy man and efficient officer, Capt. Roland Gibbs, in whose charge any one may feel the utmost safety and confidence. Beside this the Clerk, Mr. Owen Maguire, is one of those gentlemanly kind of men whom it does one good to meet, possessing, as he does, a thorough knowledge of his business, and having a commendable care for the comforts of those under his charge. Any one wishing a safe and pleasurable sea ride cannot do better than place themselves on board the Acorn in care of Capt. Gibbs, and the efficient Clerk, Mr. Maguire, to find all that is desirable in steamboat comfort.

The City Fathers of Roxbury had an excursion in the above named boat, last Tuesday, and had a tall time. The fortunate individual who caught the first scallop, was presented with a tin horn of elaborate workmanship. Mr. Barton caught the first cod and was presented with a silver medal. Speeches were made, sentiments exchanged, and everybody had a general good time.

At the Howard, the great Irish dramatist, John Brougham, is playing to excellent houses. This house will probably remain open through the warm weather.

The National closes on Saturday afternoon. On Monday evening a complimentary benefit to Charles Saunders, a once very popular actor and dramatist, but now reduced in health and purse, will be given at this house.

A. B. N.

[*Since the above was received the spirit of Mr. Saunders has gone to its eternal home.]

IMPUDENT LETTERS.—It is stated that President Buchanan is greatly annoyed by the receipt of innumerable letters addressed to him, soliciting money on all sorts of pretexts, in sums from \$20 to \$3000. He lately received a letter from a young man in Virginia, with the modest request for the sum of \$900, stating that he was very poor, and greatly in love with a young lady to whom he was engaged, and who he was bound to marry, but that he could not do so without the assistance of the \$900; and he applied to the President, as the father of the Republic, to assist him in his distress.

MARCH SQUALLS.—A woman in Pulaski County, Va., has regularly presented her husband with an heir during the month of March, for sixteen successive years.

POISONED TEA.—The London Times says that thousands of lives in Europe and America will be lost by drinking poisoned tea.—The Chinese, it says, will poison the tea to revenge upon the English and Americans for their assault upon Canton. It may be so and it may not.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Editor.—As we have long desired to have a woman lecturer come in our midst, we cannot forbear expressing our hearty thanks to those ladies who have generously contributed for a course of lectures. We have already had the pleasure to hear from Miss Dr. H. K. Hunt, of Boston. Her truly sincere and womanly efforts to arouse the ladies in Woburn, have been warmly received, and, no doubt, highly appreciated by the greater portion of her large and attentive audience. She is a talented and earnest woman. Her sympathetic appeal to women was truly elevating, and should inspire every woman to nobler thought and action; for the time is fast approaching when woman should cultivate her real womanhood, and assert her true position in all the relations of life. Now, we see no reason why the ladies in our vicinity cannot make an effort to secure a lecture from Dr. Hunt, before the Lyceum, the ensuing season, and thus present to the public mind some of her most noble and eloquent thoughts upon woman and her true sphere.

We, therefore, suggest to those minds in our village who love and aspire after those truths which will ennoble and elevate woman, and call around those sympathies which bind the hearts of man and woman together, that they make an effort to secure one lecture, at least, before the Lyceum this coming winter.

[The above communication was received some four weeks ago, but was laid aside, with others, until our state of health would enable us to attend to it. We cheerfully give it a place in our columns.]—EDITOR.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Editor.—I am ruminating among the hills of my native State. The country never presented a more charming picture to the lover of nature, than at the present time. In the various sections of the northern country there is a promise of a golden harvest. There are, as yet, very few rambles among the White Mountains. Doubtless, as the weather grows hot, and business slackens, we shall find throngs of pleasure seekers in this vicinity. Almost daily we have showers, which, instead of raining, pour in torrents, and thus send rivers and brooks foaming and rousing down the Mountain side, which, an hour before, drowsily lolled beneath the pendant branches.

I watch anxiously for "our Journal," after a spasmodic rupture of the rapper, and devour the columns; so faithfully delineating the passing events of our suburban town, and as we all believe, devoted to "our local interests." He who will not help support a home newspaper, need only spend a few months in the forest, away from his favorite scenes of active life, to be cured of his unpardonable selfishness and wilful stupidity. When thus severed from home the sight of an advertisement merely will cause his heart to palpitate with a love of home.

We took a short "tramp" a day or two since, in search of trout—over hills and through the winding dale, threading our leviathan way through tangled underbrush and knotted bushes. We followed the winding stream in eager expectation of a well filled basket of spotted trout. After a day of complete deception, we "took our reckoning," and with the aid of our "anglers" found we had nearly two hundred fair and beautiful fish, such as would make an epicure shake his sides. Oh! such a breakfast—say no more. Peace be with you.

Truly yours,
JOHN J. LADD.

Letter from Kansas.

Lawrence City, K. T., June 14, 1857.

I have just returned from an excursion in the interior country, a distance of some 120 miles south-east of this point, walking the entire distance, and I assure you it was a serious jaunt, but full of pleasing and interesting scenes and sensations. After leaving here, at a point some 20 miles south on an extensive prairie, I encountered and experienced the effects of a violent thunder-storm, and never did I witness a scene so grand, so wild and so awfully met. The dark, murky clouds rolling and piling on each other, like the waves of the heaving sea, impelled in their headlong course by the wind blowing like

* * * * * The long, level plain stretching out as far as the eye could reach, presenting no obstacle to the furious hurricane; all made the sight awfully sublime, but the experience exceedingly disagreeable, for I got a mighty soaking, and slept on the prairie with my valise for a pillow, and no covering but my shawl and the broad canopy of heaven; yet, notwithstanding my moist clothing, I slept soundly, after a day's walk of 43 miles.

You may presume that the accommodations for travellers are not the most extensive; one is often obliged to journey 30 miles horse riding any means of shelter or food, and those of a meagre sort, consisting for shelter of poles driven in the ground, to which are nailed clapboards, and for sustenance—principally of hide-pork and molasses, and occasionally, corn cake. I found accommodations for two nights in a first-class cabin, with only one room, in which a family of two grown up daughters and parents, and some dozen travellers, found plenty of accommodation. My sensations were something like those of Jolekiak, whose "heart went pitty pat," on retiring in the same room with these "innocents of the road;" but the glass being extinguished, and I having the ground floor in a corner, I managed to survive. But, oh! my consternation on waking in the morn to find the whole family up and breakfast nearly ready. What could I do? I couldn't think of shocking the young ladies by a premature decampment from the place, pantaloons in hand; but soon I was aroused from my dilemma by one of the innocents, who bawled out in a stentorian tone, "git out or that, mister, or I'll be pullin' yer out by ther hales." Of course I rise instantly. Here is no place for polished manners, for politeness gives place to suavity, urbanity to austerity, and modesty is clean gone "in a few days."

I avoid any extensive or elaborate description of the country herabouts, as well as all parts of the life I have seen, for the reason that you have had it glowingly pictured, by persons more capable than myself, in the political campaign of last fall; yet, will say that I—as most strangers visiting here—was as much disappointed in the character of the cities generally, as I was agreeably

surprised by the beauty of the scenery, the productive land and the invigorating climate. The cities are more irregular, ill-shaped towns or villages, and in my idea, as little deserving that title as a Hottentot village or an Indian encampment. The natural scenery, however, is not equalled by any district I have yet visited, and the climate is very fine, though the heat is very oppressive at this time; yet, the breeze that continually sweeps over the country makes the weather quite delicious, where, otherwise, it would be unendurable.

The political excitement is far from subsiding at present, and here, where the Free-State party predominates, another collision with the *Ruffians* would be hailed with pleasure, as an opportunity for redressing those infernal depredations inflicted on them last autumn. They are not at all secret in their vindictive on the other party, which they dominate the National Democracy, the Free-State party being only known as the Republicans. Street speeches are quite frequent here. The champion of these windy orators goes by the name of *Jim Lane*, who spoke last evening at some length, pouring out his impressions on the Governor, his aides or clique, and the National party in general; calling on the real estate holders to refuse, point blank, any payment of taxes imposed by the bogus laws, winding up his hallooing with the saying "millions for defence, but not one cent for taxes;" as you may suppose, hurrah! for long, deep and loud from ten (*thou*) throats filled the air for several yards round, and reverberated around the next street corner with astounding effect.

During his speech, cries from the crowd could often be heard, like the following: "Jim are you drunk?" "Don't you want some whiskey?" "I know you're dry!" intermingled with comic imitations of his tone of voice, which, by-the-way, resembles that of a circus clown rehearsing a tragedy. It is almost impossible for a speaker to get an audience here and be allowed to speak, and not be continually interrupted by some clownish or vulgar remark, intended to bring down a roar at his expense. The crowd delight in calling out a speaker, in order to see how long he can stand without being knocked from his post.

Yours, truly,
J. C.

(Correspondence of the Middlesex Journal.)

Matters and things in New York.

New York, July 14, 1857.

The last traces of the comet's tail have disappeared, and tardy summer has come to hand with an apron full of premature cherries and green apples. Lemonade is about out at one cent a drink, and the voice of the "I scream!" man is heard in our streets by night. Calm, cool and delicious are our piazzas and front steps by moonlight, for our pavements and brick walls are yet moist with the late pluvial visitations, and heat departs with the day. In Brooklyn we have a pedestrian prima donna, a mysterious lady in black, who perambulates the fashionable streets by night, making gratuitous exhibition of a voice which Lagrange might envy. People are only just beginning to leave for the country, and we have a short season of opera at the Academy.

The Fourth of July went off with less of pyrotechnic display than usual, as there were more serious matters on hand to invite the attention of curiosity seekers. The rowdy clubs of the sixth ward took it into their heads to load their blunderbusses with something more effective than blank cartridge, and then proceeded to insert the contents in each other's diaphragm, thinking that so much powder and shot ought not to be utterly wasted. So the quiet people of the metropolis suddenly were made aware of the existence of organized bands of desperadoes, whose very names had been unknown before, but now "Dead Rabbits," &c., are household words. The disturbances elicited the fact that large numbers of citizens were ready to take up arms for law and order, when insurrection should actually arise, and that our militia are really worth something on serious duty. The companies called out made a gallant show and were particularly anxious to shoot some "General Wm. Hall" evincing a military mettle and pluck which was hardly to be looked for in a quiet publisher of musical literature.

All is quiet now. The metropolitan police have established their authority, and (I think) have subdued into its customary indifference and calm consciousness of security. Business is dull however, and we are eagerly looking for some new thing. We are going to pay twenty-five hundred dollars for a messenger to coax the "Great Eastern" into New York harbor, a duty which could be quite as well accomplished by three sheets of letter paper and a few postage stamps. But office-holders as well as servant maids, have a great many cousins, and it is hard to find "papa" enough for the entire crowd.

We have had a bit of rhetorical or rather orthographic discussion, in which the chief officer of the Board of Instruction is the defendant against the Tribune and other newspaper beasts of prey. Mr. McCalline doesn't spell according to Webster, for which he is annihilated by the Tribune, whose grammatical inaccuracies are shown up, in turn, by a clever Irish exile who writes for Harper's Weekly. Newspapers, especially the dailies of this city, have the least conceivable right to be critical on such points. Half their employees have no education at all, though they can put together items of news in an intelligible shape.

The agent of the associated press in this city has about the best berth, in a pecuniary point of view, of any man in the newspaper business. His salary is nothing too large, but he receives the steamer's new half an hour before anybody else is in town, and has, therefore, an opportunity to speculate on changes in flour and cotton before common mortals know anything about the changes in foreign markets.

The elegant row of residences fronting on North River, in Hoboken, witnessed yesterday the brutal murder of a young man of fine talents and education, by a hot-blooded Cuban, who conceived himself insulted by the brother of his victim, the principal of a School in Hoboken, who had dismissed the Cuban for carrying loaded fire-arms. The number of young Cubans who came to New York

schools for education is very large, and they are a notoriously fiery and intractable set.

SOUTH READING.

DISORDER.—This week, in the Court of Common Pleas held at Concord, the case was reached of *Reuben A. Dudley*, who stood charged with breaking into the store of J. B. Manfield at South Reading on the Saturday night of May 16th.

It was proved that Dudley hired a horse and covered carriage in Natick on the morning of the 16th of May, and returned with it on the next (Sabbath) forenoon—that he had goods in his possession; that he carried them to the Rail Road Depot at Natick, and ordered them to be sent to Boston to his address; that he received them and receipted for them at the Worcester Depot in Boston; and that several articles of the stolen property were found about his person when arrested by the sheriff in Natick.

With all this proof, and much more that might have been offered, the prisoner was discharged on account of an alleged defect in the indictment.

PERSONAL.—Col. N. P. Colburn recently of South Reading, is now practicing law at Carleton, Minnesota, and has just been elected a delegate to the convention about to assemble at St. Paul, to form a constitution for a State government.

[For the Middlesex Journal.]

Mr. Editor.—Last Sabbath afternoon we listened to a very able and impressive discourse from the Rev. Mr. Smith, on the death of Mr. Emory Green, who died in St. Paul, Minnesota, July 1st. Our friend left us a few weeks ago, in the bloom of health, and with high hopes of the future, to seek his fortune in the far West.

The text was from Gen. 50 chapter, 24 and 25 verses. "And Joseph said unto his brethren, I die, I die." &c. After portraying in a vivid manner the life, character, and death of Joseph, the speaker alluded to the life and death of the young man. It is not our intention to attempt to give a synopsis of the discourse, for we feel that should we attempt it, we should do injustice to the speaker, and also to the subject. The object that we have in view in taking up our pen at this time is to speak of one "whom none knew but to love." We have known him from a boy, and never knew or heard ought against him.

We have in years past guided his trembling fingers in the pen's unwary tracings, and we feel that we can grasp the silent pen at this time and pour forth words that our lips refuse to utter. Of a kind and loving disposition, he won the esteem of all his associates, yea of all that knew him, and his death to us is full of sadness. It is seldom I think that death summons a young man from earth, when the loss is so keenly felt. He had just arrived at the age of manhood, and feeling as if he would like to see the Golden West, of which he had heard so much, with high hopes and aspirations he bid adieu, amid tears and sympathies, to father, mother, sisters and friends, thinking that he should ever long return to them, but alas, alas, we shall never see him again on earth. The friends of the deceased have met with a idea that, and the more trying from the fact that he died away from home—in a strange land, and among strangers. But oh, how many evidences of mercy and goodness cluster around even this severe trial? Yes, truly, joy is mingled with sorrow, and in the midst of judgment it seems "God remembered mercy." It is pleasant to remember his many acts of kindness, his loving, amiable disposition, and his virtuous life, and to know that he died with a firm hope of a glorious resurrection. Yes, although the atmosphere of another clime received his parting breath, and although his remains are deposited in a strange place, we have the consolation, yea the blessed assurance, that "Our brother shall live again," that "though he be dead yet shall he live." Let the young, let us, let all, instead of murmuring at his loss, copy his many virtues, so that when we are laid upon the bed of death, though it should be upon some foreign shore, without a mother's care, or a sister's soothing voice to cheer us in that lonely hour, we can die with that calm trust in God which made him so tranquil in his last moments.

"Brother, rest from sin and sorrow,
Death is o'er, and life is won,
On thy slumbers dawn no morrow,
Rest, thou earthly race is run."

Fare thee well, though we're bending,
In thy former earthly home
Triumph high, and joy unsending,
Wait thou in the realm above."

So Reading, July 15.

O. S. M.

STONEHAM.

(For the Middlesex Journal.)

FIRMNESS.

Be firm and just; keep truth in sight;
Walk fearless in the path of right,
Nor fear the consequence.
Mark out thy course of right with skill;
Pursue it with unchanging will,
Trusting in Providence.

Though men may scoff, deride or sneer,
Turn not aside, nor stop to hear;
Thy courage never be thy guide;
Take counsel from the just;
As points the needle to the pole,
Strictly obeying its control,
Be to thy course true.

Should clouds and darkness gather o'er,
And trials like a deluge pour
Round thy devoted form,
Stand 'midst them as the mighty rock!
That has for ages borne the shock
Of ocean-wave and storm.

Strive to excel. With care decide,
Let reason ever be thy guide;
Take counsel from the just;
This do, and thou may'st see thy name
Recorded on the list of fame,
A monument to last.

Stoneham, July 14

(For the Middlesex Journal.)

Mr. Editor.—It is not a little amusing to see how some people try to exonerate themselves from an accusation which they richly deserve, and in so doing not only serve to

confirm the statements made against them, but show themselves up in a more forcible light than the article did which they attempted to repudiate. But the most amusing case of this kind that has lately come under our notice, is an article which appeared in the Journal of July 4th, from which we extract a few sentences to substantiate our position.

Hear what the "smoothies" say of themselves:—"It is very seldom that we notice petty jealousies or envious dispositions, however strongly their names may be urged by highly colored phrases or strengthened by fanatical absurdities, mistaken for religion."

"In making the following statement of facts, we only reiterate the sentiments of a community who indignantly repudiate the foul calumny on her most respectable citizens."

"The person designated as one of those 'noble lords,' is a gentleman of high toned sentiments, and his morality unimpaired. We challenge the whole fraternity of Millerism to show a single act of his not in accordance with the true gentleman."

We fear our friends never read or heard the old maxim that "Self-praise don't go but a little ways." Could they have foreseen the ludicrous position in which they have placed themselves, we think they would have been more sparing of their self-eulogizing eloquence. The principle feature of the first sentence is its betrayal of its author, for the style, the language, all, everything, goes to show clearly and forcibly that the writer or writers were none other than the "bucks" referred to in our last article. Thus we have a key to the whole story, unphilosophical and illiberal as it is, showing a strong desire to trample upon all those who are unprotected by the public favor.

Our friends will bear in mind that religion does not consist in any one particular established creed, but is, as defined by Webster, "a system of faith and worship; piety; godliness in practice;" loving mercy, doing kindness, and endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy.

How far this is lived up to by professed christians of the present time, we will not attempt to say; but it is the doctrine taught by Christ during his pilgrimage upon earth, and for which he suffered death on the cross. We will not dwell on matters of religion, but turn our attention to the second sentence which we have quoted. This is the cream of the whole, the very essence of exonerating.

But we will drop the subject here, leaving it to a discriminating public to decide which is right, "Brown's" or

Stonham, July 13th, 1857.

* [We here omit a personal allusion inadmissible to the columns of the Journal.]—EDITOR.

READING.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!—An Engine Company prohibited to take their Engine to a fire in town within half a mile of the village, &c. &c.—On Saturday morning, July 4th, between 12 and 1 o'clock, those of our citizens living in the village, were aroused from wakeful slumbers by the ringing of bells, discharge of fire-arms, crackers, squibs, &c., together with an alarm of fire, and the cry of Police! Police! and soon could be seen on both sides of the street, protruding out of the windows, a sea of white, black, &c. I may say all colors—altogether too numerous to mention, horror-stricken at the idea that the Temple was about to be destroyed—the fire being directly behind the Old South Church, and the night being so very dark that the blaze shone to good effect upon it, leading many to suppose it to be on fire.—The Eagle Engine Company were prompt as usual to man their machine. They, however, scarcely reached the common when they were ordered to take back their machine; giving them to understand they couldn't come any of their gun games over him. Although the men abandoned the engine, he was informed by a member (very polite of course) that the law did not compel him to take cognizance of any man's a pull off unless he were a budge. Did you ever pull off wood on a hot summer day, and see how fast they wilt? If you have you'll know, to some extent, how a certain Chief Engineer looked about that time. It may be well to state that the fire proceeded from a wretched barrel placed in the cemetery.

Under the good old Elm near the house of the venerable Peter Sabin, was quite a little gathering of true blues, the patriots of '37, not to hear the Hon. N. P. Pratt deliver an oration, but to hear him read extracts from, some say the personal liberty bill, others, fugitive slave bill, while others persist in saying he read the Nebraska Act. Nevertheless, it was just as well. You ought to have seen the way the police were in,—no, I won't disgrace them by calling them that name, the Shellshock Club I mean—when he read the clause, "In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, I command all who have in their possession any firearms, stones or clubs to disperse," expecting they would certainly make tracks for home, they being the only ones who took the trouble to carry a cudgel. After reading the act three or four times, and hearing speeches from Mr. N. V. and other eminent persons, the Cudgel Club withdrew, threatening to do great things on the morrow. As yet, no arrests have been made. Never mind policy, pay-day will come soon.

During the day some of our people went to Boston, some to South Reading, and more to Wilmington, where they had a grand procession, marching to the Grove with the celebrated Wilmington Band. Splendid tables were set with all the heart could wish for. Numerous speakers were present from Andover, Lynn, Medford, Reading and Tewksbury. As for myself I went to Nahant in company with several others, and had a right good time.

St. Clair.

Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1857.

The Assessors have completed the valuation and taxes of the real and personal estate owned in Woburn—as doubtless many of our readers are already informed, by a visit from the Collector. The present rate is \$7.96 for each thousand dollars; last year it was \$8.12, twenty-six cents less; quite an item of deduction in the bills of some of our rich men.

The list of persons who pay a tax of \$50 and over, published below, shows that we have a goodly number of men, and business firms, in the community, who count their possessions by tens and even hundreds of thousands of dollars. In fact, though our rich men are, with very few exceptions, quite democratic in their manners and associations, and make no parade of their wealth, yet we are beginning to think that Woburn has an undeniable right to be classed among the wealthy towns of the state, and that she will stand well up on the list when the classification is made.

It would be well, however, for some of our rich men not to forget, in their days of prosperity, that wealth is not his who gets it, but his who properly uses it; for money and lands will not make a man rich if he does not understand the use of wealth. The really wealthy man is he who judiciously and with a generous heart, employs his spare cash for the comfort, happiness and advancement of his family, his neighbors, the community and his fellow man everywhere, socially, intellectually and morally. Such a man is, in truth, wealthy; all others, who possess largely of this world's goods, are mere hoarders of filthy lucre—misers.

PERSONS WHO PAY TAXES IN WOBURN TO THE AMOUNT OF FIFTY DOLLARS AND OVER.

| | |
|-------------------------------|-------|
| Mrs. Ruth Abbott, | \$163 |
| G. W. Allen, | 131 |
| Charles Bond, | 53 |
| Bond & Tidd, | 717 |
| Alley, Choate & Cummings, | 331 |
| Bowen Buckman, | 314 |
| Oliver Bacon, | 214 |
| John C. Brackett, | 74 |
| M. C. Bean, | 88 |
| John Bacon & Co., | 183 |
| Charles Choate, | 96 |
| Luther Converse, | 67 |
| John Clough, | 86 |
| Benjamin Cutter, | 83 |
| J. P. Converse, | 175 |
| Horace Conn, | 79 |
| F. K. Cragin, | 58 |
| E. W. Champney, | 58 |
| G. M. Champney, | 91 |
| A. G. Carter, | 151 |
| Cyrus Cummings, | 151 |
| John Cummings, Jr., | 202 |
| John Cummings, | 63 |
| Stephen Dow, | 70 |
| Andrew Dearborn, | 78 |
| S. R. Duren, | 56 |
| Wm. Duren, | 85 |
| Abraham Duren, | 85 |
| John Edgell, | 61 |
| Edward, Emery & Co., | 161 |
| James S. Ellis, | 53 |
| Eston, Hill & Calender, | 206 |
| Alfred Etnes, | 107 |
| Asa Eldridge's Heirs, | 58 |
| George Flagg, | 181 |
| Frederick Flint, | 53 |
| Wm. Farness, | 125 |
| John Flanders, | 139 |
| Jeduthan Fowle, | 106 |
| Luke Fowle, | 62 |
| Leonard Fowle, | 179 |
| John G. Flagg, | 140 |
| Sewall Flagg, | 71 |
| Wm. Flagg, | 54 |
| Luther A. Fowle, | 116 |
| Joseph Gardner, | 70 |
| Darius Harvey, | 255 |
| Simon Holden, | 238 |
| D. Dexter Hart, | 94 |
| George Holden, | 50 |
| A. H. Hayward, | 315 |
| Jotham Hill, | 51 |
| J. W. Hammond, | 119 |
| El Jones, | 59 |
| Charles Jones, | 234 |
| John Fowle's Estate, | 84 |
| Franklin Keyes, | 52 |
| Joseph Kelley, | 98 |
| Joseph R. Kendall, | 63 |
| Nehemiah Littlefield, | 71 |
| Joshua E. Littlefield, | 50 |
| Samuel Leathe's Heirs, | 160 |
| Harrie Munroe, | 58 |
| Uriah Manning, | 67 |
| Uriah Manning & Son, | 69 |
| John Madan, | 314 |
| Joseph McCarthy, | 65 |
| A. H. Nelson, | 88 |
| Nichols, Winn & Co., | 167 |
| Thos. J. Porter, | 123 |
| J. F. & A. J. Parker, | 52 |
| Augustus Plympton's Heirs, | 204 |
| G. O. Pollard & Co., | 180 |
| John J. Pippy, | 54 |
| Konney & Pierce, | 62 |
| Henry Parker, | 93 |
| O. H. Parker, | 163 |
| Oliver C. Rogers, | 40 |
| Daniel Richardson, | 91 |
| James M. Randall, | 96 |
| Thos. Richardson, | 63 |
| Thos. Richardson as Guardian, | 53 |
| Josiah Richardson, | 69 |
| Daniel H. Richards, | 56 |
| B. B. Richardson, | 65 |
| Augustus Roundy, | 60 |
| David Russell, Jr., | 54 |
| Stephen Richardson's Heirs, | 54 |
| Stephen Richardson & Sons, | 54 |

| | |
|---------------------------------|------|
| Samuel Skelton, | \$51 |
| Sarah & Emily Skelton, | 64 |
| Lewis Shaw, | 108 |
| Leonard Thompson, | 129 |
| David Tillson, | 55 |
| A. E. Thompson, | 81 |
| Abijah Thompson, | 840 |
| A. Thompson & Co., | 770 |
| Thompson, Winn & Cummings, | 119 |
| John Tidd & Son, | 82 |
| John Tidd & Wm. Gage, Trustees, | 73 |
| Reckley Stearns, | 87 |
| Elbridge Trull, | 59 |
| Jonathan Trull, | 75 |
| C. Tidd & E. N. Blake, | 188 |
| Wm. A. Tufts, | 76 |
| J. B. Winn & Co., | 336 |
| J. B. Winn, | 63 |
| Elijah Wyman, | 134 |
| Sylvanus Wood, | 68 |
| Luther Wright, | 96 |
| Joseph Winn, | 79 |
| Abel Wyman, | 51 |
| Wm. Woodberry, | 61 |
| George Winn, | 69 |
| Caleb Wright, | 69 |
| John Wade, | 474 |
| C. S. White, | 61 |
| Benj. B. Wood, | 69 |
| Timothy Winn, | 148 |
| Woburn Gas Light Co., | 65 |
| Woburn Lyceum Hall Ass., | 116 |
| Moses F. Winn, | 61 |
| Winn, Eaton & Co., | 125 |
| John Winnings, | 59 |
| John Weston, | 64 |

NON-RESIDENTS.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| John Bigelow, | 73 |
| J. F. Baldwin, | 69 |
| Joseph Ballard, Guardian for F. May, | 328 |
| B. & L. R. R. Co., | 112 |
| Ratus Wyman, | 56 |
| Henry S. Hallett, | 78 |
| George R. Baldwin, | 150 |

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------------|
| Whole value of Real Estate, | \$2,225,578 |
| Personal Estate, | 1,167,330 |
| Total, | \$3,392,908 |

Rate per cent, \$7.96 per thousand.

Whole No. of Polls, 1508, being a loss of 57 from last year.

Gain in Taxable property the present year, \$171,863.

| | |
|---------------------------------|----------|
| Whole amount voted by the Town, | \$22,300 |
| State Tax, | 3,015 |
| County Tax, | 2,453 |
| Overlays, | 1,093 |
| Total Commitment, | \$28,861 |

Number of legal voters in town, 1104

Number of Scholars between the ages of 5 and 15, 991.

We have been ill—very ill. Typhoid fever has brought us down almost to a shadow of our former self, and deprived us of nearly the whole amount of our bodily strength. But thanks to skillful attendance, good nursing, and a naturally sound constitution, and the will of Providence that our days upon this fair earth should be prolonged, we are recovering, slowly recovering. We find that disease will reduce a strong man to the helplessness of an infant a great deal quicker than it is possible to build him up to his ordinary standard of health and strength. It takes a long time to repair the mischief done by a short sickness. In our own case we hope for the best, and expect ere long that "Richard will be himself again." Being in the salubrity of mountain breezes and the healthiness of a change of scene and atmosphere, we have taken the friend who watched so anxiously at our bed-side and with tenderest care administered to our wants, and our little daughter Nellie, whose lonely night in the church deprived many a sympathizing and warm hearted friend and neighbor of their usual repose, and started for the "old Granite State," on a visit to its magnificent lakes and mountains, from whence our readers may expect to hear from us.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.—

The abundant showers during the present week, and the continued hot weather, are bringing the crops forward rapidly. Many fears have been entertained in respect to corn, but, with an ordinarily good fall, this will be very good. A better and heavier crop of grass was never seen, and our farmers are selling hay at fair prices, ranging from fourteen to sixteen dollars per ton. This is quite different from thirty dollars, the price two years ago. The potato crop, too, we understand, promises an excellent yield. But why, with any quantity of good food, should butter and cheese continue so high in our market, and why is there no diminution in the prices of meat?

While the earth is yielding an abundant return for all the labors of the husbandman, who does not rejoice, with a thankful heart, that the bountiful Giver of all good, has provided such an abundance for both man and beast; and who does not feel a holy indignation arise in his heart, when he considers, that much of the immense produce of the earth will be purchased and hoarded up by speculators, that they may "grind the face of the poor," and wring his hard earnings from him by high prices, for the very necessities of life. Upon such the curse of Heaven should and will fall. They may heap up wealth—but they will leave it to other hands, to be scattered to the four winds. None will rise up to proclaim their benevolent deeds, done to the hungry and the poor. They will pass away, and their wealth and their memory perish.

HUMAN SKELETON FOUND UPON THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.—On Sunday last a gentleman, rambling in the woods near the Tip-Top House on the White Mountains, discovered the corpse, or rather the skeleton of a man, a short distance from the summit, supposed to be that of Benjamin Chandler, of Wilmington, Delaware, who was lost on the mountains last fall, and of whom, since that time, nothing could be ascertained until the present discovery of the body, although a reward of \$500 was offered. On the body was found a gold watch and about \$100 in gold and bills. A son of the deceased has been engaged in searching the mountain for his father the present summer. A coroner's inquest has been held, and the body identified as that of the lost Mr. Chandler. The body was found within thirty yards of a much frequented pathway. To all appearance he had fallen or laid down exhausted, and there breathed his last.

Advices from Kansas, by telegraph, to Friday last, furnish the intelligence that Gov. Walker was besieging Lawrence with eight companies of U. S. soldiers, and had warrants for the arrest of a large number of her citizens. These arrests are probably made on some unfounded and trumped-up charges. Walker is beginning to show his hand, and carry the spirit of his instructions, in the proscription of free-thinking and free state settlers. Full particulars can be found in another column.

BAPTISM.—Rev. Jarvis Ames, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Society in this town, baptised six persons in Horn Pond last Sabbath.

We have received *Snow's Express Pathfinder*, for July, August and September. This is a very useful sheet to business men and others; by referring to it, they can see the name of nearly every Express in the country. Published at 22 Court st., Boston, by G. K. Snow. Price 10 cents.

In the Senate, on Saturday, the joint committee upon the subject of districting the state for the choice of Senators, made their report. The following is a detailed statement of the plan for Middlesex County:

The towns of Charlestown, Somerville, Melrose and Malden, with a total of 5741 voters, to comprise the 1st Middlesex district.

The towns of Cambridge, Waltham, West Cambridge, Watertown and Brighton, with a total of 5981 voters, to comprise the 2d Middlesex district.

The towns of Newton, Weston, Natick, Sherborn, Holliston, Hopkinton, Ashland, Framingham, Sudbury and Wayland, with a total of 5764 voters, to comprise the 3d Middlesex district.

The towns of Ashby, Townsend, Pepperell, Shirley, Groton, Dunstable, Acton, Carlisle, Concord, Stow, Lincoln, Marlboro' and Censford, with a total of 5357 voters, to comprise the 4th Middlesex district.

The towns of South Reading, Reading, North Reading, Wilmington, Burlington, Woburn, Stoneham, Winchester, Lexington, Bedford, Billerica, and Medford, with a total of 5766 voters, to comprise the 5th Middlesex district.

The towns of Lowell, Dracut, and Tewksbury, with a total of 5629 voters, to comprise the 6th Middlesex district.

The average ratio for Middlesex County is 5769.

INCENDIARY FIRES IN BURLINGTON AND WEST CAMBRIDGE.—On Saturday evening last about 8 o'clock an unoccupied house and barn in Burlington was set on fire and destroyed. Shortly before 11 o'clock the same evening, fire broke out in a large barn, owned and occupied by Samuel Butterfield, situated on the corner of Cambridge, and with its contents, consisting of about two tons of hay, sleighs, carriages, harnesses, was entirely consumed. The cattle were got out of the barn in safety. The barn, which was a very large one, was valued at \$1000, on which there is a small insurance. The fire was the work of an incendiary. Engines were present from West Cambridge; Nos. 1 and 2 of Lexington; 3 of Watertown; 2 of Waltham; 1 of Medford; and 3 of Charlestown, which was accompanied by delegates from every company in the Charlestown Fire Department. There were also present a delegation of firemen from Boston. The light made by the burning building was very brilliant, and reflected a beautiful light upon the monument. In about two hours after the fire broke out, a stream of water was played, the distance from the creek being so far that every engine was in line to get on one stream.—*Traveler.*

ANOTHER NATIONAL HORSE SHOW AT SPRINGFIELD.—The Agricultural Society of Hampden county have purchased a splendid meadow of near one hundred acres on the bank of the river just above the centre of Springfield, and are making it into a grand agricultural park, with a course for the display of horses one mile in length. The investment in the ground and fences and course will be about \$20,000. The society and citizens of Springfield have united to celebrate the possession of this magnificent park with a great agricultural festival and national horse show. It is proposed to give up a whole week to the celebration, to disburse about \$3000 in premiums upon horses alone, and to gather there for speeches some of the most distinguished men in the country. Henry Ward Beecher is already engaged to deliver a dedicatory address. The week which begins with September 28th and closes October 3d, is assigned for the festival and exhibition.

NAVAL CONTRACT.—The United States Navy contract for pork and beef was awarded last week to two houses in New York city, one of whom took the contract to supply nine thousand barrels of navy beef at nineteen dollars per barrel, and the other took the contract to supply six thousand barrels of meat pork at an average cost of \$21.25 per barrel.

THE AUGUST ELECTIONS.—During the first week in August the annual elections will take place in six of the States, as follows:—Alabama, August 3 Kentucky, " 3 Missouri, " 3 Texas, " 3 North Carolina, " 6 Tennessee, " 6

Editorial Correspondence.

Centre Harbor, Winnepissigee Lake, Thursday Morning.

A ride of four hours by railroad and one by steamboat, brought us to this pleasant summer retreat, called Centre Harbor from the fact of its lying between Wolfborough and Meredith Village.

It is a charming place for health, comfort and quiet rational enjoyment. The scenery of the Lake and mountains surrounding it, is magnificently grand and beautiful. Fishing in some places is said to be good, though we have not yet tried our hand at the piscatory art, but intend to. The drives in the vicinity, the hotel accommodations at the "Centre House," the boating, fishing, &c., &c., we will write of after we become more acquainted with them—a two day's experience not being sufficient to ground an opinion upon.

Excursion parties are quite frequent. Yesterday Captain Frye and family, of Salem, Mr. Conn, wife and child, myself and ditto, formed a party for a visit to Red Hill, the highest in this vicinity, with the exception of the Ossipee Mountain, and a very pleasant time we had. An easy-riding open wagon, with four grays attached, and a smaller vehicle with a pair of horses, contained the whole party, and carried us merrily along over the lesser hills to the base of the great Red Hill, up whose steep ascent we were all ambitious to climb. Here we were furnished with ponies and commenced the ascent. Our road soon narrowed to an Indian path, and in single file we pursued a steep and serpentine track around rocks and through a forest of stunted trees, our ponies occasionally resting to take breath when they gained a level spot. But they were well trained to the service they had to perform, and after two miles of slow marching brought us safely to the granite rock, which caps the mountain brow. The view obtained exceeded our expectations—it was surpassingly beautiful. Lakeward the eye took in Winnepissigee, dotted with the green patches of its three hundred islands, and enlivened only by the two steamers plying on the Lake, which hovered in sight as we were admiring its beauties. On the right was Ossipee, on the left a bold mountain range with Mount Washington in the distance. On the north side of Red Hill, and apparently at our feet as we viewed it, stretched a lovely valley, several miles in extent, with the pleasant looking towns of Moultonborough, and North and Centre Sandwich, with cultivated fields, neat farm houses and tracks of green forest alternating, presenting a sight almost as charming as the view of the Lake.

Heavy clouds and "thunder in the mountains" warned us to take leave of our elevated position. The descent, somewhat more slow and difficult than the ascent, was accomplished in safety. Mr. C*** who had a large horse unused to the business of climbing up and creeping down, and had been pressed into service on the emergency of a large party, wisely deeming "discretion the better part of valor," allowed his horse to flounder down the worst places without a rider, and depended upon his own locomotive powers for a safe descent. We reached the Center House in time for supper, which all enjoyed with a keen relish sharpened by the invigorating breezes inhaled on the mountain-top.

It commenced raining last night at eleven o'clock, and the moisture has come down pretty smartly, with a short intermission, ever since. As we write, at the meridian hour, the clouds render the mountains invisible; Ossipee and his big brother hills are nowhere; the valleys are immersed in wet vapor, and the atmosphere is as cold as in an October storm. Fires in the parlors are found very comfortable. In-door amusements are the order of the day, and the bowling alley is well patronized;—we hear the pins again tumbling over—they they go again and by the clapping and merry shouts we know that Mrs. — has made another successful ten-strike. We have amused ourselves with writing this rambling letter.

CARPETS AT REDUCED PRICES.—Many of our citizens are anticipating their wants and taking advantage of the low prices at which the New England Carpet Company of our city are selling of their immense stock at retail, preparatory to removing and re-modeling their warehouse. They advertise Velvets, Tapestries, Brussels, Three-Plys, Kiddermusters, Ingrains, Commodes, Oil Cloths, and their whole immense stock, comprising one of the largest in the country, at a great reduction from the usual prices. Their warehouse is located at 75 Hanover Street.—*Boston Post.*

THE FREDERICKTOWN BANK ROBBERY.—Savage, one of the men arrested for the robbery of the Central Bank at Fredericktown, N. B., proves to be no less a personage than the notorious robber, John W. Hunt, whose deeds of rascality are known to the police of every city in the Union.

In Scotland the verdict is determined by a majority of the jury, which is composed of thirteen.

Matters and things in New York.

New York, July 22, 1857.

The watering places must be doing a small business. New York, at least, has not yet sent its usual quota of fashionables to Saratoga or its kindred resorts, for Broadway is still an endurable promenade by day, and our nights are deliciously cool. Business is beginning to look up, though the fall trade has not yet fairly opened. The city is well supplied with fair Southerners who come North just now on trips of business and pleasure. They are generally very flush with the cotton trade of the season, and will probably buy more goods than they have ever taken before. The credit of the South here is unbounded at present, and the West is now looking up financially, in prospect of good crops. There have been one or two bad failures in the California trade, which has been enormously overdone. California has probably a larger supply of merchandise, in proportion to its capacity of consumption, than any other market in the world.

Possibly you may be tired of hearing about our air disturbances. You are as thoroughly posted up on the details as three-fourths of New Yorkers, who are practically as far removed from the clash of resonating arms as though they dwelt in another section of the Union. We never know what new crimes are laid upon our heads, as a corporate body, until we pick up the morning papers after breakfast. The life of a city reporter in these times, is full as dangerous and unenviable as that of the Crimean correspondent of the London Times. They are obliged to take notes on barricades, beneath a shower of bricksbats, without even the small satisfaction of participating in the fray. Riots, like all other epidemics, must have their day, and we are probably about through with these exciting performances for the present, as the worst of the bad blood has been spilt.

The emigrants are coming in now like a flood, and Germans are more abundant than ever. The Schleswig Holsteiners and other farming tribes from the north of Germany are bringing a great deal of hard specie into the country, which they universally invest in Western farms. They bring an enormous quantity of tin kettles and other bulky dairy utensils, upon which they pay freight charges enough to buy supplies of the new article twice over. They are a very industrious and reliable class of people.

The merchants who resort for information to the great reading room in the Wall street Exchange, are disposed to complain that the country newspapers do not give space enough to articles on their peculiar local interests, such as the state of the crops, financial matters, and any important mining or manufacturing operations, peculiar to each vicinity. Very many of our merchants spend a great deal of time in reading and travelling at the commencement of each season, in order to regulate their purchases by the condition of the country, or of that portion of it where their trade lies; and if each local newspaper would pay more attention to the condition of its locality and less to the fate of the nation at large, they would do a great deal of service to their New York readers.

Look out for a series of piquant developments, with regard to the inner mysteries of one of our grand state "benevolent institutions," which will be brought forward in the course of a few days. There will be a sensation at head quarters. We are not allowed to go into particulars at present.

The spoils of the office of Commissioner of Streets still hang beyond the reach of all the contending parties. It is a rich nut and worth fighting for. The advertising alone of the department is worth \$10,000 per annum to any small newspaper which can get hold of it. All the other perquisites are in proportion.

A Card from the Filibusters—Their Gratitude to the Costa Ricans.—The following circular, signed by about 120 filibusters, is published in the Costa Rican papers:—

"We, the undersigned, known as deserters from the forces of Walker, after having become convinced that his cause was an infamous one, and that the basest deception had been practiced upon us in the United States to entrap us into his service, do hereby declare to make known to the world, and especially to the government and people of Costa Rica, our sentiments with regard to the manner in which we have been treated by them since we abandoned our noble who deceived us and threw ourselves upon their generosity.

"Inasmuch as we do not speak the language of the country, and cannot, therefore, hold much intelligible intercourse personally with the people, we take this opportunity of thanking heartily the people of San Jose and elsewhere, for their many acts of individual kindness shown us, and hope they will not think us ungrateful because, at the time, we could not express our thanks in language.

"When we consider the fact that we came into Central America as invaders, (unprovoked), and that for a long time we battled fiercely against the people, doing them much wrong and injury, and that since we have been among the Costa Ricans as deserters from Walker we have been treated with all kindness and consideration that old friends could have expected, instead of the fierce animosity which we were always told by Walker and his infamous myrmidons, would be perpetrated upon all of us who should fall into their hands, we are filled with sentiments of the deepest gratitude and esteem towards the government and people of Costa Rica—such as language can but poorly express.

"All we can say is, God bless and prosper the President and people of Costa Rica. Never again, under any inducements, shall our hands be raised against either, and when we arrive in our country where the bounty of Costa Rica is soon to send us, our voices shall be raised loud and long in denunciation of the injury of those who, from interested motives, deceived us into an unprovoked war against a people who have returned the ill we have done them with kindness and compassion when reduced to want, humiliation and misery by the above mentioned system of infamous duplicity and false representation.

"Again we say, God bless Costa Rica. It is our desire that this feeble expression of our sentiments should be published in every paper in the United States, as a warning on the one hand and advice on the other against future designs upon the lives and welfare of our countrymen, by infamous delusions which can result in nothing but wrong, suffering, humiliation and death.

"There are now in the country around San Jose more than 60 of our friends and comrades, employed by the people, and paid much higher wages than they pay their own people. They are all contented and in good condition, and if they were here with us we know they would gladly endorse what we say."

The National Hotel disease has made its appearance in Russia and has thrown many families in St. Petersburg into mourning.

KANSAS NEWS.

Highly Important from Kansas—Gov. Walker's Movements.

Lawrence, via St. Louis, July 21.

Gov. Walker entered Lawrence yesterday, with eight companies of dragoons under command of Col. Cook. He has encamped close to the town in a threatening attitude. His proclamation, issued at Leavenworth, and dated the 15th inst., declares that he will not allow the people to adopt a city charter. He went through Lawrence on his way to Leavenworth, last Monday, and to this, but never spoke of it in Lawrence. His delicty has enraged the people. They are determined to pay no attention to him, and will not negotiate with him. Although the town officers were elected last Monday, they have as yet taken no step, not even been sworn in. Gov. Walker has warrants for the arrest of those who were voted for, and for many other prominent citizens of Lawrence. The design is to stop the August election, when the Topeka Constitution is to be submitted to the people. The people will not offer any opposition to the federal troops, unless they fire upon them, or commit some other outrage, when civil war will at once be declared. They are resolved not to tolerate any more such villany.

Washington, July 22.

Gov. Walker's proclamation is dated Leavenworth, July 15, and will be published to-morrow. It is addressed to the citizens of Lawrence, in response to the copy of the charter of the city sent him by a committee of the citizens.

Gov. Walker says that the charter is set up, not only without authority of law, but in direct violation of the act of the Territorial Legislature. He then goes on to state that, in his opinion, the law is unconstitutional, and that it contravenes the law, and recites the provisions of the proposed course of the inhabitants of Lawrence.

He stigmatises his acts as most iniquitous, and necessarily involving great consequences. He says—"You are inaugurating a rebellion, revolution, disregarding the laws of Congress and the Territorial government, and conspiring to overthrow the government of the United States in the Territory."

Your purpose, if carried into effect, in the mode designed, by putting your laws into execution, would involve you in guilt, and in the crime of treason. You stand on the brink of an awful precipice, and it is your duty to warn you, then, ere it is too late, to recede from your perilous condition."

He concludes thus, "It will be my purpose, if you persist, to spare bloodshed as far as practicable, and suggest the leaders and the promoters of the revolutionary movement, to the punishment prescribed by law. I will accompany troops to Lawrence, with the view of preventing, if possible, any conflict; and in the sincere hope that the revolutionary movement contemplated and nearly accomplished, will ere it is too late, be abandoned."

The President and Cabinet fully endorse Gov. Walker's proclamation. A despatch received to-day says that a collision between the troops and the rebels is inevitable. A special express messenger started for Kansas this afternoon, with despatches for Gov. Walker and Gen. Harney.

Gov. Cummings arrived to-day, and had an interview with the President and Secretary. Instructions will be prepared, and he will depart for Utah within the present month. He does not regard the crisis in Kansas as serious, and believes that most of the troops will go to Utah as originally ordered.

Lawrence in his opinion cannot resist the 800 U. S. troops, now with Gov. Walker, and when Lawrence falls, all other places will submit to the disputed laws, and pay the taxes.

Major Ben McCulloch, left Lawrence on the 20th inst., had a parley with the citizens of that place, and expresses the opinion that no conflict will take place, and that harmony be restored.

Leavenworth City, K. T., July 17.

"It seems that the people of Lawrence refused the charter issued by the bogus legislature, and formed one for themselves, and have elected officers and a council to carry out that organization at all hazards. They do not conflict with any of the laws of the Territory, but Walker, wishing to redeem himself in some way in the eyes of his Southern friends, has called three companies of dragoons from the fort, and with them he has marched to Lawrence this morning.

"What he expects to accomplish I am unable to say; but suffice it that the hardy sons of Lawrence will not be afraid of his hypocritical words or even put to flight by the glittering of Navy revolvers or the bright buttons of the United States troops. Gov. Walker is now detested more by the free State party than even Wilson Shannon was during his gubernatorial reign. He has proved himself false to his word, to his actions, and to his private interviews he has had with different individuals. He has said that 'he will learn Lawrence to fear his rule, and it needs be he will call out the militia of Kansas, and even of Missouri.' If he should do this, there will be more blood reeking over our prairies than ever crimsoned injured Kansas before."—*[Cor. of Traveler.]*

New York, July 22.

Mayor Wood met with the Police Commissioners to-day. The board now stands three Republicans to two Democrats, and one K. N., believed to be in the interest of the Mayor. Trouble is anticipated in filling the vacancy.

Chicago, July 22.

The removal of the United States troops from Fort Ripley has emboldened the Chippewa Indians, and they have driven the entire missionary staff from the Missouri, at Lake Leech.

ATTEMPTED ESCAPE OF McKIM THE MURDERER.—The Philadelphia Bulletin says that McKim, the murderer of young Norcross, of Lexington, Massachusetts, who is to be executed on the 21st of August next, at Altona, Mass., on Monday or Tuesday last, several times attempted to escape, and had not the fact been discovered almost immediately, he would have made his escape from the jail at Holidaysburg, where he is confined.

Col. J. E. Given of Boston, and his associates, arrived at Sebastopol on the third of June last, and have commenced operations for raising the Russian vessels of war

ly after two or three more little round bullet-heads were raised, followed by the same sort of alarmed shuffling gait and plunges into the sea that we discovered them to be so many large seals that we had disturbed while basking in the sun.

But yet there still remains a seal at the foot of the staff, and even though we approach it continues motionless.—We come even closer, but it lies there still. There can be no mistake, for we can detect the peculiar color of its fur. One of the party raised his musket to his shoulder—he hesitates—why does not the man fire? He lowers his piece and walks straight up to the object, having conjectured during the momentary glance, while taking aim, that it looked human. It turned out to be so. It was the hermit of the crater in a seal-skin dress, but he was dead, reduced to a mere skeleton, and rotting in the sun.

A sailor soon read the meaning of the bit of canvas tied to the staff; it told him of some calamity, sickness perhaps, overtaking the poor solitary, and that here he had crawled in his hour of distress. A nautical eye readily detected also that the shelving rock upon which we found the hermit's bones was a prominent one, and placed upon the side of the island upon which ships generally pass. His only hope consisted in the chance of attracting the attention of some passing vessel. Here he had with his dying efforts raised his signal, sighed his last sigh, and died a death that sickens the mind to dwell upon. And here, too, just out of the reach of the sweep of the breakers, a rude grave was hastily scooped by the silent mariners, and the few bony fragments that were left of the Hermit of St. Paul's were buried in it.

Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1857.

The business of the extra session of the Legislature is at last brought to a close. The result arrived at, in restricting the State, is denounced as a great injustice to Worcester and Middlesex counties. It was hoped by the opponents of the Senatorial Apportionment Bill that Governor Gardner would veto it, but he has done no such thing, as it received his official signature on Thursday evening, after his return from reviewing the First Brigade at Chelsea.

The County Commissioners have now to perform a delicate and responsible duty, in apportioning representative districts in the several counties. So far as Middlesex County is concerned we feel satisfied that the thorough knowledge of the county possessed by the present Board, their intelligence, honesty, and impartiality, will direct them aright in the discharge of this duty; but that they can have a knowledge of the local feelings existing in the several towns, or having that knowledge can appreciate it, is not for a moment to be supposed or expected. There are few towns that would not like to have the choosing of which, of their neighboring towns should be tacked on to them, or with which of them they would prefer to join, in order to complete a district, but as this cannot be, some will doubtless feel disappointed at the result.

DEDICATION OF THE NEW ENGINE HOUSE AT WINCHESTER.

The town of Winchester has recently done itself honor by the erection of a very handsome and convenient new Engine House. It is a neatly finished building, located on a commanding and beautiful site, and is alike an ornament and a credit to the town. The Engine Room is neatly and cleverly fitted up with a force pump, apparatus for washing the hose, and other well arranged conveniences. The upper portion of the building is a handsome, commodious and well-finished Hall, the ceiling ornamented with a centre-piece of stucco, the gift of Mr. Kelley, a citizen of Winchester.

This building was dedicated to the use of Excelsior Engine Company No. 1, of Winchester, on Thursday last. The company paraded through the principal streets of the town, accompanied by the Boston Brigade Band, who delighted the citizens with their excellent music. Excelsior company, arrayed in their new uniform, make a fine appearance. They are a good looking body of men, and exhibit a degree of social cultivation not always met with in fire companies.

At five o'clock the company received their invited guests at Lyceum Hall, and proceeded to the new Engine House, where O. R. Clark, Esq., Chairman of Board of Selectmen, addressed them in language appropriate to the occasion. He congratulated them on the successful completion, the neat appearance and excellent location of the building, the unanimity with which the town had appropriated the money for its erection, and the present state of good feeling existing between Excelsior Company and the citizens generally. One of the by-laws recently adopted by the company, providing that the Engine House shall not be

opened on the Sabbath except in the event of fire, received Mr. Clark's hearty approbation; he hoped that that by-law would ever be strictly adhered to, and that the new Engine House, which, with much pleasure, he now placed in the safe keeping of Excelsior Company, would never be desecrated by the violation of a resolution so highly creditable to the moral sense of the company. He then handed the key of the house to Josiah Hovey, Esq., foreman of Excelsior Company. Mr. Hovey replied as follows:—

"We have listened to your remarks with pleasure, and it is with much satisfaction that I receive, in behalf of the Excelsior Engine Co. through you as chairman of the Board of Selectmen, the new and appropriate building, with its fixtures, now to be entrusted to our care. We accept the trust, with its increased responsibility, and thank you for it. It is all we could wish. We will endeavor for the future to conduct ourselves as true citizen firemen, ever jealous of our God name, and in such a manner as to cause no regret to escape the lips of any citizen, that such an expenditure has been made.

"We are aware, sir, that fire companies have been looked upon heretofore, with suspicion, as being associations formed more for the purpose of concealing schemes of mischief and as nurseries of idleness and vice, than for any really benevolent purpose; but you are well aware that such is not the case with us, and I can promise never will be while its roll contains the names now upon it.

"The firemen need encouragement. Our motto recently adopted, is 'Our duty is our pleasure,' and while we endeavor to do that duty, let us receive aid from the citizens. If we are so unfortunate as to have fires occur among us, we do not wish to battle with the fire element for perhaps hours, while many more able, stand idly by with their hands in their pockets. We want all to feel that it is their 'duty,' and ought to be their 'pleasure,' to stand shoulder to shoulder with us at the brakes. Though our working is all playing, yet it is no boy's play. Again, sir, we thank you, and trust that while we have charge of the upper part of the building, we may none of us be so unfortunate as to be under the necessity of 'wrapping the drapery of our couch about us and lying down to pleasant dreams in the basement.'"

The invited guests and the company, on invitation of the Foreman, proceeded to the Hall in the second story, where they found spread an excellent collation, consisting not wholly of "Firemen's fare," but of many other most palatable viands. When these had been partaken of, the Foreman, Mr. Hovey, opened the intellectual entertainment with a short address, in which he alluded to a portion of an American flag hanging against the wall, enclosed in a frame, and serving as an ornament to the room. This fragment of the National flag was forcibly taken from Shillor Hose Company, of Philadelphia, by a party of Irishmen, some fifteen years ago, at the commencement of the bloody fray between the American firemen and the foreigners of that city. Mr. H. concluded with the following sentiment:—

Young Winchester—Though she was but as yesterday, clipped from the wings of her aspiring neighbor, to-day she exhibits such beauty of proportion, that her increasing enterprise is, at once the pride and admiration of them all.

O. R. Clark, Esq., responded on behalf of the town, and offered a sentiment complimentary to A. D. Weld, Esq., Town Clerk, who replied and gave:—

Excelsior Engine Company—May they never be like a burnt child, dread a fire, and never be, No. 2 in the discharge of their duties.

The next regular toast was:—*The Building Committee of the Engine House, for Excelsior No. 1*.—We thank them—but they have only done what we expected a Parker, a Dupes, or A. Bancroft would do.

Mr. Bancroft, on behalf of the building committee, responded.

The third toast was *The Free Press*.—The terror of tyrants—the pride of a free people—with it every Monarchy would become a Republic—without it every Republic would become a Monarchy.

The editor of this paper, being unexpectedly called upon, responded briefly, and subsequently gave the following sentiment:—

Excelsior Engine Company No. 1 of Winchester—May they continue to exist in harmony as we see them here to-day.

The Firemen's Advocate.—A true and faithful defender of Firemen's rights. May its subscription list always be full.

Mr. Norris, of the "Firemen's Advocate," responded, assuring the firemen that their rights would always be jealously protected while the "Advocate" had an existence among newspapers; and closed with the sentiment:—

Excelsior Company and the Citizens of Winchester.—May they continue to exist in harmony as we see them here to-day.

5. Josiah Webster No. 2, of Woburn.—As the great Webster was called the defender of the constitution, so may they truly be called the defenders of our old mother—Woburn.

Capt. Cutter of No. 2, and Mr. Warland replied.

6. Washington Company No. 3, of Medford.—As Washington was first in the hearts of his countrymen, so may they deserve to be, and be, the first in the hearts of their townsmen.

The Capt. of Washington Company replied, with a sentiment.

7. Niagara Company No. 1, of Woburn.—May they ever have abundance of water that we may long hear their roar.

* The basement is occupied as a Lock-up.

8. Our Physicians.—May it be a long time before we shall seek of either of them as a retired physician, whose sands of life have nearly run out.

Responded to by Dr. Ingalls, who offered his name, and was unanimously voted in, a "fine member" of the company.

9. Hail to our chief—for he is the man to furnish the horses whenever he can; his worthy assistants, Cutter, Sharon & Rice, Ought not to be parted with at any price.

The above sentiment, intended for the engineers, was responded to by one of the board.

The Public Works of Winchester.—The Stoneham Branch R. R.; the Winchester Gas Company—fraternal thanks for the historian.

Mr. Norton replied in a facetious and interesting speech.

The ex-Selectmen of Winchester—now retired to the more lucrative office of Treasurer and Collector.

N. A. Richardson, Esq., after some exertion, arose from his seat, but found himself incapable of replying until the excellent and hearty supper he had just partaken of had become digested. At a later hour in the evening, after his digestive organs had performed their duty, he performed his, by making an excellent speech, and giving the following sentiment:—

"The inhabitants of Winchester who have furnished the money to build this beautiful house; the Selectmen who have had an interest in it, and the building committee, who have so expeditiously and so satisfactorily commenced and completed it—have performed their whole duty; and now may the patriotic and patriotic company who occupy it, never dishonor it; and for their future promptness and fidelity we ask no other pledge, as firemen, than their past devotion, when our property is in danger; no other evidence of good citizenship, than their every day life."

A large number of volunteer sentiments were offered, and excellent speeches made by other gentlemen, but we have not room for even a passing notice of them. The occasion was one of great pleasure to the company and to their invited guests, and passed off much to the satisfaction and enjoyment of both. When they have another such celebration may we be there again to see and participate.

ATTEMPT TO VIOLATE THE PERSON OF A LITTLE GIRL.

A fiendish attempt was made at Wilmington, on Wednesday afternoon, to commit rape upon the person of a little girl, 10 years of age, named Mary E. Spalding, daughter of Mr. Spalding, of Wilmington. She was out picking berries in company with a younger sister, when a man appeared and asked her to sell her berries, she refused, saying she wished to take them to her mother. He then knocked her down and, to prevent her from making a noise, put his hand over her mouth, when she bit his fingers and held on until he relinquished his hold, without accomplishing his brutal design. Her sister, in the mean time, gave an alarm; but the fellow disappeared before help arrived. The girl is slightly injured from the blows and rough treatment she received from the villain. On Thursday he was arrested and Sheriff Porter brought him to Woburn, when he had an examination before Justice Nelson, and the assault being fully proved he was committed to Cambridge jail, in default of bonds for \$500, to await the action of the next term of the Court of Common Pleas. He is a native of Dover, N. H., and gives the name of Daniel C. Tuttle. He is a married man and has six daughters, two of them married.

PERJURY.—A few days since Richard McNis was brought before Justice Nelson for an assault on the wife of Timothy Handrikan. Handrikan swore positively that he was present and saw the assault committed. It has since been proved that he saw nothing of it, and a complaint was entered against him for perjury. On Wednesday, officer Dooliver, after much trouble, and with the assistance of another officer, arrested him at Winchester. Learning that the officers were after him Handrikan concealed himself in the woods, and when they found him he showed leg bail, and gave them a hard run to catch him. He has been committed to Cambridge jail in default of \$300 bonds.

PICNIC AT BURLINGTON.—A social gathering is to be held at Burlington, in the neighborhood of the Poor Farm, on Thursday next, the 6th inst. It is hoped by this means to obtain funds for the support and continuance of Methodist Episcopal preaching in the West District of that town; we therefore trust the picnic will be a decided success. Let every one go who can, and give a helping hand to so good a cause.

BOQUET.—We return our own thanks, with those of a lady of our acquaintance, for a beautiful Boquet presented us by a young gentleman at Winchester on Thursday evening. We trust his path through life may be strewn with flowers as fair and fragrant as those which he gracefully and generously made us the recipient of.

Editorial Correspondence.

Winnipissaukee Lake, Centre Harbor, Monday, July 27.

The rainy season in this region appears to be over, and we are once again blessed with clear sun-shiny weather. During the greater part of last week it rained incessantly, and on Mount Washington the thermometer fell to 40. It was a continual drip, drip, drip, and there was no such thing as stirring out of doors. An adventurous party would sometimes, when the rains took an intermission and ceased descending for a short time, sally out to one of the trout brooks in the vicinity, to return in a couple of hours in a pelting storm, drenched to the skin and minus any of the speckled denizens of the purling brooks, now swollen to fierce torrents, surging and racing over rocks and fallen trees, in furious haste to mingle in the placid waters of the Lake beneath. We passed these rainy days at Centre Harbor, and could not have desired a more pleasant location, or a more agreeable company than that assembled at the Senter House. On Saturday morning the clouds "lifted" from the hill-tops and old Sol shone out suddenly in glorious splendor. We hailed his appearance with a shout of joy, as we would greet an old friend after a long separation. Riding, fishing, and boating parties were formed on the spot, the bowling alleys were deserted, and no one was to be seen about the hotel for the time, but the employers and the employees thereof.

We decided, with a few others, to drive towards Squam Lake and fish a brook about which fabulous stories of trout catching are told. Our efforts were rewarded with over half a hundred speckled trout, of average size, but the average is very small. The number caught would have been much larger but for the reason that when we came together (the party having divided to fish, the one down and the other up the stream) we found one of our number missing. After a diligent search for a mile and a half along the margin of the brook, through bogs and underbrush and over fallen trees, and after due enquiry at the houses on the main road, and a long walk back to the hotel—having left our carriage on another road—we found the missing man, Mr. C., of Woburn, quietly partaking of an excellent dinner. He was to have been tried for desertion, but departed for the mountains before a suitable opportunity occurred for organizing a court.

On all our excursions we secured the services of "Sam." We know him by no other name. He is an excellent driver, an expert fisherman, a good-tempered fellow, fond of a dry joke, always ready for an excursion, and knows all that is worth knowing about these lakes and mountains. We advise all visitors to Centre Harbor to cultivate the acquaintance of "Sam," if they wish to enjoy out of door sports. Amos Cummings and lady, of Reading, arrived here on Saturday, traveling with their own team. They subsequently made the ascent of Red Hill. As they were preparing for the ascent one of the horses administered to Mr. Cummings a severe kick on the knee. After bathing it in the brook he pursued his way up. He is somewhat lame but will soon recover the use of his leg.

The Sabbath at Centre Harbor introduces a change to the eye of the traveller. The faces that you have been accustomed to meet at the Lake, on the roads, and everywhere you went during the week, are now content with the precincts of the hotel; and in their stead you see sturdy farmers, buxom lasses and hearty youths, dressed in holiday attire, riding past in ancient looking and often dilapidated vehicles, of an indescribable appearance, on their way to Church. Of Churches there are two in this village—Orthodox and Unitarian. From the description given of the services and the preaching, only two of the large company assembled at this house could be tempted to visit either.

We bade adieu to Winnipissaukee on Monday morning, and started on our way to the Mountains. The drive to Meredith Village affords several very fine views of the Lake and surrounding scenery. From the north we had looked upon and admired it by the hour, and had become familiar with many of its islands, headlands and bays; but now, as on a fine clear morning we beheld it from the west, a series of entirely new and magnificent views were unexpectedly presented, and were enjoyed none the less because they were not anticipated.

PERSONAL.—Hon. Henry Russell, who represented Essex County in the State Senate several years since, died at Salem on Tuesday.

Six men have been hung by mobs in Iowa within the past eight weeks.

Matters and things in New York.

New York, July 29, 1857.

The prophet who predicted that this would be a remarkably cold summer, has made his fortune. He lives out West somewhere and should be evolved from his obscurity. Last night was chilly enough for a fire. The weather of the week has generally been witheringly warm, with thundershowers at intervals. Sensible people are staying in town more resolutely than ever. Business is reviving and the fall sales of goods to the South and West have fairly commenced. Cotton goods are down in the mouth and manufacturers are looking particularly blue. The importations of dry goods seemed likely to be considerably less than last season. Wool keeps at a high figure and promises to maintain itself there. The fall fashions of ladies dress will be in bright colors and large patterns; gentlemen's apparel may be modified by the introduction of the old long vested coat, and collarless coats as well as vests will probably be in vogue. As to br—ches, even the soberest of dreams will be obliged to go untried in military style, with a perpendicular stripe traversing their nether extremities. Young America will abound in stripes, of the most extravagant description.

The police imbrigo has been mixed up with several new ingredients, and the struggle to come promises to be as spicy as anything which has preceded it. The resignation of Mr. Draper has given Mayor Wood a fair chance of regaining his position as "cock of the walk." The murder of a very popular Metropolitan Policeman by a burglar, has excited some sympathy with the Metropolitan among a class of the population who have been their bitter enemies. The next fuss will be with the Commissioners of Emigration, who are likely to get into trouble for alleged *sub rosa* operations in the management of the Emigrant Depot at Castle Garden. The facts will be developed in a few days.

Amusements are at a rather low ebb, since Madame LaGrange departed with Chevalier Fuller's crown of gold, or galvanized metal, upon her charming forehead. Barton's promenade concerts are very popular, and are a taking feature in warm weather. There is nothing new doing in a literary way; the book trade is exceedingly dull, as the high price of beef has diminished the consumption of reading matter, and for certain newspapers are more saleable than duodecimos. Mrs. Goshell's life of Charlotte Bronte has been one of the successful books of the past season. Miss Catherine Beecher's new theological treatise, a relapse of very old heresies, is received with general consternation by her friends here.

A movement is being made by the friends of the emigrant in this city, to establish a "Labor Exchange," on a new principle. It is proposed to furnish a large hall in which women and men, while receiving the visits of employers, can be engaged in remunerative occupations, so as not to be obliged to lose all their time. Some of the large clothing houses will supply work for the servants waiting to be hired.

The collectors of mercantile houses who are now returning from their westward trips, speak very encouragingly of the financial condition of the West, and the prospect of the crops for the coming fall.

(For the Middlesex Journal.)
Mr. Editor,—The celebrated Temperance Lecturer, Peter Sinclair, is on the eve of his departure for Europe. Can we not make some arrangements for a visit from him to this town?

Mr. S. has been very successful in other towns in enlisting the attention of the youth as well as adults, and is considered an eloquent advocate of Temperance.

Woburn, July 30th, 1857.

The Councillor Districts.—The bill to divide the forty Senatorial districts into eight districts for the choice of the eight members of the Executive Council, has been perfected as follows, being in agreement with the bill originally reported:—

First District—The five Senatorial districts of Suffolk County. Second—The five Senatorial districts of Essex County. Third—The 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th Senatorial districts of Middlesex County. Fourth—The Franklin district and Hampshire and Franklin (mixed) district, the central, northeast and northwest Senatorial districts of Worcester County. Fifth—The two Hampshire Senatorial districts, the two Berkshire and the Hampshire district, the central, northeast and northwest Senatorial districts of Worcester County. Sixth—The north Norfolk Senatorial district, the third Middlesex district, and the east, southeast and southwest Worcester districts. Seventh—The west and east Norfolk Senatorial districts, and the three Bristol county districts. Eighth—The three Plymouth county Senatorial districts, and the Barnstable and Dukes and Nantucket districts.

FROM THE WESTERN PLAINS.—Advices from Fort Laramie to June 22, state that the overland emigration this year is immense, and that not less than 40,000 head of cattle are on the road from Missouri alone. There are rumors from Fort Kearney that the Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Kiowas had formed a league against the whites, and are waiting in a hostile attitude near there; among them is a little white girl whom they captured, who has no use of her hands, the savages having cut the sinews of her wrists. There are strong prospects of their receiving chastisement from Col. Sumner's troops.

Mormon affairs are in rather an unsettled state, it may be judged from the following extract from a letter to the Tribune, written by an overland emigrant from Fort Laramie:—

"We have met several large Mormon trains from Salt Lake. They are called apostates by the 'Futiful,' and are leaving because they have grown sick of Mormonism. They report hard times at Salt Lake, and say many more would leave if it could. They and their families are afraid of the soldiers, and confirm Judge Drummond's letter in full. Brigham Young has certainly left, probably to find a new land for his yet faithful flock; and, in his own classic language, the apostates may go to—H! for what he cares. It certainly looks like a breaking up of Mormonism in the United States. A great many think that Young has gone to buy an island in the Pacific Ocean, where they can follow up their singular customs undisturbed by Gentiles and out of the jurisdiction of any nation."

BOY DROWNED.—A son of Captain George W. Dennis, aged nine years, was drowned while bathing at Newburyport, on Tuesday last.

SOUTH READING.

COURT RECORD.—Last week the following persons were introduced to Mr. Justice Willis by our Police, who seemed somewhat distrustful of doing their duty:—On Friday, Martin Welsh, for selling liquor, fined \$10 and cost, and twenty days in the House of Correction; appealed. On Saturday, John Dowd, for getting drunk, sent to the House of Correction for two months. On the same day, Thomas Conlan, for assault on William Conway. The affair was arranged between the parties, and Conlan discharged on the payment of costs. The cases all had a connection with each other.

IN THE TOMBS.—While Dowd was in the Lockup before his trial last week, his conduct bore a strong resemblance to that of the man possessed with devils, "who had his dwelling among the tombs, crying and cutting himself with stones." Made mad almost to desperation by the evil spirits within him, he lacerated his hand and arm badly, with the glass and iron points which were intended for the protection of the windows. A physician was sent for to dress his wounds. Which did most sin, this man, or he who sold him poisonous drink "to steal away his brains"? M.

PREACHING IN THE GROVE.—The meeting at the grove in Greenwood was well attended on Sabbath evening, when Rev. Mr. Phillips discoursed upon the history of Paul's first sermon in a grove (probably) by the river side; and the first European Convert to Christianity in the person of Lydia of Thyatira, as recorded in the 14th verse of the 16th chapter of Acts.

The gathering was an increase, it is said, upon the former, and may the same be true of each succeeding one, for we consider that the success of these meetings will tell very much upon the prosperity of the village. P. H. Sweetser, Esq., in whose grove the meetings are held, is ever present to pour out a full volume of bass when no other choirster is there to lead the singing. Next Sabbath at 5 o'clock, if pleasant, a sermon may be expected from some Congregational clergyman.

VERY EXPRESSIVE.—At one of our courts recently an intelligent witness upon the stand was requested to describe the appearance of the prisoner at the bar, when he had seen him at different times, the defendant's counsel intending thereby to prove idiosyncrasy or insanity. "Why," said he, "he looked as though he hadn't any look,—as though there was nothing about him—he didn't look no how,—just as he does now." M.

VARIETY.—The address of Mr. Van Meter on the subject of the Five Points Mission in the Baptist Church on Sabbath afternoon was a powerful appeal for the exercise of christian benevolence. Facts in connection with that mission fully illustrate the power of the gospel in subduing obdurate hearts, and raising to respectability and usefulness, the ignorant, the degraded and wretched.

Mr. Van Meter also met the children and others in the vestry on Monday evening, at what he called a "donation party," when he received a large quantity of clothing and \$40 in cash.

On Sunday, July 12th, Rev. Mr. Phillips baptised two persons, and last Sabbath four others, at the usual place in the pond at the head of the common.

Parker Pillsbury, agent of the Anti Slavery Society held forth at the Town Hall on Sabbath afternoon and evening.

(For the Middlesex Journal.)

HAPPINESS.—"O, Happiness, our being's end and aim."

But how unsuccessful in their aim, are the millions of our race.

Where is the mighty mistake? Mr. F gave ten thousand dollars for a recipe to make a cough-mixture, and one too that is not an infallible remedy. Yet health does not necessarily bring happiness.

How many miserable malefactors, like Michael Martin, have had the most remarkable health, and the finest physical constitution.

How much more valuable is happiness than even health.

In this paper I propose to give an infallible Recipe for Happiness. How many will avail themselves of it, though it be without money and without price?

Why is the pursuit of happiness so much in vain?

The object is chased abroad, instead of being sought for at home,—expected from without, when it must be found, if found at all, within.

Hear the infallible Recipe,—"Be ye reconciled to God."

What a wonderful soothing, comforting, inspiring power is there in humble, penitent submission to that infinite Being who understands perfectly our condition and wants, and has divine compassion to pity us and infinite strength to relieve us.

There are difficulties in the world to encounter;—yes, and there is a Heaven of felicity and glory to reward those who endure to the end. How short is time and how long is eternity!

Then lift up your heads, ye who are "reconciled to God," for "your redemption draweth nigh."

BRIGHT FELLOWS.—In the distillery of John Glanders, near Alexandria, Ohio, two individuals having a lighted candle, were getting whiskey when the steam from a gutter of hot liquor coming in contact with the light, communicated fire to the flowing contents. The sapient fellows undertook to put it out by pouring a barrel of cold whiskey on the fire in great haste, which of course flamed up gloriously, and made them run for their lives, the whole establishment being instantly in a light blaze. Had it not been for their extraordinary exertions, the building would have been saved.

WEBSTER ANN BUCHANAN.—A good anecdote has lately been received touching Webster and Buchanan; soon after the Great Expounder had discharged one of his heavy guns in the United States Senate, a gentleman was extolling him to Buchanan. "Yes," said the latter, "he is a great statesman, but no politician" the same individual met Mr. Webster in the cars, a few days subsequently, and improved the occasion to elicit his opinion of the philosopher of Waukegan, and singularly enough he said of Buchanan, "he is a great politician, but no statesman."

READING.

(For the Middlesex Journal.)
Fire: Smoke! Tar! Varnish! and Gas!

I was much pleased, Mr. Editor, with the version of matters and things on the night of July 3d, contained in your paper of the 25th, by a contributor signing himself "Pedro." He did well, but might have done better had he hit the nail square on the head; or, in other words, had he told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It is not my intention, however, at this time, to consider very minutely that communication, for time nor space will not permit; neither would I if I could, for I had much rather cry Peace! Peace! than sit at bay to bite them. But as your correspondent has, with so much candor, and in such a lawyer-like manner, picked flaws where no flaws could be found, I cannot forbear to give a few points a passing notice.

He commences by saying that "an article appeared in, &c., which for erroneous statements he has seldom seen equalled in a like space." Now, it seems to me, had this conscientious "Pedro" known what he intended to say in that article he would have left that clause out; for, certainly, if he never before seen it equalled, he did see its equal when this article of his appeared. The deep feeling which he has manifested in the subject has led me to suppose that he, perhaps, is a member of, at least, a near relative of that band of police! And I would caution him, if the coat don't fit, not to force it on. With due deference to his lordship, I would also suggest that he keep cool and not fret himself about an article which contains, as a candid observer on that night's proceedings will say, more truth than fiction.

In the first place he takes me up for saying that the Eagle Engine Company were prompt to man their machine. He speaks as if I had made a great mistake here; but, I think, if he will take the trouble to look in Webster's Vocabulary he will find the definition to the word *man* to be "to furnish with men," as, according to his own statement, there were four men who had hold of the rope. What should we say, that they men'd or that they man'd the machine? In regard to the compliment, don't let them take it if they don't deserve it. I am very sorry that I did not see the article our friend refers to. I was not aware, until now, that any answer had been given to that communication; as I went directly out to town, and did not have the paper sent to me, I missed seeing it. I hope soon to see it, for it was so very something as betwixt about I should like to read it, and, perhaps, I might profit thereby. As far as it regards the "Old Melford," I concur with him in saying that they was far too much of it used. But, Sir, why exaggerate, if you have such a dislike to see a person over-reach his subject? Why not set the example, and stick to facts? I have skipped over the questions asked; which, had I time and thought proper, I might answer in a creditable manner.

I meant no slur on Mr. Pratt. He is a man who ought to command the highest respect of our citizens, for he has done much to promote the welfare of the town, and always has, when entrusted with any public trust, filled the office in such a manner as to bespeak the highest praise of all. But, Sir, I do think it should be lamented that he allowed himself to participate in this affair. In the first place there was no need of Police. Secondly, there was no riot, and, therefore, there was no need of the riot act being read; and even if there was it would have been much better for some one else to have read it; say the man that went out west a little while ago.

"Pedro" has managed first rate thus far, but when he comes to prop up the Police, his mind wanders and his pen runs at random. What was it that happened to drive you, "Pedro," into such forgetfulness? All I have got to say for you is, that if you did not hear the speech of Mr. N. V., you lost the best part of the exercises. Better keep awake the next time and see it through.

I have already taken more notice of his article than I intended, and not wishing to intrude too much upon your space, Mr. Editor, I will close by quoting from him "that such scenes, it is to be hoped, will never occur again in this town." They never will if the Police are kept out of the way. Now, if they would let the young people have an occasional good time, without making a fuss about it, there wouldn't be so much rowdiness.

Trusting that I may profit by "Pedro's" suggestions, and hoping that brotherly love may still continue unabated, I subscribe myself,

Yours, &c.,

St. Clair.

Reading, Mass., July, 1857.

AUGUSTUS ANECDOTE OF MR. SUMNER.—Hayard Taylor, writing from London, by the Asia, relates the following incident in his last letter to the Tribune:

Mr. Sumner is here, at Maurigy's hotel, in Regent street, and has not yet seen him, but some friends tell me he is looking very well. No American has ever been more popular in England than Mr. Sumner, and he is at present floating on the top wave of London society. I read the other day a good story of his arrival here. He entered his name upon the book as simply "Mr. Sumner, Boston," and was accordingly set down by the host and his flunkies as an ordinary traveller. The next morning one of the latter came to Mr. Sumner's room in some

The Middlesex Journal.

Woburn, Reading, North & South Reading, Stoughton, Winchester and Burlington.

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[SINGLE COPY FOUR CENTS.]

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WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1857.

Volume VI.—Number 44.

The Middlesex Journal,

JOHN J. PIPPY,

Proprietor and Editor.

Published every Saturday Morning.

Office—Main Street, Woburn.

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Stoughton—Mr. E. T. Whittey.
Reading—Mr. M. T. Richardson.
South Reading—Dr. J. B. Mayfield.
Winchester—Mr. Josiah Hovey.
The Middlesex Journal Printing Office is supplied with new and superior type, and the proprietors are prepared to execute ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK, in the best manner, and at the shortest notice, on reasonable terms.

BUSINESS CARDS.

BOSTON & LOWELL AND NASHUA & LOWELL R. R.

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ON and after Wednesday, April 1st, 1857, trains run as follows:—
Nashua, Woburn, Manchester, Concord and Upper Railroad, 7:30 a. m., 12 m., 3 p. m., 5:30 p. m.
For Billerica, Wilmington, and Woburn W. S., 10 a. m., 2:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m.
For Woburn Centre, 7:45, 11:30 a. m.; 3, 5:30, 6:30, 8:15 p. m.
For Medford and Winchester, 7:15, 10, 11:30 a. m.; 2:30, 3, 5:15, 6:30, 8:15 p. m.
Saturdays at 10 p. m.
LEAVE WILSON at 6:15, 10:50 a. m., 3:30 p. m.
Nashua at 7:15, 11:35 a. m., 3 p. m.
Lowell at 7:30, 11:30 a. m., 12:30, 2:15, 5:30 p. m.
Woburn Centre at 6, 7, 9 a. m., 1:15, 4:45, 7:15 p. m.
Stout Brook trains leave Lowell at 7:45, 11:45 a. m., 4:45 p. m., 7:15 p. m.
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WOBURN AND BOSTON RAIL ROAD EXPRESS.

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Will leave Woburn daily at 8 o'clock, a. m., and Boston at 9 o'clock, p. m. Offices in Woburn at E. Trull's and Wm. Woodbury's stores. In connection with the above the subscriber will run an Express team from East Woburn on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 10 o'clock, a. m., to East Woburn at stores of W. Beers and H. Ramsdell. Offices in Boston at 31 E. Exchange, Court Square and 46 North Market Street.
All orders for goods, packages, &c., punctually attended to.
April 7, 1855.—J. A. A. PERSONS.

HAT MANUFACTORY.



W. A. HASLAM,

PRACTICAL HATTER,

Invites the attention of the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity to his stock of

HATS & CAPS,

of his own manufacture, and hopes by good attention to business, to give perfect satisfaction to all who may call upon him.
Single hats made at short notice. Those persons who find it difficult to get a hat to fit the head, can have one made by having their measures, that will be as easy to wear as an old one.
Old hats renovated in good style, from 25 to 50 cents each.

HASTINGS & WELLINGTON,

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HAY, STRAW, LIME,

Beach Sand, Hair, Cement and Plaster. Store to the Right and other Works.

Bridge Street, East Cambridge

Coal delivered at Winchester and Woburn on reasonable terms.
CHARLES HASTINGS, JAMES E. WELLINGTON
May 19, 1855.—15.

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HOUSE about introducing gas into their dwelling. Houses or Public Buildings, and other buildings, will find a new and extensive assortment of

Chandeliers and Brackets,

and every species of Gas Fixtures, at the Gas Fitting Manufactory and Salesroom of

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West India Goods, Flour and Grain,

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in all its branches, such as House, Carriage and Sign painting, in a thorough and workmanlike manner, at reasonable prices.

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Dr. Cutter will be in Lowell, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Fevers, Nervous and Spinal Complaints, treated with marked success.

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Watch-maker & Jeweller,

No. 8 Main Street, Woburn.

Fine Watch repairing done by experienced workmen, and jewelry of all kinds neatly repaired.

Watches, Clocks, Plate, a general assortment of Jewellery, Musical Instruments, &c., always on hand.

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FASHIONABLE GOODS!!

MRS. M. A. BUTLER, has removed to the new and elegantly situated store one door west of the Woburn Book Store, which she has had handsomely fitted up expressly for her

MILLINERY BUSINESS.

She takes much pleasure in offering to the ladies of Woburn and vicinity a NEW and FASHIONABLE STOCK of

Millinery Goods, Ribbons, Embroideries, Bonnets, Flowers, Caps, Hats, &c., &c.

Particular attention given to bleaching, pressing and altering Bonnets, in the most fashionable styles.

Woburn, April 25, '57.

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SCALES,

of every variety.

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A full assortment of all kinds of weighing apparatus and store fixtures for sale at low rates. Rail road, Hay, and Coal Scales set in any part of the country. may 3—15.

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(Organist and Director of Music, at Bowdoin Square Church, Boston.)

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Office, under Bowdoin Square Church, Boston. Residence, at No. 12, Church St., Boston.

BENJ. W. CONANT,

Druggist and Apothecary,

No. 5 and 6 Wade's Block, WOBURN, MASS.

Dealer in DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, &c. Physician's prescriptions carefully prepared. Medicines delivered at all hours of the night.

Philip Teare,

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TAILOR,

KNIGHT'S BUILDING, Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Garments Cut and Made in the best manner, and warranted to fit. April 28, '55.

William Winn,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. All orders left at this Office, will be promptly attended to. set 18

Thomas D. Radford,

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Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. July 30/1

SAMUEL TIDD,

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Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.

Agent for the BOSTON, SOUTH READING and FARMINGTON Companies. Stoughton, Jan. 25, 1857.

T. W. PAGE,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

WOBURN, MASS.

[Sales every Saturday evening.]

New and Second Hand Furniture at Private Sale and at Auction.

Sales of Real Estate and articles of Furniture and all Personal Property promptly attended to, on reasonable terms.

Sale Room—Corner of Main Street and Oakley Court, May 28, '55. 11

Harris Johnson,

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Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. Jan 31

JOHN G. COLE,

Painting and Glazing,

Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done with neatness and dispatch.

Paints, Oils and Glass, of the best quality. Shop at building south of the Branch Railroad depot Feb 14 '56. Main St., WOBURN.

GEORGE W. CHAPMAN,

Plain and Ornamental Painter.

HOUSE Painting and Papering, Glazing, Graining, Marbling, Whitewashing and coloring done in the handsomest style, at short notice and at low prices.

G. W. C. also attends to the graining and decorative painting of Palaces, Churches, Organs, &c. Residence corner of Highland and Fowle streets. Orders can be left at the Woburn Post Office. August 23 '56

BRIGHT & GILCREAST,

PAINTERS.

PAINTING, GLAZING, GRADING, PAPER HANGING, &c., done in the best style, at short notice and at reasonable prices.

UNION STREET, WOBURN. (OPPOSITE JOHN'S BAKERY SHOP.) S. F. BRIGHT. (MY 31) J. GILCREAST

Hair Dyes.

COMBINING Bogie's, Mason's, Ballard's, and Thompson's, for sale by Benjamin W. Conant, No. 5 and 6 Wade's Block.

POETRY.

From the Transcript.

IN MEMORIAM.

"She is not dead, she doth not sleep,
She hath awakened from the dream of life."
The roses round thy cot again are gleaming,
Again thy garden boasts its blossoms rare.
The summer moonbeams through thy lattice stream—
Seen looking for thee, but thou art not there!

We hear thy voice no more blend with the singing
Of bright winged birds that sit among the trees;
The hum of bees goes by, the cheerful ringing,
Of children's laughter, but we list not these.

Tell me, my heart! what wild, and dream entrails
lead?
Why art thou mournful 'neath these summer skies?
What grief ailed life's brightness so appals thee?
And vails the beauty that around thee lies?

Through all thy depths in ceaseless anguish calling,
A voice saith ever, oh, beloved, come back!
We cannot bid thee go, though God recalling,
Leads thy pure feet toward heaven's shining track!

We cannot say farewell! we miss the glowing
Of large dark eyes whose love light never grew dim;
We miss thy gently bowed, the smile of olden time,
With joy, the burden of thy life's brief hymn!

We long to hear thy soft-filled voice repeating
Words of high wisdom, lofty hope and cheer,
As thou wert wont that on the far days retreating
Into the past, enshrouded with many a tear.

Father, we cannot say Thy will is done,
But we strive for this in days to be:
Now we must mourn that ere her noonday hours
She should have left us to dwell with Thee!
July 19, 1857. H. J. L.

From Dickens's Household Words.

THE GIPSY GIRL.

Claude Lafont was a painter. He lived, therefore, in a world of his own.

Alone, he was never lonely; seated in his studio in an arm chair, with his pipe, he saw through his half closed eyes the gracious company that surrounded him; women lovelier than angels—now gorgeous, proud, queen-like—now soft and holy as the Madonna—now tearful as Niobe—now young and radiant as Aurora.

Cleopatra passed before him many times as he sat there; Helen, Clytemnestra, Guenevere, and Oenone, frail Rosamond, murdered Iphigenia, Jephthah's daughter, bending, an unarmoured sacrifice to a mad oath; Ruth and Griselda, Judith and Jaël—all great, or good, or beautiful, or fated, or terrible women, named in scripture, or history, or fable, visited him at his cell.

One still October day, Claude was pursuing his desultory ramble through the autumn forest, when the sight of a thin blue smoke, wafting upward through the still air, attracted his attention. He advanced with a feeling of vague curiosity, and soon perceived a sparkling fire, and distinguished amid its crackling the voice of a woman, harsh and shrill. Advancing further, he found he was approaching a sort of gipsy encampment, or the bivouac of one of those gangs of strollers, half actors, half conjurers, of the lowest order, that wander about France, stepping to display their performances only out of the way villages and country fairs.

All the party were absent, with the exception of a woman, the speaker—whose hardened features and unsympathetic aspect kept the promise given by her voice—and a little girl thirteen or fourteen, small, dark, sharp-featured, but with limbs firm and faultless in their slight proportions, and wondrous in black locks that overhung her face. To her the woman was addressing herself in harsh and bitter reproaches, to which the child listened in the silence that becomes almost apathy in children, who from their infancy are little used to any other tone.

Finding how slight was the effect of her words, the woman sprang at the girl, and, ere she could escape or parry the blow, struck her severely with a fagot on the naked shoulders. The stroke was a heavy one, yet the child uttered no cry.

"Ah! little wretch! You don't care? We'll see—take that!" and, seizing her, the virago poured on the half-clad body of her victim a shower of blows.

At first the girl writhed in silence; then, pain and passion overcoming her enforced stoicism, she burst into wild ringing shrieks of rage and agony, that thrilled through every fibre of Claude's heart.

Springing forward, he grasped the astonished tormentor, and, with a voice tremulous with generous emotion indignantly reproach her cruelty. Her wrath, for a moment checked by surprise, now only directed itself into a new channel, and with fierce abuse she turned on the child's defender.

Claude had no arms to meet such an attack, and after a fresh protest against the woman's brutality, he turned and left the spot, throwing a glance of pity and a word of sympathy to the sobbing child, whose slight frame, still quivered with pain and excitement.

Claude returned to the village inn, which was his temporary abode. He dined, lighted his pipe, and sat down to the enjoyment of his customary reveries. But the shapes he was wont to invoke came not; one face—a wild, elfin face, with heavy black hair and great lustrous eyes; one form—a slight, agile, nervous one—always stood before him. He took a pencil and sketched them in various positions and atti-

tudes, and formed plans of pictures in which this little figure was to form the conspicuous object.

Claude was sitting by the window. He opened his eyes and looked out languidly; a lean lad, of about fifteen, with a shock head and very conspicuous hands, feet, knees and elbows, scantily attired in dirty, flesh-colored cotton hosiery and short spangled drawers, was beating the drum to fill up the pauses of his programme; behind him, with the organ and a monkey, came the wild-eyed child whose image had, for the last hour or two, been floating through Claude's dreams.

He got up, went into the street, and joined the crowd ofurchins and idlers that followed the strollers.

Soon they got beyond the limits of the village. Then the boy slung the drum behind him, and hung over his histrionic costume a ragged, loose coat; he helped the girl to load her shoulders with the organ, on the top of which the monkey perched himself, and the village idlers, seeing the artists retire into private life, and consequently cease to be objects of interest, dropped off in pairs and groups, and returned to converse of the morrow's performance.

Not so Claude. When the last of the idlers had turned away, he addressed himself to the little girl, whom he had hitherto followed some distance and unperceived, for she had walked a long looking neither to the right nor left, but with the spiritless, apathetic air of one performing a task whose dull routine afforded no shadow of interest or excitement.

She looked up. What a change came over the listless face! Every feature became instinct with earnest life; the eyes gleamed, the lips broke into a radiant smile over dazzling little teeth, and a warm glow spread itself beneath the dark, sallow, but transparent skin.

"Ah! Monsieur!"

"You are glad to see me, little one?"

It was very pleasant, Claude felt, to see any face light up so at his presence.

"Glad, yes!"

"What is your name?"

"Edmee, Monsieur."

"Should you like me to make a portrait of you?"

"Of me, Monsieur?" Another blush and smile.

"Yes; if you will sit, I'll give you forty sous."

A pained expression crossed the child's face.

"Yes; only—"

"Only what? You won't? Why not?"

"Because, mother—"

The boy broke in with the half-laugh that rough, bashful boys are wont to introduce their speeches with.

"She's afraid! the old woman's always on the look-out for excuses to beat her. Ah, that's an ugly customer—old hag!"

"But if I ask her leave and give her something?"

"Ah, then, perhaps."

It was settled that on the morrow Claude should make the requisite advances to the "hag," and giving the forty sous to the children, by way of earnest-money, each party took their separate way—one to the forest, and the other to his inn.

Next day the bargain was struck. A five-franc piece softened the obdurate nature of the hag, and she readily consented to Edmee's giving as many sittings as Claude desired, provided they did not interfere with the double drudgery to which the child was subjected in her domestic and professional occupation.

At length, after the fifth positive last appearance of the troupe, they prepared to collect their scanty properties and decamp; and with more than one heavy sigh, Claude bundled his baggage into his knapsack, armed himself with his stick, and started on the road to Paris; for his summer wanderings were over, and he was going back to his quarter Beaujon to vitalize his fruits.

His way lay through woods—a part of the forest where he had first met Edmee, but quite in the opposite direction. At first he was thinking of her sadly and pitifully, and with many conjectures as to the future fate of so strange a nature so strangely placed.

Then, by degrees, the artist again came uppermost. He thought of the pictures he would paint, in all of which some hint, some movement, some expression taken from her, could be introduced with precious effect. He opened his sketch book, and as he walked slowly on, he contemplated the innumerable studies of her with which it was filled. He looked up at last; before him stood the original—trembling, her great eyes riveted on his face, with a look at once fearful, so earnest, so beseeching.

"You, Edmee?"

Her breath came fast and thick, and her voice was hardly intelligible, but, as she went on, it strengthened.

"Yes! it is me; let me go with you—anywhere, I will be your servant—I'll do anything on earth for you; don't be angry—I could not stay with them any longer—they beat me worse than ever, because she knew I was happy with you, and you were kind to me. Oh let me go with you, let me go with you!"

"But, child—your mother. I have no right to take you from her."

"She's not my mother, she's only my step-mother; and my father is dead. I belong to nobody—nobody cares for me. Even what I do for them they only curse me for, and beat me when I can't do the work they put me to. O let me go with you—let me go with you!"

Claude's hesitation was gone, and taking her little trembling hand in his, he led her on.

At the next town they approached he gave her money and sent her to a shop to purchase some decent clothes; then he went to a little out-of-the-way inn, and stopped to give her rest and food, and made her go and perform her toilette.

In half an hour, down she came; all traces of poverty, fatigue and emotion vanished; her neat dress sitting on her so gracefully, her wild hair parted in shining, wavy bandeaux beneath her trim cap, her little Arab feet and slender ankles so symmetrical in high shoes and well drawn striped stockings, and, above all, her oval face, so radiant with beautiful joy and gratitude.

Claude felt proud and happy.

"So there you are, little one; you think yourself smart, do you, hey? Well, so do I. I think you look charming."

She stood before him, smiling, holding out her skirts, as children do when their dress is admired. She broke into a short and gleeful laugh of joy and triumph.

"So you're happy now?"

"Oh! Monsieur!"

She seized his hand and covered it with kisses.

The tears sprang to Claude's eyes; he drew her towards him, and resting his chin on her head, he began, in a voice of deep and quiet emotion—

"Edmee, I do not know if I have done right in taking thee, at all events, it is done now. Never, child, give me cause to think I have acted wrongly—even foolishly—and with God's help

Middlesex Journal.

WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1857.

We are home again, strengthened in body, animated in spirits and refreshed in mind. With heart and head stored with pleasant memories of our short tour in the "Old Granite State," and with feelings of gratitude for our safe recovery from a recent illness, we again resume our old intercourse with the readers of the JOURNAL, an intercourse which has been to us, for the past three years, one of much pleasure, and ultimately will be, we hope, of some profit.

The scenes of rural beauty clustering around "The Smile of the Great Spirit,"—the singing brooks, lipping tunefully their liquid music as they ripple onward over rocks and mossy nooks; the gorgeous forest hills clothed in summer splendor; the cloud-capped mountains reaching heavenward;—all of them nature's shrines, untouched by the hand of art; temples of creation's God; spoke to us in mute but thrilling voices, and inspired us with a sacred joy, breathed forth in silent and involuntary praise to their Great Creator. Fain we would have lingered longer among these scenes of quiet beauty and of rugged grandeur.

The ride from Plymouth up the Pemigewasset River to Franconia Notch, presents the most varied and beautiful series of scenic views it has ever been our good fortune to witness, and is equalled by nothing of the kind our eyes ever rested upon—except the ride down. We feel how impossible it is by mere description to convey an idea of this picturesque and charming river, with its cataracts, its cascades, its rocky shores and overhanging cliffs. On this road you get a good view of the White Mountain range, with Mount Washington towering above them all, the whole tapering off with the Waterville Mountains, whose shaggy white summits glisten in the sun as you look up to them. We stopped at the Flume House to procure a fresh team of horses, and then proceeded at a slow pace up the celebrated ravine known as the Franconia Notch, to the Profile House. It was quite dark as we entered the Notch and we could observe only the rugged sides of the mountains as they towered high up on each side of the narrow road. Determining that the next morning should recompense us for what we lost by the darkness, we retired early and arose by times. As we stepped out we found ourselves standing on a small plateau of perhaps a dozen acres; the large and showy hotel in the centre, with a few outbuildings around, were the only visible hand-work of man; but on every side the works of the Divine Architect were piled up to the clouds, in sublime and majestic grandeur; their crests clothed in the gorgeous tints of the rising sun; their sides and base draped in the sombre green of stunted mountain foliage, not yet touched by the reviving rays of the "king of day," who in his diurnal circuit pays but a very short visit to this chasm in the mountains. To look upon these bold, wild mountains and not feel a thrilling sense of unspeakable gratification, a man must be an idiot; they must inspire with pleasure the most stolid intellect; the sensitive mind will view them with exquisite and indescribable pleasure, while all who behold them cannot fail to have their feelings founts opened and the best traits of their natures cultivated and revived.

"We could sit
And gaze on yonder summits all day long.
Watching the clouds that ever and anon
Come, like a weary bird, seeking repose
On some bold peak,—or viewing the light
Shadows,
Ever varying, that pass over the sides
Of these old hills, inspiring thoughts of Him
Who made them, and who formed the human
soul
To feel their grandeur."

The principal objects of interest at the Notch, where everything is so attractive, are the "Old Man of the Mountains;" a combination of rocks on the highest peak of the mountain, closely resembling the human face, and which we imagined looked not unlike the lithographs we had seen of President Buchanan, and certainly bore some resemblance to the hard and rugged features of the eloquent Lord Brougham. Further along the mountain may be seen on the summit, "Cannon Rock," a rock in the shape of a cannon mounted on a carriage. There is also the "Pool," in which it is said the "Old Man" comes down from his rocky height in the early morning to bathe; and the "Basin" in which he washes his stony old face; but these stories about the "Old Man's" ablutions require confirmation, as nothing less than ocular proof would convince visitors of the reality of a phenomenon so very rare. All these are attractive and interesting sights, but to our mind the "Cascade,"

and the Natural Bridge above it, surpasses in interest and picturesque beauty all others. This cascade, from the difficulty of approach, is not much frequented, but the tourist will be amply repaid for his trouble and toil by paying it a visit. After ascending the mountain's side about half a mile we heard a distant rumbling of water, and making our way over rocks and fallen trees we came unexpectedly upon a noble scene. The water dashed impetuously down a fall of some thirty feet, terminating in a succession of smaller falls, down which the stream hurried foaming, as if eager to reach the valley. Around us woods and rocks were piled in the most picturesque confusion imaginable; now the sunshine darted down among masses of foliage, now our path lay quite in shadow, as we ascended to the rocky bridge of nature's making. The romance of this spot was increased by its singular wildness. All was apparently as it had been in earlier ages; not a bough had been lopped, not a stone removed.—It is a lovely scene. Dark gathering clouds, distant peaks of thunder, and the lightning's flash, warned us to return, and we hurried down, just gaining an outbuilding in time to escape a drenching. The same evening we had the pleasure of witnessing a storm in the mountains, for a description of which read the ninety-second canto of Childe Harold.

No one can conceive the magnificence of the scenery of these mountains unless he looks upon them with his own eyes. We feel the impossibility of conveying even an idea of their grandeur. While standing on a commanding position, so many points of interest and beauty are taken in by the eye that one is absolutely bewildered, and confused ideas of loveliness and sublimity are all that remain in the mind afterwards. Even the minutest description would be inadequate; it might give the letter but not the spirit. Every object contributes to the general effect—and the whole is indelible. Here is Edward Everett's description of the view from Mount Washington—none better can be given:—

"I have been something of a traveller in our own country—though far less than I could wish. And in Europe have seen all that was most attractive, from the Highlands of Scotland to the Golden Horn of Constantinople; from the summit of the Harz Mountains to the Fountain of Vaucluse—but my eye has yet to rest on a lovelier scene than that which is discovered from Mount Washington, when on some clear, cool, summer's morning, at sunrise, the cloud-curtain is drawn up from nature's grand proscenium and all that chaos of wildness and beauty starts into life—the bare, gigantic tops of the surrounding heights—the precipitous gorges a thousand fathoms deep, which foot of man or ray of light never entered; the sombre massed forest—the moss-clad rocky wall, weeping with crystal springs—winding streams, gleaming lakes and peaceful villages below—and in the dim, misty distance, beyond the lower hills, faint glimpses of the sacred bosom of the eternal deep, ever heaving as with the consciousness of its own immensity—all mingled in one indelible panorama by the hand of the Divine Artist."

APPOINTMENT OF REPRESENTATIVES FOR MIDDLESEX COUNTY.—Messrs. Huntress, Sweetser and Gowing, County Commissioners, met at the Court House, East Cambridge, on Monday last, to commence the business of appointing the Representatives for this county, under the new law. But the Secretary of the Commonwealth had not, at that time, furnished them with the official statement of the number of representatives to which the county was entitled, and the statistics of the legal voters. Their work is of a nature requiring much careful consideration, and will necessarily occupy several days to bring it to maturity. A report may not, therefore, be expected for some time. We observe by our exchanges that the Commissioners for the other counties of the state are also at work in the performance of this important duty. We trust they may all succeed in making such apportionments as will satisfy and please their constituents, though such a result would be one of the wonders of the age.

WHIPPING AND STABBING.—In Lowell, on Monday evening, Mr. William Waugh administered well merited punishment upon the person of a man named Harmon, who professes to be a physician, but follows the disreputable business of publishing a vile, scurrilous sheet, called the "Lowell Trumpet." A few weeks since an article appeared in that obscene print traducing the character of a young widowed sister of Mr. Waugh, and for this contemptible villainy Mr. W. took the law into his own hands. While the quack doctor and obscene editor was receiving the punishment he richly deserved, he managed to draw a dirk and with it stabbed Mr. Waugh severely, though it is thought not dangerously, in the leg and abdomen.

Copies of the Laws and Resolves for 1857 are ready for delivery at the store of N. Wyman, Town Clerk.

Hon. Henry Wilson will accept our thanks for public documents received.

PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT.—A NEW FEATURE IN THE BURDELL CASE.

Mrs. Cunningham, recently tried at New York for the murder of Dr. Harvey Burdell, appears to have been very desirous to give an heir to the estate of her murdered lodger, claimed as her husband. With this intent she pretended that she was *enchanté*, and on Monday night feigned to give birth to a child; having had about her nurses, doctors and all the appliances of such interesting occasions, not the least of which was the "baby." But the doctors and lawyers were too many for her at this game, even though she came off with flying colors in the murder case.

Some weeks ago Dr. Uhl was requested to make an examination as to her pregnancy; for very good reasons she would not permit such an examination to be made, but finally confessed her plot to Dr. Uhl, and told him that he must assist her in carrying it out. This proposition astonished the doctor, and in his trepidation he took legal counsel, and afterward revealed the whole matter to the District Attorney, who told him it was his duty to carry out the matter in order to develop a great crime, and furnish proof for the criminal's conviction. He consented to do so, and pretended to aid Mrs. Cunningham while he was actually leading her on to ruin, by assisting her in the commission of an odious crime. Here was a clever plot and counterplot.

When the proper time had arrived, and a new-born babe, the child of a woman in Bellevue-Hospital, had been procured to personate Mrs. C.'s baby, and the doctors, lawyers and policemen (this is the first instance that has come to our knowledge of the two latter officiating on such occasions) had taken their several posts for the performance of the functions of their several offices, Dr. Uhl informed Mrs. Cunningham that all was ready for her confinement, and that evening she was "confined," accordingly, relieving the "little stranger" with proper ceremonies. Shortly after a captain of police entered the room and, informing her that the game was played out, arrested her, placing her in charge of the officers. Having given birth to a flagitious crime she was now in reality "confined," with a policeman for nurse. She will probably stay confined, at Sing-Sing, for about ten years, that being the period of confinement awarded in the state of New York for such offences. The best of the whole affair is, that she persists in claiming the baby as her "legal, legitimate child."

Mrs. Cunningham, or Mrs. Burdell, whichever the reader pleases, though there is a "reasonable doubt" about her right to the latter name, has carved for herself a niche in the history of the Empire State, and we have no doubt worthy mention of her name will be made by future historians. Gothamites ought to be proud of having so "clever" a woman among them.

THE ABOLISHMENT OF IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.—The Boston Traveler says that the abolition in this State of all laws imprisoning for debt except for fraud and in some other specified cases, seems to have worked effectually so far. At East Cambridge jail in this County, under the old law, the number of commitments for debt was between one and two hundred annually. Under the new law, the number committed since January 1st, 1857, has not been over six. There is not at the present time, a single debtor confined there. The last case was that of a man who sued another and lost his case, when, he refused to pay the costs and was kept in jail until he concluded to pay up. In the jail in Suffolk county, the number of debtors imprisoned does not greatly exceed those at East Cambridge.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—A bright little boy, eight years of age, named Charles Warren, son of Wm. D. Warren, was accidentally drowned in the old Middlesex Canal, in the rear of Capt. Henry Flagg's premises, on Tuesday evening last. It appears that, in company with other small boys, he was bathing in the canal, and undertook to walk on the tow path, when he slipped off into deep water. His companions seeing him rise to the surface and sink three times and then disappear, hastily put on their clothes and ran to a neighboring house for assistance. Before any person arrived to render aid nearly half an hour had elapsed, and the poor little fellow was taken from the slimy bed of the canal quite dead. Every means that skill or science could suggest were used to restore him to life, but without avail. The father was absent in New York at the time, and the mother was frantic with grief on learning the sad loss of her boy, so much so that she had to be forcibly confined in a room while efforts were being made to bring him back to life.

We learn with pleasure, that the Boylston Prize Committee of Harvard University, have recently awarded to Dr. Ephraim Cutter, of this town, a premium of sixty dollars, or a gold medal of that value, for a medical dissertation presented by him on this subject:—"Under what circumstances do the usual signs furnished by auscultation and percussion prove fallacious?"

NAHANT AND THE "NELLY BAKER." Let our readers not forget, among other summer attractions, that a visit to Nahant is always one of pleasure and enjoyment. A large party from this town visited that delightful peninsula this week, and returned home highly gratified. The best, the cheapest, and certainly the most pleasant way to get there is to step on board the "Nelly Baker," at Liverpool wharf, and a sail of less than an hour will land you on the picturesque cliffs of Nahant. Those who like a short trip on the water and a pleasant time on shore—and who does not—cannot do better than entrust themselves to the care of Capt. Coville in the Nelly Baker; the gentlemanly and obliging clerk of the boat, Mr. W. E. Melvin, will be pleased to tender them all the information and assistance in his power to make their trip agreeable.

BURLINGTON.—The West District Methodist Society of Burlington had a very successful Picnic on Thursday, and realized a goodly sum for the support of preaching in that District. Above 350 persons sat down to the excellent repast prepared by the ladies; addresses were delivered by the Methodist ministers of Stoneham and Medford; the Reading Glee Club, Mr. Bancroft, leader, discoursed good music; the children sang, recited and played, and there was a good time generally for both old and young.

DISASTROUS GALE.—A very severe gale occurred on the 22d ult., in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where a numerous fleet of American and Colonial fishing vessels are at this season engaged in Mackerel fishing. A large number of fishing boats belonging to the Provinces, with their crews, have been lost; nearly one hundred dead bodies having been picked up on the beach of the northern coast of New Brunswick. On the coasts of Prince Edward Island, a great many fishing vessels and boats were destroyed, a number of them having floated ashore; the loss of life is not reported. We hope and trust the terrible scenes of the gale on the north coast of Prince Edward Island, in 1850, to some of which we were an eye-witness, have not been re-enacted at this time. In that most disastrous tempest over 300 lives were sacrificed to the fury of the elements; their bodies were washed on shore, and many of them buried, without human agency, by the drifting sands of the sea beach. From the reports received we would infer that the greatest loss of life has occurred to those fishing in boats; if so, the crews of United States fishing vessels have probably escaped, as the boat fishing is exclusively prosecuted by Colonists and resident Americans.

NEW ENGLAND HORSE EXHIBITION COMPANY.—A meeting of this company was held on Tuesday last, when it was determined to hold a grand fair on the grounds of the association, situated in North Chelsea and Saugus, on the 25th, 26th, 27th and 28th of Sept. Premiums will be offered for the best horses, sheep and domestic stock generally.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Several of our correspondents will perceive that their favors do not appear this week; we could not find room for all.

Our Nahant Correspondent.

NAHANT, July 30, 1857.
Friend Pippy:—I have been spending the last week at Nahant, the far famed peninsula, famous for its fine sea views and fine fish, fine equipages and finest of all its superlative women, elegantly dressed and looking perfectly bewitching, and all the above at this season of the year are in "full feather." The arrangements for the accommodation of pleasure seekers seem to be complete, and all the paraphernalia for passing the time agreeably are furnished in abundance. One may catch perch from the rocks or from a dory, or more ambitious and venturesome may tempt the briny deep and entice the hungry cod and haddock on deeper water. Then you may ride on horseback or in a carriage, play billiards or tennis; or more romantically disposed pass a leisure hour rambling on the sea shore, and watching (as I love to do) the never ceasing waves as they roll in upon the sandy beach, or dash themselves sportively upon the rocks which guard the coast. If you have never tried it, friend Pippy, I advise you to lose no time, but be off for Nahant on the first pleasant day. Take the staunch little steamer "Nelly Baker," which leaves the end of Long Wharf four times daily, and make the acquaintance of Capt. Coville, who by the way is a model for steamboat captains,—and Wm. E. Melvin, Esq., the gentlemanly Clerk, both of whom will be most happy to point out to you the various objects of interest in the harbor, and give you any information in their power, which

will tend to make your stay at Nahant, be it longer or shorter, most agreeable.

During my visit the place was enlivened by the strains of martial music from the military bands accompanying the Boston Cadets, who were there encamped, and N. E. Guards, who took a trip to Nahant in compliment to their new commander, dining at the Nahant House, and closing their festivities with a dance in the evening, where, as some newspaper of the next day has it, "the light shone o'er fair women and brave men," and so I suppose it did. The women were undoubtedly fair, and the men only wait an opportunity to exhibit their bravery.

The second day of the Cadets' encampment was very stormy, and as I passed their camp, it appeared silent and deserted, not a solitary sentinel could be seen, or any sign of life, and I concluded that the soldiers whom nothing else of course could intimidate had fled incessantly at the first approach of their natural enemy, "clear cold water." The next day however the weather changed, and a pleasant afternoon was passed in various evolutions and interchange of friendly greetings among the soldiers and their numerous visitors, a large portion of whom were ladies, and who were hospitably entertained by the Cadets, proverbial for their gallantry, on all occasions.

The other morning, having made the necessary preliminary arrangements with "my ancient fisherman," I joined a party of gentlemen on an excursion towards the open sea, for the purpose of trying my luck with codfish. The weather was, fortunately for us, remarkably favorable, and having a fair wind and clear sky our "skipper" was enabled to gain just the fishing ground which he wished, a circumstance he assured us which had not happened before during the season, the frequent fogs and calms, which have prevailed rendering minute observation impossible; but this morning, with a good breeze, we made the run out, about fifteen miles, in an hour, and were soon engaged in hauling in the finny fellows, whose appetite appeared to have been sharpened for our especial benefit, so that in a short time, having taken as many as would supply the Nahant House for a week—no small matter by the way—we weighed anchor and started for home, all of us highly gratified with our trip.

A moonlight excursion in the Nelly Baker is in prospect soon, and I will give you some account of the affair in my next.

Yours, B.

(Correspondence of the Middlesex Journal)

Matters and Things in New York.

NEW YORK, Aug. 4, 1857.

The city yawns with ennui; we have not had a riot or a possible excitement of any kind for the space of a fortnight. The obsequies of the murdered Anderson called out an immense concourse, but since then there has not been a crowd of respectable size in our streets. Anderson was one of a class which possesses a remarkable spirit of corps. They are mostly mechanics, enthusiastic firemen, with a dash of the chivalric in their composition, and a heavy-limbed, tree-trunked man is beloved by them as Achilles by the Greeks. There is a good deal of poetry among the firemen; they supply the only heroic element of our city life. Theirs is the only labor here which is performed for the pure love of it, not for lucre, but for the joy they have in manual strife and daring deeds. The police difficulties are in a worse muddle than ever. Amusements are at a rather low ebb. The places of amusement, now that pleasure seekers have left town, are patronized chiefly by the southern and western merchants, who are now in town picking up fall stock. Business is not active, but promises pretty well, as the town is full of buyers. There is very little doing in the way of shipments, as breadstuffs have sunk too low in the European markets to be exported with profit. The city is in very good health, as the wet weather has done more cleaning for us than armies of street commissioners could accomplish, and this will be favorable to a good season's trade. A farthing publication in Williamsburgh, underlooked, the other day, to get up a little excitement by reporting a case of yellow fever, which turned out to be something else. The Williamsburgh sheet probably sold a few hundred extra copies, and thus cleared a new by the operation to keep its bones together a few days longer. The Philadelphians were busy with a bona fide case at the same time, so that we are spared the ostentatious sympathy of the commercial journals of that locality. The Herald got out a valuable piece of exclusive information yesterday morning, relative to a horrid murder on Staten Island, which proved a greater hoax than the yellow fever case.

Apologies of the Herald, let your correspondent take occasion to warn those of your fair young readers who are occasionally tempted to answer its matrimonial advertisements, "just for fun," that such operations occasionally gain an unpleasant publicity. An advertisement in the Herald some time ago, purporting to be the production of a young southern planter, desirous of marrying a northern young lady of some literary taste and ability, came under the eye of a wide awake young lady who has gained a little literary reputation among her friends in this city by some clever letters published in a N. Y. commercial paper, over a fictitious signature. She replied to the southern individual in a very affectionate and confiding strain, mentioning, as a proof of the desired "literary ability," that she was formerly known to the public over a certain signature, which she was so indiscreet as to give. The letter was handed to a Southern paper for publication, and found its way to this city, in print, to the unspeakable chagrin of the young lady's relatives, who are of the "bon ton," and to the utter extinguishment of the imprudent authoress. These matrimonially inclined advertisers sometimes get paid in their own coin, however. In a case which came to our knowledge the other day, the advertiser was requested to station himself at the corner of a street, abundantly ornamented, when he would be met by a young lady, observed according to specifications. The lady came, but without the tokens by which she was to be recognized, took a survey of her unsuspecting adorer, and crossing the street stationed herself at the window of a friend, where she enjoyed the disappointment of the concealed suitor, who, after exhibiting his ridiculous con-

fusion for some time, went home a sadder and a wiser man. But let newspapers say what they will, there will always be fools enough in the world to give some occupation to matrimonial advertisers and mock auctions.

The last Broadway dodge is the knife selling business. The buyer goes into a small establishment and sees men bidding for one of the knives on a card. He bids for one knife and hands out fifty cents, when behold! he is presented with a bill of \$40.00 for a dozen gross of the same quality! Remonstrance is useless; the stool pigeons assure their victim that this is a wholesale auction room, and that he is legally bound to take the whole bill. Moreover, they will not allow their customer to leave until he has taken the whole bill or paid a forfeit. We know of several country clergymen who have been saddled with bills in this way, and have been glad to escape on the payment of \$5 to \$10 forfeit.

STONEHAM.

MATTERS AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

"Shall old acquaintance be forgot," Mr. Editor? No sir, never, no never! Rather will we occasionally and frequently brighten the links in memory's chain, and grapple to the heart, as with hooks of steel and unbreakable cords, every friend that God hath given to scatter sunlight upon our pathway through time, or, at least, all who have implanted within them the virtue of constancy, and who desire to remain united to us in the bonds of an unselfish and indissoluble affection. On being requested to contribute something for this department of the Journal the present week, the first question is, *What shall be said?* and the second question is, *What shall be left unsaid?* A good sized volume might be filled, at any rate, all the columns of the Middlesex Journal for one week, crowding out those important advertisements and still more important communications from other towns, with the interesting incidents which have occurred here during the past few eventful months, the most of which, however, will remain unwritten and unprinted, yet leaving indelible impressions, for good or ill, on many an immortal mind.

Stoneham! "With all thy faults I love thee still!" This has been the predominant and irrepressible feeling of the writer while sojourning for a day or two among the dear friends of "Auld Lang Syne." In this place there is a strangely curious admixture of favorable and unfavorable elements among a population peculiarly heterogeneous. Some of those who are disposed to look hopefully on the brightest side of things, can find in such a town much to admire and commend. While those who are inclined to dwell on the darkest side, and brood over the most forbidding aspect of things, and harp continually upon the vices and follies of the times, can find enough to keep their own minds, and the minds of their neighbors, evermore disturbed.

We know of no community in the State where there have been more changes for several years past than here. The multiplication of religious societies has operated to separate the people more than ever in thoughts and feelings, in sympathy and effort. The shameful apostasy and cruel dishonesty of a prominent church-member in whom nearly all were wont to trust, guilty of the most criminal duplicity, falsehood and forgery, well-nigh ruining benefactors and relatives, and "adding sin to sin" by sneaking clandestinely out of town and "running away" from the hands of justice, has sent a thrill of surprise and horror, of indignation and sadness through almost every family, including those unaffected pecuniarily as well as the defrauded ones. This aggravating instance of worse than infidelity on the part of a professor of godliness, embarrasses the Christian and strengthens the sceptic, shaking the confidence of increasing numbers in the reality of religion, although the prompt action of the church in expelling him from their membership as well as from his office of deaconship, has saved this orthodox ecclesiastical body from the reproach and dishonor otherwise attachable to it.

The advent in town of a Second Advent preacher of considerable talent and Biblical knowledge, who has been successful in drawing followers after him; and the withdrawal from their accustomed seats of the Congregational Church because their wishes were disregarded by the Parish in the selection of a leader, has added to the series of excitements for which Stoneham has long been famous.

Some elegant buildings are now in the process of erection or finishing, but those which for costliness and beauty will probably eclipse all others in town, are a house and barn, in that delightful locality near the residence of Amasa Farrier, Esq., which are being built at an expense of some \$25,000, by that worthy and prosperous young man, John Hill, Jr. May his new palace-home be filled with genuine and permanent joy, and may the occupants of humbler dwellings have no less of contentment and happiness. Yes, and may all, whether rich or poor, prepare for an everlasting abode in that magnificent building of God described in Revelation, a house not made with human hands, nor constructed of perishable materials, eternal in the heavens.

That the people of Stoneham are "prone to extremes" may be learned from the fact that at the annual March meeting they voted to have no bell rung as usual, thereafter, not only at noon, to remind them of the dinner-hour; but a month or two subsequent, it was voted that it should be rung four times per day, viz: at 7 a. m., 12 m., 6 p. m., and 9 p. m. We like the new fashion and rejoice therein, both on account of the faithful bell-ringer whose salary is increased, and on account of those of the inhabitants who are fond of bell-melody. When first we knew the town, in 1850, there was but one bell in it, and that a cracked one, with which the villagers had satisfied themselves for many years; but now there are two excellent toned ones on the meeting-houses, besides beautiful school bells, and 'twill be well to have a double amount of bell-music in the future to make up for lack in the past.

While walking in the neighborhood of the Town Hall on Friday evening of last week, we overheard the familiar voices of singers, and were, thereby, attracted into the Hall, and found Rufus Pierce and his choir holding one of their weekly meetings for musical practice, vocal and instrumental. There was a

preceptible hoarseness in some of the voices, to be accounted for by the singing and shouting they probably indulged in while having a "good time" the day previous at Nahant, and the drenching rains which moistened their pathway homeward. We know of no better trained choir, or one that can discourse better music, in any country town. And we should far rather be in the place of ex-choir-master Pierce, than in that of ex-President Pierce, with the remembrances which each must have of the services rendered their constituents during the past four years. We understand this choir think of having an exhibition in the fall. "May we be there to see," and to hear, especially if they are to sing that noble and inspiring song, "The Pilgrim Fathers," when enduring wrongs from the hands of man, or trials from the hands of God; yet, Paul and Silas not only prayed, but "sang praises" when incarcerated in that dungeon cell at Philippi, anticipating martyrdom on the morrow; while a modern poet truthfully says of our Puritan ancestors, who were exiled from their native home in the mother-country, and landed on these inhospitable shores at Plymouth Rock in the dead of winter, with no welcome except from the wild savages of the forest, that

"Amid the storm they sang,
The stars heard and the sea,
The sounding isles of the woodland rang
With anthems of the free!"

Good-Will.

Stoneham, Aug., 1857.

LECTURES.—Now is the time for some one to start a movement for the securing of good lecturers, who shall give us a course of scientific lectures during the coming winter evenings. We would suggest the employment of some Professor of Geology, to give a course of lectures on that science, as we believe that a course of lectures on some branch of the sciences would be much more beneficial to the community than others of a miscellaneous character. Who will put the ball in motion?

MILITARY APPOINTMENTS.—Captain Dike of the Light Infantry of this place, has made the following appointments of non-commissioned officers:—21 Sergeant—W. B. Blaisdel, vice Goodwin resigned; 3d—G. F. Woodward, vice Blaisdel promoted; 4th—E. M. Smail, vice George promoted; 5th—H. Poor, vice Woodward promoted; Corporals—N. Hill and S. C. Trail, vice Sewall and Jenkins promoted. The appointments met with general satisfaction we believe, and the company is in good condition, having strict drill every Thursday evening until muster.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Editor:—As St. Clair has seen fit to notice my article in reply to a former one by him, and has done it in so good a manner, I feel bound, as a matter of courtesy, to say a word at parting. "St. Clair" thinks I should have done better had I told the whole truth, &c. Well, I suppose I ought to give a little explanation on this point, and would therefore say I plead guilty; but will make my apology as follows: First, I did not state the whole truth because it would have taken the entire columns of the Journal to contain it. Secondly, the credit of the town came into my mind, and this kept me back. Thirdly, it would have made "St. Clair's" statements appear so much the more ridiculous, as I kept back a great deal that might have been said. I might have went on to state that tar was found in numerous places, where the tar was procured, &c. furnished it, and how it was procured; and a great many other incidents, being well awake all the time, but did not think it necessary for reasons given above.

But "the Eagle Engine Company" were prompt to man their machine, &c. I do not make the mistake; it is you, "St. Clair." The word *prompt* is very easily understood without referring to "Webster's Vocabulary." I am glad to hear that you meant no slur on Mr. Pratt, and pleased that you recognize some of our best men as Police, instead of "Gudgeon Club." You seem to think that conscientious "Pedro" was driven into forgetfulness in regard to that speech. I suppose, Sir, that you and I differ as to what constituted a speech on that occasion, and honestly so; hence the discrepancy.

You conclude by going in for a good time, generally, and here I concur with you most cordially, but think differently, perhaps, in regard to what constitutes a good time. But I must close, as my candle burns dimly, and I cannot find my "signpost" digits, where-with to exasperate the excrecence of this nocturnal cylindrical luminary."

Wishing "St. Clair" health and long life, and many a pleasant ride among the mountains, I subscribe myself, as heretofore,

Pedro.

Reading, August, 1857.

THE Bethesda Society had to suffer a most severe affliction last Sabbath, being entertained by an agent soliciting money for Western Colleges. It is earnestly hoped that our much respected clergyman will duly consult the feelings of our people in this regard, and not permit those agents to occupy the pulpit so often, for I know many there who exceedingly dislike to be bored for two hours in this way, and then be called upon to pay their money beside. 'Tis a little more than we can bear. All these various objects for which it is solicited are worthy objects of our regard, and more money can be obtained, and that, too, more freely, by the pastor presenting the subject in a few words than by an agent. I, for one, do not feel satisfied to pick the crumbs from a dish of dry indian-meal when I pay for good wheat flour—the difference being clearly discernible by a discriminating mind.

Abel R. Parlan has removed from his old stand to the shop recently occupied by C. W. Perkins, where may be obtained custom made boots and shoes—or, in other words, shoes fit to be worn,—not made of paper, but real leather. I take great pleasure in recommending those in want of something that both feels and looks like a shoe to give him a call.

I would respectfully suggest to our church-going people whether it would not be

* "Winnipegsee,"—A name given to this lake by the Indians, the translation of which is "The Smile of the Great Spirit."

The Middlesex Journal.

Woburn, Reading, North & South Reading, Stoughton, Winchester and Burlington.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

"OUR LOCAL INTERESTS."

[SINGLE COPY FOUR CENTS.]

New Series.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1857.

Volume VI.—Number 45.

The Middlesex Journal,

JOHN J. PIPPI, Proprietor and Editor.

Published every Saturday Morning.

Office: Main Street, Woburn.

TERMS:

\$2.00 PER YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

All papers will be forwarded until an explicit order for discontinuance is received, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Letters and Communications should be addressed to the Editor at this Office.

Rates of Advertising:

For a square of 10 lines, 1 year, \$10.00

" " " 6 months, \$6.00

Business Cards, 1 year, \$5.00

Payable quarterly.

Small Advertisements, not exceeding 10 lines, 75 cts. or the first insertion, and 20 cts. for each subsequent insertion. Larger advertisements charged proportionate rates. All advertisements sent to the office not inserted, will be inserted till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS:

North Woburn—Messrs. Nichols, Winn & Co.

East Woburn—Mr. E. T. Whittey.

Stoughton—Mr. E. T. Whittey.

Reading—Mr. T. R. Richardson.

South Reading—Dr. J. D. Mansfield.

Winchester—Mr. J. H. Hovey.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

S. CUTLER,

MAGNETIC & CLAIRVOYANT

PHYSICIAN.

No. 221 Central Street, Lowell, Mass.

Dr. Cutler will be in Lowell, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week.

Reumatism, Neuralgia, Pains, Nervous and Spinal Diseases, treated with magnetic success.

Dr. Cutler is assisted in his practice by Mrs. G. W. Walker, a Clairvoyant and Healing Medium.

W. M. WESTON,

Watch-maker & Jeweller,

No. 8 Main Street, Woburn.

Fine Watch repairing done by experienced workmen, and jewelry of all kinds neatly repaired.

Watches, Clocks, Plate, a general assortment of Jewellery, Musical Instruments, &c., all on hand.

NEW STORE

AND

FASHIONABLE GOODS!!

MRS. M. A. HILLER, has removed to the

new and elegantly situated store one door west of the

Woburn Book Store, which she has had handsomely

fitted up expressly for her

MILLINERY BUSINESS.

She takes much pleasure in offering to the ladies of

Woburn and vicinity a NEW and FASHIONABLE

STOCK of

MILLINERY Goods, Ribbons, Embroideries,

Hatters, Flowers, Caps, Hats, &c.,

which will be sold at very moderate prices.

Particular attention given to cleaning, pressing and

altering Bonnets, in the most fashionable styles.

Woburn, April 25, '57.

FAIRBANKS'

CELEBRATED

SCALES,

of every variety,

34 Kilby Street, - - - Boston,

GREENLEAF & BROWN, Agents.

A full assortment of all kinds of weighing ap-

paratus and store furniture for sale at low rates. Rail

road, Hay, and Coal Scales set in any part of the coun-

try. may 9-15.

T. BRICHER.

Organist and Director of Music, at Bowdoin Square

Boston.

Residence, at Mrs. W. T. Choate's, Bennett Street,

Woburn, March 21-30.

TEACHER OF MUSIC

Office, under Bowdoin Square, Boston.

Residence, at Mrs. W. T. Choate's, Bennett Street,

Woburn, March 21-30.

BENJ. W. CONANT,

Druggist and Apothecary,

No. 5 and 6 Wade's Block,

WOBURN, MASS.

Dealer in DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, &c.

Physician's prescriptions carefully prepared. Medi-

cine delivered at all hours of the night.

Philip Tenre,

MERCHANT

TAILOR,

KNIGHT'S BUILDING

Main Street,

Woburn, Mass.

Garments Cut and Made

in the best manner, and

warranted to fit.

April 25, '57.

William Winn,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-

sonable terms.

All orders left at this Office, will be promptly attend-

ed to. set 15

Thomas D. Radford,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-

sonable terms.

July 30th

SAMUEL TIDD,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

STOUGHTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-

sonable terms.

Jan 23

Agent for the HOLYOKE, SOUTH READING and

PATENT Fire Insurance Companies.

Stoughton, Jan. 25, 1857.

T. W. PAGE,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

WOBURN, MASS.

[Sales every Saturday evening.]

New and Second Hand Furniture at

Private Sale and at Auction.

Sales of Real Estate and articles of Furniture and all

Personal Property promptly attended to, on reasonable

terms.

SALES ROOM—Corner of Main Street and Oakley Court,

Woburn, Mass.

Jan 23

Harris Johnson,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on rea-

sonable terms.

Jan 23

JOHN G. COLE,

Painting and Glazing,

Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done with

neatest manner. Also, Glazing and Marbling.

Stained and Blinded, of every description, furnished.

Paints, Oils and Glass, of the best quality.

Shop next building South of the Branch Railroad depo-

site. Tel. 11.

May 25, 1857.

GEORGE W. CHAPMAN,

Plain and Ornamental Painter.

House Painting and Papering, Glazing, Graining,

Marbling, Whitewashing and coloring done

in the latest style, at short notice

and at low prices.

G. W. C. also attends to the glazing and decorative

painting of Pulpit, Church Organs, &c.

Residence corner of Highland and Fowler streets. Or-

ders can be left at the Woburn Post Office.

August 23

BRIGHAM & GILCREAST,

PAINTERS.

PAINTING, GLAZING, GRADING, PAPER

HANGING, &c., done in the best

style, at short notice and at

reasonable prices.

UNION STREET, WOBURN.

(OPPOSITE JONES' BLACKSMITH SHOP.)

S. T. BRIGHAM. (my 31) J. GILCREAST.

Hair Dyes.

COMPRISING: Bayle's, Mason's, Ballard's, and

C. Thompson's, for sale by Benjamin W. Adams, Nos

5 & 6 Wade's Block.

POETRY.

OUR SISTER.

The following beautiful lines, under this

caption, are from a late number of the Louis-

ville Journal. It is seldom the pen traces

words so touching and sweet:—

She hath caught the fair splendor,

Melodious wafted at heaven's high gate.

And she says—"I am weary!"

The night time is dreary—

Dear Sister, thou lovest me, I know thou dost wait

By the River of Life, at the beautiful gate!"

Her babe on her bosom,

(O, pale little blossom!)

We folded her hands in a solemn repose!

Then tell me weeping

For her visionless sleeping,

As a long, heavy night watches drew to a close:

And left her with death in lonely repose.

THE THUNDER STORM.

CHAPTER I.

"Please, mother, let us go!"

It was a childish voice that spoke;

and the little hands clung obstinately

to the parent's dress.

"How you bother me! Yes, go, for

mercy's sake, and don't let me see you

back in a hurry."

As she spoke, Mrs. Carr gave the

broom she was using a toss, and flung

her dress away from little Maggie's hold,

so irritably that the little child had at

first brightened the young child's face

died away into a sorrowful glance.

The quick-tempered parent saw the

look, and felt rebuked. She turned a-

way, saying, "Well, go, if you're go-

ing." Childhood soon forgets even re-

justice. Maggie's spirits gradually re-

covered their elasticity, and her voice

was heard calling to her sister Lucy to

stop sweeping the walks, and bring the

big basket, for they were going to the

woods to gather flowers. So away the

two went, happy in the Saturday after-

noon's holiday.

What a pleasant time they had, those

innocent children, in those old woods!

How they ran hither and thither, at-

tracted by some new flower; how they

played hide and seek among the trees;

how they watched the birds that hop-

ped fearlessly about them; how they

arranged and re-arranged their spoils

in the basket; and how Lucy, finally,

sat down on a bank and began weaving

a chaplet for Maggie, which she tried

again and again, declaring each time

that it was "beautiful," oh! so beau-

tiful; but she'd just put another flower

in to see if it "wouldn't look better

still."

Occupied in this way

Brown. "What can it mean? Does any one see his torch?"

All ran eagerly in the direction of the voice, and soon a light was seen glimmering like a faint halo through the wet woods.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!"

Exultant and still more exultant that voice rose on the night air. Every pulse bounded high with hope.

"My children," cried the father thrillingly, leading the excited race.

It seemed but a minute till they reached their companion. Standing on a fallen trunk, he waved his torch to guide them, crying as they approached—

"They're here, alive and well—hurrah!"

As he spoke, the father had parted the undergrowth, and, leaping the fallen tree, found himself in a small glade. Before him were his children, lovingly entwined in each other's arms, and just aroused from sleep.

Their heads only were raised. Their little eyes were distended with wonder mixed with fright.

"Thank God," cried the father, falling on his knees and clasping them in his arms, then bursting into convulsive weeping.

The little ones recognizing their father had simultaneously sprung to his breast where they lay sobbing for joy, and clasping him tighter and tighter.

The neighbors stood at a respectful distance awed by the scene; and there was not a dry eye in the whole company.

At last the passion of the father's joy moderated. He remembered the almighty hand which had restored his children. Hushing the sobs of his little ones, and, looking up reverently, he said—

"Let us pray!"

All uncovered, and there in the dim forest, the father holding each little one by a hand, poured forth his soul in a thanksgiving which none present forgot to their dying day. It was eloquent with a gratitude such as only those who have been delivered from deep tribulation can realize.

When the prayer was over strong arms pressed the wet little ones to warm sheltering bosoms. Maggie would not leave her father nor would he consent to part with her; indeed he looked regretfully on Lucy as John Brown lifted her away, evidently longing to carry her also. At first Lucy insisted on walking, but she found almost the first step that this was impossible, so stiff was she with cold. So she consented to be carried, laying her head on John's broad shoulder with a thankful smile, and putting her arms around his neck lovingly as if she had been his own child.

Before they set out, however, Lucy had to tell how they became lost. She described how they had knelt down during the height of the storm and how they felt asleep in each other's arms, after they had said their prayers to each other. "Maggie," she said, touchingly, "often asked for mother, I watched for a long time after she was asleep, and I tried to keep awake, but I couldn't. I don't suppose, for the first I knew I was being waked by the noise and light and seeing father."

Jim Strong also had to tell his story. "I had a sort of feeling," he said, "that I'd just go a little further this way—I s'pose it was the Lord that sent me,"—for even the roughest acknowledged the hand of Providence in that hour, "and bless me, as I got into this hour, and bless me, the first thing I saw was the children lying asleep in each other's arms, just like the Babies in the Wood."

Fatigue was now forgotten. The road back to the village was soon traversed, for each man seemed to tread upon the air. Long before the joyful procession had reached the door of the Carr's, a crowd of women around it was discerned, for one had been on the watch for hours, and at the sight of the torches she had summoned the rest. The cheering shouts of the men announcing, while they were yet distant, that they returned with the children, the mother now frantic with joy came gushing down the street to meet them, and catching first one child and then another from the arms that bore them, almost smothered them with kisses and embraces.

But what words can paint all that followed? The delicious joy of the mother, the crowding of the females around the recovered dear ones, the tears of all, the almost hysterical congratulations. It required the interposition of some of the more thoughtful, to have the innocent sufferers relieved of their wet garments, placed in warm beds, and allowed to sleep, so necessary for their health, and demanded so imperatively by their fatigue.

From that day Mrs. Carr's character has greatly changed. Nor has she been heard even in her most irritable moments, to vent her feelings on her children. She looks on them as providentially restored after they had been taken from her as a judgment.

But it is not written, even of the birds of the air—"your heavenly Father feedeth them—are ye not better than they?"

The Happy Home.—This is a religious and eminently useful family magazine, and should find a place in every "happy home."

Godey's Lady's Book.—Godey for September is already on our table; it is an excellent number.

Peterson's Magazine for next month has also come to hand promptly. We cannot say much in favor of this number of Peterson; he has not come quite up to his usual standard of excellence.

Forrester's Playmate.—This excellent little juvenile monthly appears to be prospering. The last number was a very good one.

Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1857.

WOBURN CHEMICAL WORKS.

The greater portion of our citizens know that the Woburn Chemical Works are situated in the north-east part of the town, and that is about all the knowledge they have concerning the establishment, as very few of them have ever entered within the enclosure surrounding the buildings. One day last week we accepted the offer of a drive, from a friend, who was paying a professional visit to the neighborhood, and after a pleasant ride was set down at the Works. The buildings are situated on the line of the B. & L. R. R., about a mile from North Woburn. The foreman, Mr. Butterworth, is an affable and very intelligent Englishman, evidently well and deeply skilled in the art of chemistry, which he has made a study from boyhood. He politely conducted us over the works, showed us the interesting processes of manufacturing Hartshorn, Vitriol, Copperas, Glue, the several kinds of Soda, Gums, Nitrates, &c. The works are driven by a steam engine situated in the centre building, there being long rows of buildings on either side, giving to each kind of manufacture its separate apartment. We may mention, in passing, that the odor arising from some of these apartments would not be considered very pleasant to the olfactory nerves. Though but few men are employed,—not over a dozen,—yet the establishment turns out a large quantity of manufactured articles. One of their most important productions is Silicate of Soda, or, in plain English, Glass; it is manufactured in an unfinished state, from New Jersey sand, and is used by cotton printers to remove the superfluous coloring from cotton fabrics after they are printed.

It is curious to observe how all kinds of refuse, considered worse than useless by many people, is here brought into service and made to produce something useful. For instance, the foot of the ox is converted into three or four different articles, glue being the principal one, and the hoof sent off to the Leominster button makers, to be returned in the shape of horn buttons. Every kind of raw material, and every scrap of it, that comes into the Works, has to go out again, after being put through a process that increases its value. Nothing is here wasted; every description of material brought in is made to contribute, in a variety of ways, to the wants and happiness of man. A visit to this establishment, if it affords no other gratification or benefit, will at least give the visitor an excellent lesson in economy.

Messrs. Eaton, Hill & Candler, importers and manufacturers of Chemicals, Dye Woods, &c., are the proprietors of these works; their store is at No. 145 Milk Street, Boston, where they conduct an extensive trade in this branch of business. The senior partner of the firm is a citizen of Woburn.

Accident upon the Woburn Branch R. R.—A very serious accident occurred at the depot in this town, on Saturday of the last week, immediately after the arrival of the train at six o'clock. Angelina Elizabeth Ordway, a little girl 7 years of age, daughter of Mr. Frederick Ordway of this place, was run over by the locomotive, and injured so severely that she survived but a little more than two hours. The facts, as we learn them from Mr. Willey, the depot-master, who saw the whole scene, are as follows: The cars had passed into the depot, and the engine and baggage car had backed down, as usual, in order to switch off the baggage car. Just as the coupling pin was drawn, disconnecting the engine and tender from the car, this little girl who had been sitting near the track a short time, sprang up and started to cross the track. As she stepped upon the rails she appeared to hesitate a moment, seeing the engine so near, but instantly started again, and was immediately struck by the coupling rod in front of the engine. She was then caught by the cow-catcher and dragged a short distance, when the wheels passed over her, cutting off the left thigh about two inches from the hip joint. A severe wound was inflicted upon the back of the head, another upon the left side of the face, and a third upon the back. It seldom falls to the lot of the surgeon even to look upon a form so bruised and mangled. Partial re-action soon took place, and though she made no attempt to speak, her consciousness of suffering was so great as to elicit screams. Several physicians arrived in a few minutes, but surgical aid was unavailing to stay the rapidly failing powers of life. Her sufferings were mitigated by the use of chloroform till about half past eight, when she ceased to breathe. She was a bright, active little girl, the idol of her parents and friends. Deep indeed

is their affliction. Their cherished one has been torn from them—in an instant—in perfect health—at a moment when they expected it not.

This sad accident should prove a useful lesson to parents and to children. Parents should never allow their children to play about rail-road depots, and children should learn that they cannot always exhibit their fool-hardy daring—running in the very face of danger—with impunity. When the carelessness of boys and girls about this depot is taken into consideration, the wonder is that similar accidents have not occurred again and again. Prudence is no less now, than centuries ago, the parent of safety, and her admonitions should be heeded far more by both old and young in situations of danger.

Representative Apportionment for Middlesex County.

The following is the Apportionment for Representatives in the State Legislature, for Middlesex County, decided upon yesterday by the County Commissioners:—

District No. 1—Ward 1 Charlestown, 1 Rep. 1001 voters; 2—Wards 2 & 3 do., 3 Rep. 2,941; 3—Somerville, 1 Rep., 966; 4—Malden 1, 2001; 5—Medford, 1, 829; 6—West Cambridge and Winchester, 1, 844; 7—Cambridge 3, 3161; 8—Newton and Brighton, 2, 1819; 9—Waltham and Watertown, 2, 1750; 10—Concord, Lincoln & Weston, 1, 838; 11—Natick, 1, 1007; 12—Holliston and Sherborn, 1, 890; 13—Hopkinton and Ashland, 1, 922; 14—Framingham, 1, 811; 15—Marlboro', 1, 788; 16—Stowe, Sudbury and Wayland, 1, 814; 17—Acton, Littleton, Roxbury & Carlisle, 1, 843; 18—Burlington, Bedford & Lexington, 1, 849; 19—Woburn, 1, 1104; 20—South Reading, Melrose & Stoughton, 2, 1630; 21—Reading and North Reading, 1, 850; 22—Wilmington, Tewksbury & Billerica, 1, 779; 23—Wards 1, 2 & 5 of Lowell, 3, 2434; 24—Wards 3, 4 & 6 of Lowell, 3, 2508; 25—Chelmsford, Braintree & Tringeboro', 1, 934; 26—Shirley, Groton, Popperel, Dunstable and Westford, 2, 1590; 27—Fowlesend & Ashby, 1, 752. Total No. of Representatives—39.

WOBURN LYCEUM.—The Committee of the Woburn Lyceum held their first meeting on Tuesday evening, and organized for the ensuing season by the election of the following officers:—**President**—E. W. Champney; **Vice Presidents**—J. P. Converse and J. B. Winn; **Secretary**—Dr. Truman Rickard; **Treasurer**—John J. Pippy. Negotiations are in progress to obtain lectures from several of the most learned, talented and eloquent men of the country.

Picnic.—On Tuesday afternoon a Picnic was held in a pleasant grove at the foot of Horn Pond Mountain, at which the children belonging to the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Society attended. Rev. Mr. Edwards, late Pastor of the Society, was present, and thus had an opportunity of seeing quite a number of his old parishioners. After refreshments had been partaken of, Mr. Edwards delivered a brief address, and was followed by Rev. Mr. March in an eloquent and glowing speech, which chained the attention of the children and elicited the admiration of all who had the pleasure of hearing it.

WILLIAM WELLS BROWN.—We do not know that Mr. Brown has ever spoken in Woburn, but he has in several towns in this vicinity, and probably in a majority of the cities, towns and villages throughout the state. He was once a slave, but is now a freeman, and agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and is also an eloquent and powerful speaker. On Sabbath evening he is to Lecture in the Town Hall, on "American Slavery." We bespeak for him a crowded house.

KNAFF'S PATENT LAMP.—This is a lamp for burning Resin Oil; we have tested it and found it to work admirably. The light is soft, steady and mellow, and the best we have ever read by; it is easy to the eyes and without the flare and flicker incident to other kinds of artificial light. It is at the same time the most economical light in use. Four cents worth of oil will last ten hours, giving nearly twice as much light as is obtained from a fluid lamp with two burners. The objection to Resin Oil lamps has been their liability to smoke, particularly when exposed to a strong current of air, but with careful trimming this may perhaps be avoided. Mr. Knapp's Lamp seemed to answer every purpose, and we cheerfully recommend it. Messrs. John Cheney and Jos. L. Pratt, of Reading, are the agents for Middlesex County, having purchased the patent right. The lamp and resin oil is for sale at A. E. Thompson's store.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Two communications, the one signed "Fair Play," the other without signature, came to us this week, unaccompanied by the real names of the writers. Of course we can take no notice of them. Writers must not expect us to take the responsibility of whatever they may desire to place under the public eye; we do not wish to bear upon our shoulders the sins of anybody and everybody, as we have quite enough to do to saddle our own.

NEWSPAPORIAL.—We have received the first number of the *Saturday Evening Mirror*, a new Sunday paper published in Boston, by J. Frank Lakin and S. H. Brown. The *Mirror* is devoted to the interests of the Military, the Firemen, the Drama, &c. It makes a handsome appearance, and bears evidence of tact, taste and talent in its editorial management. Mr. Lakin is "at home" in the chair editorial, having published the "Despatch" for several years. We wish him the best of success in his new enterprise.

The *Meriden Chronicle*, published at West Meriden, Conn., by Robert Winton, made its appearance among our exchanges this week. It is a neatly printed sheet, and appears to be conducted with considerable ability.

New Publications.

THE WAR TRAIL, or the Hunt of the Wild Horse. A romance of the Prairie. By Capt. Mayne Reid. Published by R. M. Dewitt, New York.

Few writers of fiction have attained greater popularity than Mayne Reid. His books are read with avidity as soon as published, and the reading of the last issued always excites a thirst for the one that may be coming. Capt. Reid never loses a reader; but on the contrary, gains many with every new effort of his genius; since his first book was issued from the press his readers have went on increasing in number, until he is known far and wide, and his books read by all classes, both on this and the other side of the Atlantic. The *WAR TRAIL* is even of a higher order than some of his preceding works, and is, in our opinion, the best among the many excellent books with which he has instructed, amused and delighted his legions of admirers.

CHILE CON CARNE, or the Camp and the Field. By S. Compton Smith, M.D., Acting Surgeon with General Taylor's Division in Mexico. New York, Miller & Curtis.

This is a book of incidents, accidents and adventures in the Mexican Campaign. Most of the sketches have before appeared in the periodicals of the day, but the author has here given them in a more finished and connected style. It contains several spirited illustrations and is a readable and interesting book, but will be looked upon by most general readers of current literature as a "twice told tale."

We have received from Horace Waters, a new free-soil song, entitled: "We pitch our tents on the Old Camp Ground." A few ideas in a few verses sung in a few days," by a few of the Tribe of Jesse." Though no musician we think it is a capital song, and bound to become popular.

BLACKWOOD for July has been issued by the American publishers. It contains No. 2 of "New Sea Side Studies," the continuation of Bulwer's new novel "What will he do with it?" an article on the life of Charles the Fifth; No. 3 of Scenes of Clerical Life; reviews of the Lives of Charlotte Bronte and Sir Charles J. Napier; and an excellent article on Colonial Representation.

Correspondence of the Middlesex Journal.
LETTER FROM EASTHAM CAMP-MEETING.

Embarkation at Southwick. — Passage over — Getting on Shore. — First Day. — Regulations. Eastham, Aug. 13, 1857.

My Dear Journal:—About 9 o'clock, a.m., on Tuesday morning, I found myself on Sandwich beach, in company with quite a large number of ladies and gentlemen, bound for the camp-ground at Eastham. Owing to its being low tide, the vessel—a staunch little schooner, under command of Captain Freeman Cahoon,—could not approach nearer than within about forty rods of the shore. A boat had, therefore, to be put in requisition, to gain which we were obliged to mount the shoulders of some stalwart sailors,—real good natured fellows they were,—who took you laughingly through the surf and damped you into the boat with as little trouble as possible. The ladies, not liking the backing process, were carried through the surf by horses and carts, and were then very safely and pleasantly put on board—safely and pleasantly, it once called safe and pleasant in a leaky boat, which is now here and then stern pointing to the sky. About half way over the vessel was becalmed, which circumstance brought us to Eastham just at low tide, when the horse and carriage and backing process had to be gone through with. At ten o'clock, however, all hands and the baggage are ved safely to the camp-ground. And then the usual music of preparation for the night's rest commenced, furnishing some highly ludicrous incidents that served to keep the company in a roar, tired and jaded as they were.

At an early hour the next morning the camp was stirring lively, and by twelve o'clock the rules of the grounds have been and will continue to be, as follows:—At 5.30, a.m., the encampment arise. Breakfast is served at 7.30. Prayer-meeting in the tent at 8 o'clock. Public service at the stand in the grove at 10 o'clock. Dinner at 12 m. Tent meetings at 1 p.m. Public services again at 2. Tent meetings at 5 o'clock. Supper at 5.30. Public meeting at 7.30. At ten o'clock the company retire for the night, and order is enforced. At the present writing there are but very few outside arrangements. In next week's letter, I will give you a more detailed account of the doings. The committee are conducting things admirably, and every one seems to be very well satisfied with their arrangements, and the manner in which they are being carried out.

Destructive Tornado.

BUILDINGS DESTROYED IN READING.

The storm of Thursday evening caused a great amount of destruction in Reading, and also, it is feared in other towns north of this. Portentous looking clouds began to gather about seven o'clock, with occasional vivid flashes of lightning, and strong wind, which increased until nearly nine o'clock, when a fearful tornado burst upon our neighboring town in all its fury, laying waste houses, orchards and crops. We have not heard of any loss of life, though some persons were injured by the lightning. We extract the following from a correspondent of the *Traveller*:—

The house of Mr. George C. Conly, at "Hill End," a spot about a mile south of the depot, was partially demolished by a large tree being blown through it. An orchard of young trees, covering about an acre of land, near this house, was completely destroyed. The chimneys of Keuben Nichols' house, in the same locality, were blown through the roof. A large two and a half story house belonging to Mr. Converse, was lifted up from the under-pinning, and carried about six feet from its foundation, and set down but little injured.

The house of Deacon Thomas H. Sweetser, where our informant was stopping at the time of the tornado, was very much damaged.—An "L" about 30 feet long by 20 feet width, and two stories high, occupied as a shoe manufactory, with the exception of one room, used as a sleeping room, was blown down and crushed to "impalpable powder." The main part of the building was raised from the foundation about a foot, and let down again, rising in its old quarters after rocking about ten minutes. All the lights were of course extinguished, chairs and tables performed fantastic tricks, as though under the influence of the inhabitants of the spirit land, and the nine persons who occupied the house at the time were filled with consternation. A young man had almost at the instant when the tornado struck the house, stepped from the "L" into the adjoining room where the family were, and thus probably was saved from death.

The roof of a barn belonging to Mr. John Alden, also in this vicinity, was taken from the building and dropped on the ground some distance from its ancient position.

About a quarter of a mile south of this neighborhood, the roof of a large two and a half story house was blown off, and a lady whose name our informant was unable to learn was severely injured by being struck on the head by fragments of the roof which fell in. In the same neighborhood no less than four barns were blown down and a horse belonging to Mr. Green was killed.

It is not unlikely that north of the place above mentioned great damage may have been caused, and perhaps even loss of life, though from the lateness of the hour, we are unable to obtain further particulars.

The tornado was apparently about half a mile in breadth, and came from a point a little north of west and passed to the south-east.

In Stoneham, which is south-east of our informant's point of observation, but little, if any, damage was done. This is the second violent tornado which has visited Middlesex County this season—the first, it will be recollected, took place at Tewksbury a few weeks since.

ACCIDENT.—A cow belonging to Mr. Luke Fowle had a hind leg broken by coming in collision with the 7 o'clock train on Wednesday evening. She had to be made beef of. It appears that some persons were in Mr. Fowle's pasture berrying, and in coming out, carelessly left the gate open, by which the cow got out on the track.

REAL ESTATE.—William Winn, Esq., sold on Tuesday last, the residence of H. W. Clark, on Warren street, with two acres of land attached, for \$7,115.34, being one dollar over the amount secured on the property by mortgage. Eli Jones, Esq., was the purchaser.

Correspondence of the Middlesex Journal.

Matters and things in New York.

New York, Aug. 11, 1857.

Our Burdell tragedy is growing into a melodrama of such startling power as surpasses all the efforts of French playwrights. The first horror of blood-stains has worn off from the affair, and we see only a bad woman entangling herself every day more deeply in the meshes by which guilt is ever encircled. Counterfeiting babies is not an entirely new dodge, but this last master stroke of Mrs. Cunningham is hideously novel. Everybody has revived all the old interest in 31 Bond st., and the operations of Police Commissioners and all the other trifles which have occupied our attention, are hustled into the background.

The city is now empty of citizens and full of strangers. Southern and Western merchants crowd the hotels and theatres. A few amusements are kept up for their benefit, the chief of which is the series of promenade concerts commenced at the Academy of Music by Mr. Stuart, the lessee of Wallack's Theatre. These are conducted on a monster scale, and beat Julien hollow. Business is getting brisk. Cotton is up and cottons are down. The same may be remarked of all raw material and manufactured fabrics. This state of things result from excessive manufacture and importation. Sage newspapers advise the mills to stop running or diminish production, when any business man knows that half the manufacturers in the country are neck deep in debt to the commission merchants, who sell their goods, and are obliged to keep making and sending on goods, even at heavy loss, in order to sustain their credit and avoid failure. Reports from private sources speak most encouragingly of the condition of all the Southern crops, with the exception of corn, which has hardly turned the corner yet. Hemp, sugar and wheat, in the South and Southwest, are said to be in splendid condition.

The Police Commissioners have reached the 599th balloting without coming any nearer than before to filling the vacancy. Meanwhile, everything dangles by the heels. The city itself is becoming contemptuous, refuses to pay half the bills which swindling contractors present for approval, and, per consequence, such of the City Hall property as is moveable, is carted off every day by constables. Yesterday Gov. Seward and Jack Hay's portraits were taken to the auction room. All this part of the world seems to be rapidly obtaining the character of a den of thieves.

All kinds of "excursions for the million" are just now in full cry. Barge-shaped propellers, like the Mississippi craft, are puffing about in all directions, loaded with ecstatic foreigners, capering to the music of wheezy violins. Out of town houses, in Yonkers, or all along the North and East rivers, are beleaguered all day by excursions, who look upon the country in general as a kind of open lot, which may be squatted upon by anybody until it is taken up with brick rectangles. The suburban residents find it perfectly absurd to attempt fruit raising, as their apples, pears and peaches are carried off "in the green," to be hawked through the Five Points at "two cents a quart." A friend of ours, who had been bringing forward with much care and hoing, a five acre lot of early potatoes, sent out his farm laborer the other day to disinter the mealy treasures and gather them in. Patrick found that the vines came out remarkably easy; the hills had all been cleared out, filled up again, and the rootless vines reinserted, so that the casual observer would discover nothing out of the way, though the whole five acres had been dug over during several nights previous and totally despoiled. This only proved the truth of Sam Slick's handy remark, that "some things can be done as well as others."

SOUTH READING.

SABBATH SCHOOL EXCURSION.—Thursday

last week was appointed by the South Reading Baptist Sabbath School for an excursion of pleasure. And what a time of anxiety among the little folks was Wednesday, the preparation day. How they did watch the flitting vane and flying clouds! "Ah! see! the wind has changed! it is now west of north!" "Yes, but then it went the wrong way—it backed down, and won't stay there long." "No matter for that, it's there, and probably went the way it did, because it was the nearest—hope for the best."

Well, night came, and so did the morning, and the wind had made its easy passage back to the east again. Faces were again upturned to find blue sky enough for a prudent tailor to make a good sized garment of. One very little girl declared it would be a pleasant day, "for," said she, "God loves the Sabbath School and won't let it rain." Others were not so confident, remembering how it is written, "he sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust," and thought possibly the promise might be verified that day. But it was the little girl that had the faith, and she obtained the blessing. The day proved to be a lovely one for the occasion, and how it was spent shall soon be told.

The party started from the vestry about half past eight in the morning with five large teams, procured in this town, from Reading and Malden, and about twenty-five private carriages; the five carrying from 30 to 40 each, and the others from 2 to 6 each; in all, calculated to be some 300 or upwards. Our course was through Melrose, Saugus and Lynn to Bass Point, thence to Nahant proper, encircling the Stone Hotel, then home again, through Lynn woods, passing Lynnfield Hotel on the way, making a distance of about 33 miles.

But this distance was not traversed so rapidly as we have described it. Having made previous arrangements with Mr. Clifford at Bass Point, we occupied "Luscomb field" for nearly five hours, with our party and fifty horses, carriages, &c. It was a lively scene until they separated to find pleasure in fishing, swinging, and climbing the hills to tempt the rising tide, and many objects which serve to fill up a beautiful picture. At 12 o'clock, or a little after, they began to reassemble to partake of the bountiful supply of refreshments, which had brought up the rear in a separate carriage. After "they all did eat and were filled," not only were "seven baskets full of fragments taken up," but fourteen boxes and baskets remained unopened, which subsequently were found to be filled with choicest dainties. These were taken care of on the way home. Having passed the village of Lynn, and the usual team times arrived, the carriages came to a stand, and the cake and other niceties were passed around in true wedding style. What remained after this repast was promptly distributed on the coming day. It was past 8 o'clock in the evening when the company entered the village, singing, and with merry hearts.—Thus passed the day. Everything was delightful, not forgetting the half hour's tarry on the long beach on our return. The arrangements were complete and well carried out. Uniform good order and quiet prevailed through the long day, and became the subject of frequent remark. To say they were pleased, would be too tame an expression to indicate the popular feeling. It was a delightful occasion, anticipations being more than realized.

This school is not sustained by excitement, although it occasionally seeks it. It was organized in 1818, and has had but few picnics or excursions, yet steadily prospered. At the Sabbath School Convention held in June last, it reported 307 members, including teachers and pupils, embracing all ages. May it continue to increase in members and welcome many to its folds who now have no connection with any Sabbath School.

BIRDS.—There was a picnic at Green's Grove on Saturday afternoon for singing, dancing and other amusements. Rev. Mr. Barnes of Stoneham, preached in the Grove at Greenwood on Sabbath evening to a large congregation; for next Sabbath evening, Rev. Mr. Fuller of Reading is engaged. Rev. Mr. Van Meter, of New York, spoke in the Congregational Church on Sabbath afternoon, on the subject of the "Five Points Mission." James Eustis sold at auction on Wednesday afternoon, the Real Estate of F. F. Wade situated at the corner of Main and Ayon streets, P. C. Wheeler was the purchaser.

er.....The tax collector is around with his arms full of gifts. The citizens are much more pleased to see him than to see the tax-bills which he presents.

PRACHING IN THE GROVE.—Last it might be supposed that the meeting in the Grove at Greenwood every Sabbath evening is a substitute for the usual Sabbath evening meetings in the village, it may be proper to say that it is an additional meeting. We are a church going people, and at two of the churches, third meetings on the Sabbath are always held, and generally fully attended.—A meeting in Greenwood accommodates many who would not go so far as the village to a third service, and some who may not attend any other meeting at all.

INSTALLATION.—We had hopes to give a brief report of the very interesting services at the installation of the Rev. J. B. Johnson, over the Congregational Church and Society of this place, on Wednesday afternoon; but, as we could not readily obtain the names or residences of the clergymen who took part on the occasion, and, as, also, the exercises occurred on the afternoon of the day we close our report for the Journal, we shall be excused for the omission.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Friend Pippy.—Having a few moments to spare from "my most lucrative business," I know of no better way of improving them than by contributing my mite towards your most valuable paper. This I will do by your permission, so here goes. Our citizens have been and are struck with Nahant Picnic, which is proving fatal to the pockets of many. The other day a small party took a trip to Nahant, from the vicinity of Slab Village, starting at about 4 o'clock, a.m., arriving at the sea-shore at 7 o'clock. After strolling around and visiting the numerous curiosities, among which were the *Spouting Horn*, *Sealions' Cave*, *Pulpit Rock*, and *Glen Retreat*, their appetites were pretty keen, so keen that they called into Johnson's, where a table was set in readiness for them. That they did ample justice to the delicious viands set before them you will need no assurance. After dinner, having chartered a boat, they took a sail to *Eggs Rock*, where they received every attention from the keeper. Stopping here a short time they again launched forth upon the briny deep; after catching a goodly number of fish they returned to the shore, when they were invited to visit Mr. Tabor's Garden. The gentlemanly gardener seeming determined that they should have a good time. After tea they took a drive down round the stone house, where their ears were delighted with the sweet music discoursed from an excellent band. At about 8 o'clock, p.m., they started for home, where they arrived in safety some time during the night, a sleepy set. On Saturday the North and West parts of the town were thrie represented. On Wednesday, the 12th instant, the Dragon Corner and Button End people made their annual excursion to this beautiful spot, and, if we may judge from the smiling countenances seen as they returned, had a merry time. One thing is certain, they did not have many of the Wood-End people to molest or make them afraid, or to eat all their fish cheerily.

A pedestrian party of six left here at four o'clock, p.m., to walk to Lynn and put up at the Sagamore House, thence to proceed in the morning to Nahant Beach and thence home through Boston.

The Rev. Peter Sanborn died on the 8th inst., at his residence, at the advanced age of 91 years. The deceased was ordained pastor of the first congregational church in this place, June 7th, 1790, and retired from active ministerial duties in 1820. Two sons succeeded him in the ministry. The Rev. Plevy Fiske Sanborn is settled in the State of New York, Rev. George E. Sanborn in Georgia, Vermont. His funeral was attended at the Bethesda church, on the 12th inst. Rev. W. Barrows offered prayer, and Rev. Lyman Whiting preached the sermon.

Old Mrs. Abigail Weston has been attacked with the palsy, but is recovering slowly.

Mrs. anon, St. Clair.

Reading, August 7.

STONEHAM.

A VETERAN.—The veterans of '76 are becoming almost extinct. Soon the last eye shall be closed in death that witnessed the battles which gained us the liberty we now enjoy. How closely then should we cling to the last lingering relics of "the times that tried men's souls," in '76 as well as in '12.

It was with a feeling of gratification that a few days since we had the pleasure of listening to the personal narrative of one of our own townsmen, who served with credit to himself and town in the war of 1812, and as we thought it might not be uninteresting to some of the readers of the *Journal*, we here insert it.

Alanson Noble, the subject of this article, was born in Stoneham, May 25th, 1789, and is consequently 77 years of age; he resided in Stoneham, following the vocation of a farmer, until war broke out with Great Britain. On the 22d of June, 1812, he enlisted at Orange, N. J., in the U. S. Army, for a term of eighteen months, in the 3d Co. of the 15th Regiment of Infantry, Col. Pike commanding. He joined the regiment shortly after at Staten Island; in a few days

early in February, when the regiment was ordered to Sackett's Harbor to join the command of Gen. Dearborn. The army was then ordered to Grenadier Island, in the St. Lawrence, preparatory to invading Lower Canada. As soon as concentrated, the troops embarked in gun boats, batteaux, rafts, &c., they were obliged, so says my informant, to pass Fort Prescott, which they did on a bright moon-light night, the batteries of the fort discharging 1854 shot, besides shells, at them, without stopping a boat, and killing but two men. Sergeant Noble came near losing his life while engaged in pulling at one of the bow cars of a gun boat, a shot from the fort carried away his hat from his head and damaged the butts of some guns that were standing in the bow with the bayonets down. The army effected a landing about three miles below Fort Prescott, on the Canada side, and marched down to opposite French's Mills, encountering the enemy, with whom they had many skirmishes. They then crossed over to French's Mills and united with Gen. Scott, and engaged a superior force of the enemy, and, as it is well known, defeated them; this occurred in November. The time of Sergeant Noble's enlistment having expired, he was given an honorable discharge. During the time he was attached to the 15th Reg., it was reduced in numbers from 1000 strong, to four hundred, by sickness and battle; it received the name of the "bloody fifteenth." Sergt. Noble fought as a volunteer at the battle of Plattsburg, and then returned to Stoneham, where he has since resided, following the vocation of a day laborer. If time and space would permit, we would gladly give a more elaborate account of his personal adventures, but as it is, we give way for the present.

WINCHESTER.

(For the Middlesex Journal.)

OUR INSTITUTIONS.

By Philander P. Phil, Q. D.

No. 1.—The Stoneham Branch. (By private request.)

The Stoneham Branch is an Institution well known to most of the dwellers in this vicinity—most too well known to some of them. Ask a Winchester man what is meant by the Stoneham Branch, and he will laugh at your ignorance. Don't know what the Stoneham Branch is? Why, where have you lived all of your life? Well, if you don't know, I will be happy to inform you. The Stoneham Branch is one of our "peculiar institutions,"—a very prominent institution, a capital institution. Here is invested a large amount of the capital of our citizens. This capital constitutes a sinking fund, to which more is added from time to time.

A few years ago, some good people, after heating their brains with great vigor, and losing many precious hours of sleep, in the anxious consideration of the problem, in what manner they might facilitate the growth of this then thriving village,—at the same time having an eye to the "main chance,"—gave it as their deliberate and candid opinion that the increase and enlargement of this town, particularly, and the towns of Stoneham, Medford, Somerville, Charlestown and Boston, generally, would be amazingly accelerated by the construction of a Railroad connecting Stoneham and Boston, via Winchester and Medford, per B. & T. R. R.

Accordingly, these disinterested men passed a subscription paper among their friends, and soon obtained a goodly number of signatures appended thereto. Then, a petition was presented to the Legislature setting forth the merits of their project and its bearing upon the interests of the towns through which the road must pass,—guess it did bear upon the interests of these towns,—its mighty influence upon the welfare of the State, and the world at large. And at the close of this very meek and "humble supplication," the humble petitioners, as in duty bound, would pray—"So."

A kind and beneficent Legislature, in consideration of the humble request of these petitioners, and in view of the great advantages which must inevitably result to the community, the State, and the world, from the progress of these devout petitioners, and from the completion of their magnificent scheme, were pleased to grant them a charter, armed with a work of dire devastation among orchards and c-rn-fields.

For a while the work went on smoothly; the work of excavation and innovation progressed. Brighton Market was flooded with customers for nine-penny horses, "fray-craters," "soul" an' "kine in the harness or out of it." Irishmen were in great demand. Note! About this time many articles of domestic wear mysteriously disappeared from clothes-lines, where they had been hung—and tip carts were all the rage. "The Branch" really seemed to flourish. Rash young men—and some more elderly,—invested largely, bought land upon each side of the proposed route, and were apparently on the high road to fortune.

But, one morning the work stopped. The *Mickles* were leading about the streets, and the nine-penny horse had a resting place. What was the matter? The contractor had discovered that a change of air would benefit his health, and forgot to transfer the funds of the company from his pocket to theirs. And thus the whole project proved a failure. The charter of the company has expired, the owners of land lying upon each side of the road are taking the gravel to fill up their low land, and the "Stoneham Branch" is a hissing and a bye-word among men.

Winchester, Aug. 1857.

Wm. Wells Brown,
—AN AGENT OF THE—
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
Will lecture on
AMERICAN SLAVERY,
—IN THE—
Town Hall, Woburn,
On Sunday Evening, August 16th, 1857,
Commencing at 7 1/2 o'clock.
The Public are respectfully invited to attend.
Woburn, Aug. 14, 1857.

Special Notices.

NOTICE.

BY order of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, the office will be open for receiving deposits every Wednesday and Saturday from 4 until 6 o'clock, P. M.

JAMES N. DOW, Secretary.

Warren Academy.

The fall term of this Institution will commence on Monday, August 18, and continue fourteen weeks, for the charge of John J. Lafla, A. M., Principal. A class will be formed for those intending to become teachers, before which frequent lectures will be given by the Principal in Normal literature.

Tuition, in Common English, &c., \$5 50
" Latin, &c., &c., 7 50
" Greek, &c., &c., 8 50
" French, &c., &c., 9 50
Tuition received invariably in advance.

B. CUTTES, M. D., Sec. Board of Trustees.
Hon. G. W. WARREN, of Charlestown, President.
July 18.—16.

WANTED.

WANTED in the Journal Printing Office, a smart, intelligent boy, of fair education, to learn the business. One whose parents reside in Woburn Centre preferred.

Removal!

DR. T. RICKARD has removed from his former residence, on Pleasant Street, to the new residence on the right hand side of Bennett Street, nearly opposite Dr. Clough's.

Woburn, April 4, 1857.—16.

Every one should read Dr. Bliss' Advertisement to the citizens of Woburn and vicinity, to be found in another column, as well as his succeeding advertisements, which will appear from week to week in this paper. They will interest not only invalids but well persons, and will be found to contain medical essays, replete with new ideas and much that will interest as regards the more common of the chronic diseases. His views will no doubt to a great many be entirely new and novel, and as they do many particulars from the old "vulgar" belief as regards the cause and treatment of disease.

HARREL, RISLEY & KITCHEN,
Importers and Wholesale Druggists, New York.
August 15.—16.

Dr. Wm. R. Hayden's Improved Family Pills.
Dover, Jan. 4, 1849.

Dear Sir,—We are happy to say that your pills are universally liked in this region of the country. We have not as yet heard a single complaint. Please send us twelve dozen boxes immediately.

Respectfully yours,
DANIEL LOTHROP & Co.

AGENTS:—Elbridge Trull and B. W. Conant, Woburn; E. F. Whittier, Stoneham; Josiah Hovey, Winchester; Charles E. Locke, So. Reading.

DIED.

In Woburn, 10th inst., George Henry, infant child of Walter and Mary Wilgory, aged 9 days.

No. 1.

RISLEY'S
COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT OF
BUCHU.

AN INVALUABLE REMEDY IN ALL DISEASES OF THE URINARY ORGANS.

It is scarce necessary to remark upon the popularity of this remedial preparation, from the fact of its general use and the consequent supposition that the people are well posted as regards its medicinal virtues. The proprietors would however take occasion to advert to the fact that the formula for its preparation is the result of the combined suggestions of several eminent Physicians, who, finding that in their practice they were daily in want of a preparation of the kind that could be relied upon, and that the formula by which this preparation is made, and placed in the hands of the consumer, is the result of the combined efforts of years in its application. Its true value and its efficacy are fully established and known to thousands in every section of the country. In all diseases of the

KIDNEYS, BLADDER AND UTERUS, it has proved itself so far superior to every other preparation of the kind that the demand very far exceeds any other "patent" preparation now in the market; for

Pain in Back and Loins;
Leucorrhoea or Whites;
Gonorrhoea or Gleet;
Sanguineous, Pus, Gravel;
Obstructions, &c., &c., &c., &c.

is one of the best, if not the most reliable preparation now before the people, so also in

NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS
And all Improper and Debilitating Discharges from the External Organs, which have proved the cause and base of the ruin of so many thousands. It is a remedy in which every reliance may be placed; for its curative properties in these diseased conditions have been so fully established, and its efficacy so generally known, that it is almost impossible to doubt its value.

For sale by many druggists peculiar to females it stands pre-eminent above all others; and its curative effects in this class of diseases has perhaps secured more than in any other, the greatest and the widest popular popularity and notoriety that it now enjoys. For sale by Druggists through out the country. Price One Dollar.

HARREL, RISLEY & KITCHEN,
Wholesale Druggists, 70 Barclay Street, New York.
August 15.—16.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING!

MRS. CUTTER
Would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity, that she has taken the store formerly occupied by John F. Pippy, Woburn Book Store, for the purpose of keeping a good assortment of
Children's Clothing & Furnishing GOODS

of every desirable style and quality, such as Jackets, Pants, Hats and Caps, Misses' Baubles, Caps, Dresses, &c.

A desirable assortment of
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Ladies' Wholesale Skirts, Corsets, Merino Vests, Cotton and Silk Threads, Buttons, Trimmings, &c.
Particular attention paid to Cutting and Making Children's Clothes.

Mrs. Cutter would also inform the Ladies that she will give personal attention to Baubles, Baubles, Vests and Dress Making, in all their branches. Good fits warranted at all cases. Woburn, July 18th, 1857.

WAS A LADY

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VOUS DEBILITY, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow-sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing stamp to pay return postage, Mrs. N. B. D. S. P. Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free, by next post, July 18.—16.

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Ladies' Wholesale Skirts, Corsets, Merino Vests, Cotton and Silk Threads, Buttons, Trimmings, &c.
Particular attention paid to Cutting and Making Children's Clothes.

Mrs. Cutter would also inform the Ladies that she will give personal attention to Baubles, Baubles, Vests and Dress Making, in all their branches. Good fits warranted at all cases. Woburn, July 18th, 1857.

WAS A LADY
WHO HAD BEEN OF GREAT NEB-
VOUS DEBILITY, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow-sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing stamp to pay return postage, Mrs. N. B. D. S. P. Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free, by next post, July 18.—16.

SUMMER GOODS.
The Subscriber would inform the citizens of Woburn and vicinity, that he has taken the store formerly occupied by John F. Pippy, Woburn Book Store, for the purpose of keeping a good assortment of
Children's Clothing & Furnishing GOODS

of every desirable style and quality, such as Jackets, Pants, Hats and Caps, Misses' Baubles, Caps, Dresses, &c.

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Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1857.

A few words on "THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS" will be in season at this period of the year. From all parts of this highly favored and prosperous nation—from East and West, North and South, comes cheering accounts of harvest prospects. Even here in New England, where factories, and mills, and work-shops absorb so much of the productive labor, the yield of agricultural products will this year be very large. It does one's soul good to ride through the country and see the noble fields of golden grain and ripening tubers that meet his eyes on every turn. "Never before has the crops been better" is the universal cry, not only in the states of the Union, but in Canada and the other Provinces. From Europe, too, we hear accounts of abundant crops equally flattering. At last, after the harvest had commenced, and so favorable were the prospects that in the interior of England the price of wheat had fallen five shillings (\$1.25) per quarter. Reports from Scotland and Ireland state that the fields never promised a more abundant yield than they now do. In France, Switzerland and all the German States the price of bread-stuffs was rapidly declining under the almost certain prospect of more than average crops. The wheat fields of Russia are not reported, but it is fair to presume that they are covered with a like abundance. If the weather continues favorable for harvest operations until the crops are all gathered in, the price of food must rule lower in this country and in Europe than it has for several years. The abundance of grain, corn and potatoes, and the luxuriance of the green crops, ought also to insure a favorable result in the prices of meat and the produce of the dairy.

This promise of universal plenty, after three years of unprecedentedly high prices, will be a happy relief to the tens of thousands of working men whose families have experienced how hard a thing it is to live when wages are low and employment scarce, and a six cent loaf costs ninepence. With this teeming supply of the staple articles of man's consumption, living must become easier, times better and money plentier.

That the people may enjoy this superabundance, and reap the benefits which our mother earth so gratefully yields, for the natural wants and necessities of her sons and daughters, one enemy has to be overcome—an enemy that for late years has been the bane and curse of the country—"Moxoroly." This fellow is the working-man's most bitter and potent enemy—the enemy of every fair-dealing, honest and true-hearted citizen;—his hand is against every man and every man's hand ought to be against him. But unfortunately for the human family at large Mr. Moxoroly is the darling and much cherished friend of a small number of the sons of Adam; nefarious men who live in large cities, and by the aid of innumerable chartered "Banking Institutions" spread all over the country—without which Moxoroly would be powerless—buy up, forestall and hoard away the fruits of the earth, until but a small quantity is left in the hands of the producers. And then these very big men (sometimes misnamed "merchant princes") with very long purses, and very big as well as very little Banks at their backs, having full control of the market, dole out the corn, the grain, the flour, and the sugar at prices so exorbitant that the poor starve and the moderately well off are made poor by the increased expense of living. Such is the system of monopoly practised of late,—the miserable effects of a practice so abominable wicked it would be impossible to imagine, or to describe if known. This universal enemy should therefore be overcome and trampled in the dust; how, we know not, except by a reform of the banking system; or, by a power more potent than man's, by the will of Providence in sending a crop so abundant that both the monopolizers and the Banks would be irretrievably swamped in their attempts to keep it out of the fair reach of God's children. Should such a result happily come about, and it is not unlikely, with all our heart we would say, Amen!

The prospect of coming prosperity, so far as the most abundant yield of the fruits of the earth can be concerned, appears very favorable. The great season of plenty now almost at hand, even if there is no revival of business in our work shops and factories, must largely benefit the laboring class, by enabling them to procure a better supply of the necessities of life than they now get. But this harvest, if reports at home and from abroad are correct, will so largely increase the capital of the world, that there will be an abundance

of money sent into channels from which it is now drained; and capital, seeking for investment in manufacturing and building, must give employment to the laborer. Europe will to a very large extent, if not entirely, supply herself with bread; there is no great war going on to keep up prices; no prospect of a large foreign demand for breadstuffs.

It is a rather singular anomaly that a producing country should be well pleased that foreign nations are not in want of a staple which it raises in such abundance; but so it is with the largest and most important part of the population, and must be, until the necessities of life are supplied to the consumer at fair and honest profits to the producer and merchant.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—A jury was empanelled by John Nelson, Esq., coroner, on Friday last, to hold an inquest on the body of Angelina E. Ordway, the little girl killed near the depot, by being run over by the engine on the 8th inst. A large number of witnesses were examined as to how, when and where she came to her death, and also as to the best means of preventing like accidents in future. After patient investigation the jury rendered the following verdict and recommendation:

"That the deceased died at or about nine o'clock P. M., on Saturday, August 8, 1857. That her death was caused by her attempting to run across the railroad track in advance of the engine, as a train was approaching, near a switch in the yard of the Woburn Centre Depot of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, at about 9 o'clock P. M., on the said Saturday, when she came in contact with the engine, and received mortal injury. We find that the engineer and others employed on the train are not in any respect blameable for this accident."

JOHN C. BRACKETT
JOHN J. PIPPEY
L. L. WHITNEY
W. T. GLENN
EDWARD SIMMONS
P. L. CONVERSE
Jury of Inquest.

And whereas it has been disclosed by the evidence on this inquest, that a number of young children are in the daily habit of running across the track on the approach of the engines, jumping on the cars on the arrival and departure of trains, and playing in and about the Centre Depot and railroad track, whereby their lives are much endangered—as is seen by the recent sad and fatal accident—we therefore recommend the parents of these children—for their own sake and their children's safety—use their best endeavors to prohibit this dangerous practice. We are of opinion that the employees of the road ought to be more diligent in keeping children away from the premises, and should not allow them to ride upon the engines; and also, that the case in several instances, as has been the case in several instances, and also, that the due enforcement, by the Railroad Corporation, of the statute prohibiting persons from walking on the tracks, would greatly lessen the liability to such accidents.

We listened with much pleasure to the powerful denunciation of American slavery, and the eloquent pleadings in behalf of liberty and enslaved Americans, delivered by WM. WELLS BROWN, in the Town Hall, on Sunday evening. Mr. Brown, in his public addresses, is fluent, animated and energetic, and at times pours forth a stream of eloquence that carries his audience irresistibly wherever he listeth. In listening to him you pity the man and deplore the condition of his fallen race, while you were charmed with the recital of their and his own personal wrongs. It is talked of to get Mr. Brown to recite one of his Dramas in Woburn.

The weather of the week now at a close has been cool enough for the last days of October; in fact we often have warmer and pleasanter weather in the early part of November. Weather-wise people prophecy that we shall have a warm and late fall, but prophecies of that kind don't always prove correct. Not having consulted "Thomson's Almanac" on the subject, we decline giving our opinion at present, but hope for the best and fine weather till after Thanksgiving. A mild state of the atmosphere in November and December will save a good many dollars in the cost of the winter's fuel. That is something of a consideration, and a good reason for wishing that the Clerk of the weather may allow the little streak of mercury in our thermometers to hover about the fifties and sixties as long as possible.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—Messrs. Scott & Co. have re-published the Westminster Review for July. Its contents are as follows:—1. Ancient Political Economy. 2. English Courts of Law. 3. Suicide in Life and Literature. 4. French Politics, Past and Present. 5. The Sonnets of Shakespeare. 6. Manifest Destiny of the American Union. 7. The Testimony of the Rocks. 8. Naples and Diplomatic Intervention. 9. The Life of George Stephenson. Contemporary Literature.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—Our thanks are due to Honorable Henry Wilson for a copy of the second volume of "Explorations and Surveys for a Railroad Route from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean." An excellent book on a most interesting subject, and issued in a style suitable for any library.

The Prevalence of Crime.

The moral feelings and sense of the people must be astounded and alarmed by the great prevalence of crime in all parts of the country. Crimes of the most revolting description, devilish in conception and diabolical in execution, are fearfully prevalent. Not a paper that reaches us in which we do not read of from one to half a dozen murders, and other atrocious crimes, committed within the week and chronicled in all their horrid details. Murders by all possible means and in all conceivable ways, by poison, by strangulation, with bludgeons, shooting-irons and butcher knives; in daylight and in darkness; of foes, friends, wives, husbands, parents and children; suicides, rapes, seductions, burglaries and arson—have apparently become of so frequent occurrence that every day brings to light a crime of horrible barbarity. The lesser, yet still heinous, crimes committed fall so thick and fast upon us that they are passed over without note or comment—swallowed up in the greater atrocities which daily shock the public mind. Here is a short chapter of crimes taken from a single number of a daily penny paper published yesterday; and almost every day produces a like fearful record:—

In Tiverton, R. I., on Monday last, a little daughter of Mr. Stephen Grinnell was ravished by a young man named Wilcox, who allured her into the woods and there by force accomplished his fiendish purpose. He has been committed to Newport jail for trial.

A sad case of seduction and suicide has occurred in Newark; N. J., which has caused great excitement in that city. A girl named Anna Marshall, aged about 23 years, a member and Sunday school teacher of the Methodist Church in that city, was seduced a few weeks ago by a man named Ward, a communicant of the Baptist Church in Newark. Terrified at her position, she took arsenic on Friday last and died. Ward is 35 years of age, a hatter by trade, and has a wife and two children residing in Newark.

While a Frenchman named La Fleur, was being tried before a justice in Woburn, on Monday last, for an assault with intent to commit rape, one of his countrymen, named Martin, entered his house and attempted the same offence upon the (La Fleur's) daughter, a little girl ten years of age. Her cries brought assistance, and the scoundrel fled. A vigilance committee was formed, consisting of something over a hundred, who proceeded to search for the offender, and after finding him, with due deliberation gave him an impartial trial, which resulted in the application of a coat of black paint, applied thoroughly to all parts of his body with a common paint brush.

The township of Grattan, in Canada West, was the theatre of a most diabolical murder on the 8th inst. Three ruffians entered the house of Alexander Simpson, a farmer, and before leaving murdered all its inmates, comprising Mr. Simpson, a Mrs. Noble and two daughters. A young man named Bossie, who was attracted to the house by their cries, was also butchered. No clue to the assassins has been obtained.

At Longueuil, C. W., on the night of the 3d inst., two French girls were seized by four men and their bodies covered with tar. The women were so badly injured that, it is thought, if their lives are saved their eyesight will be destroyed. Four employees on the Grand Trunk Railroad have been arrested and identified as the guilty parties.

A FRENCHMAN.—The wife of Wm. McCormick, of Mobile, has preferred a complaint against him for violating the person of her daughter, his step-daughter, aged about 11 years.

John King, of Hancock, Mass., a native of Maine, committed suicide in Pittsfield, last Thursday, by hanging himself.

DISGRACEFUL AFFAIR AT MIDDLEFIELD.—The Springfield Republican learns from a correspondent at Middlefield, the following particulars of a brutal wife-beating: It seems that on Saturday morning last, an Irish switch-tender named Daniel Fowler, in the employ of the Western Railroad, beat his son, a lad of about fourteen years, very severely, and then knocked his wife down, cutting her face badly, stamped upon her, and afterwards endeavored to put her into the stove, an operation which his children fortunately prevented. He then left the house and his wife fled to a neighbor's, and the alarm being given, Fowler was arrested. On Monday he was brought before John L. Bell, fined five dollars and costs, and put under bonds to keep the peace for six months.

In addition to the above we find recorded in the same paper twenty-four cases of crime, ranging from manslaughter to larceny, the petty cases before the Police Court not included.

Where the end of all this is to be it is impossible to predict.

RARE CHANCE.—We call attention to the valuable building location, orchard, and meadow, advertised for sale in this day's paper. The building site is beautifully located and has natural advantages superior to any we know of.

The Unitarian Meeting House has been closed for the past three Sabbath days, thus giving the Pastor a summer vacation. It will be re-opened to-morrow.

We learn that Thomas J. Porter, Esq., has been appointed, by the Governor and Council, a coroner for Middlesex county.

The Watertown horse railroad carries over its track to the city, 5000 passengers a week, a large portion of whom used to come over the Fitchburg Railroad, which has discontinued running its branch to Watertown.

The Transatlantic Telegraph.

(For the Middlesex Journal.)

OUT-OF-DOOR-PREACHING.

A few sabbaths since I had the privilege of listening, for the first time, to a specimen of Parsons Cooke's preaching, in the city of Lynn, and to enjoy the same under rather novel circumstances. Indeed, the very peculiarity of the locality, and the surroundings, was one of the attractions drawing me, with others, to the spot, near the close of a warm summer-day. During the delivery of the discourse the officiating clergyman stood in the open window of a new and unfinished building, on the shady side of which a large audience was collected, some sitting in carriages, some on the ground, some upon hastily prepared seats, and a still larger number standing up without any apparent fatigue, during the entire service; the whole forming a more grotesque picture than I had ever seen at a Methodist camp-meeting, or a social picnic in the woods. This was one of a series of out-of-door sabbath gatherings successfully inaugurated a year ago by Dr. Co. Ke, principal editor of the "Patriot Recorder," and when thus addressing congregations, on the great hearing day of the people, he has more Scripture on his side than when "holding forth" in a dedicated church with its mahogany desk, cushioned pews, and trained orchestra, or than when enounced in his editorial sanctum, wielding "the pen of a ready writer," for the entertainment and instruction of numerous patrons throughout New England.

"The groves were God's first temples," says the Christian poet. The Almighty himself preached to our first parents in a garden; and subsequently through Moses to the children of Israel and "the rest of mankind," from the summit of Mount Sinai. The patriarchs and prophets had their best meetings in nature's grand cathedral. John the Baptist was an out-of-door-preacher, in the wilderness of Judea, when heralding the coming of the Messiah, and, with the spirit and power of Elijah, blowing the trumpet of salvation.—The Son of Man, the world's model preacher, and only Saviour, often chose the mountain side, and sometimes the thronged streets of Jerusalem, for his pulpit, wherefrom publicly to declare the momentarily important truths connected with his sublime mission to earth. While in primitive apostolic times, when the suzerainty of the church and the ministry was the greatest, the favorite places where "prayer was wont to be made" and effective sermons delivered, were places by the river-side, or on the hill-top, or in the tented grove.—See Acts 16: 13, and 17: 22.

As the Lynn apostle stood at that window already referred to, offering prayers, reading the Bible, and preaching the doctrines of the cross, I was reminded of the "angel standing in the sun," and of that other angel, seen in a prophetic vision, who is yet to fly swiftly through the midst of heaven entrusted with the publication of the everlasting gospel to the nations of our globe. But who would not rather be in the place of this modern preacher, than that of any angel we ever heard or read of with wings all golden and voice celestial? For the position of an ambassador of the King of kings, authorized and empowered to proclaim the messages of infinite grace and the wonders of Christ's redemption to deathless minds—candidates for immortality—is more noble and influential than that of any other created being. Hence the significance of Isaiah's words, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that preach the gospel, that bring good tidings, &c." And hence the truthfulness of Cowper's language:—

"There stands the messenger of truth; there stands

The legate of the skies: his theme divine, His office sacred, his credentials clear. By him the violated law speaks out Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace. He establishes the strong, restores the weak, Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart. And, armed himself in panoply complete Of heavenly tenure, furnishes with arms Bright as his own, and strains, by every rule Of holy discipline, to glorious war, The sacramental host of God's elect."

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The speaker took for his text, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else," and for about three-fourths of an hour held the undivided attention of his promiscuous auditors, with the exception of a few unruly children who needed the special care of parents or guardians. Although strongly Calvinistic in sentiment, he seemed on this occasion quite Methodist, in, in every zeal, 2d, in dispensing with the use of manuscript notes, and 3d, in preaching a free salvation within the reach of all. Most earnestly and eloquently, and somewhat like Whitfield of old, did he portray the boundless love of God to our entire race, the literal freeness and inexhaustible fulness of the rich provisions of his mercy in Jesus Christ; and not a few then and there listened to the faithful utterance of Divine Truth which seldom if ever find their way inside a sanctuary or any consecrated place of worship.

Verily "to the poor the gospel is preached" by one, who, though at times so much of a controversialist, has, nevertheless, much of primitive piety, sacred fire, and a missionary spirit. All honor to those, in city and country, who, with self-sacrificing ardor and a martyr-like devotion, cheerfully volunteer their services to carry the gospel of peace, love and good-will to such as choose not to go after it. These shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels. While they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the brightness of the firmament forever and ever.

Movements out of the common course, divergences from settled customs, and innovations upon established usages, are not unreasonably desirable for enlisting the attention, benefiting the minds, and saving the souls of some who might otherwise live and die as the brutes that perish. Let neither Parsons Cooke nor other persons be afraid to preach in a barn, or dwelling, or school house, or theatre, or even out-of-doors, if any individuals can thereby be profitably reached, who would else be in danger of remaining uncivilized and unchristianized, unbelieved and unsaved. And let none be so absorbed in foreign causes, and philanthropic enterprises abroad, however commendable and praiseworthy in themselves, as to overlook the vastly important subject of "Home Evangelization."

W. C. W.

Matters and things in New York.

(Correspondence of the Middlesex Journal.)

New York, Aug. 18, 1857.

Midsummer! the sun has come down upon us; no roofs can shelter, no blinds can screen us. We are moist with endless perspiration, and scathed by the bills of musquitos. Coolness, mental or physical, is the desideratum. To this end we indulge in harmless potatoes of Lager beer. Lager has become domesticated among us; the tutelary divinity of "Deutsches," once known only as a relative for ill-furnished stomachs and a companion of ill-flavored cheese, is now admitted freely into velvet paunches, and mingles gratefully with turtle and high wines.

Lager beer has become one of the institutions of Gotham. A newly-arrived Frenchman, taking observations among the Broadway shop-signs, was heard to exclaim: "Lager Beer! Lager Beer! how many of ze people is called Lager Beer!" The next volume of French "Notes on America," may be expected to contain some such remark as follows: "The cellars along the principal avenues of the metropolis of America, are occupied for business purposes, almost entirely by the extensive family of Lager Beer."

The town is quite deserted by fashionable residents, but is well filled with strangers, who keep the theatres and concert rooms afloat. Trade is getting active, with the south and southwest especially, though the west has not begun to buy largely. An immense stock of dry goods is pushed off to-day at auction. The auction sales are getting very popular among buyers, though the consignors of goods are not very much delighted at the "slaughtering" processes of these sales. Importers to whom goods are consigned care very little what they bring, so long as their five per cent is secured. Cotton is up and disposed to climb higher, though it will be impossible for manufacturers to obtain advanced rates for their products. It is always easy enough to get an advance on raw material, but manufactured goods will not rise; the competition is too great. Wool is sustained in price. We look for lower rates in sugar; it is time that sweetening became cheaper; the world is getting sour, since punches have been manufactured of "straight" brandy and lemons.

The Cunningham baby is on exhibition, and is said to be patronized, but nothing else excites any interest. All the stirring men have caved in since the sun came out yesterday morning. Human nature can't be provoked to excess in such weather. People have a tendency to inertia, and the stages are full, to the delight of drivers. Apropos of stages, we heard an anecdote of one of "Kip and Brown's" drivers the other day, which will serve to illustrate the habits of that fraternity. "Every trade has its secrets,"

Keyser, the engineer of a dilapidated "bus" retired into the hay loft of the stage stables by night, in order to count over the gains of the day, and make an official return to the proprietors. One of the proprietors happening to be encoined in the said hay loft, overheard the following interesting series of remarks. Keyser Loquiter: "Dere ish von dollar for Kip, von for Brown, von for me; dat ish tree. Dere ish von dollar for Kip; dere ish von dollar for Brown; dere ish von dollar for me. Dat ish six. Here ish von dollar for Kip, von for Brown; mein Gott! none for me! Even it must be, and the two odd dollars for me." "That is very well counted, Keyser," responds Kip from the depths of a haycock; "but, seeing we furnish the stages, I think you had better give us the odd dollars. And, I guess, Keyser, you ha'n't better drive for Kip and Brown any more."

Individuals who keep scrap books, and have on hand all the stale jokes which have been handed about since the days of Joe Miller, are requested to send them by mail, post paid, to the "funny man" in "Harper's Weekly." His constitution has become debilitated by the hot weather, and he finds it hard work to revamp old jokes; those of his own invention are good enough with the single exception that nobody can be found to laugh at them.

The town is thoroughly empty of the "ton." All the swells are expanding on the sea-shore, and crinoline is scarce in the streets. The workies are here, sweating away to raise the cash to foot the bills at dry good stores, that weave the snares that catch the beaux, that tumble into matrimony at Saratoga and Newport. Pretty soon, they too will begin to learn the expense of dry goods. By the way, that atrociously funny man in "Harper's Weekly" must stop talking about hoops; that game is "played out," as the boys say.

GOV. GARDNER RE-NOMINATED.—The Springfield Republican says, positively, that Gov Gardner will be nominated for re-election on the 10th of September. On the other hand, "the Boston Journal," which seems to speak authoritatively, says that Robert C. Winthrop, Marshall P. Wilder, or Amos Lawrence are as likely to be nominated as Gov. Gardner, whose consent to the use of his name by the Convention is by no means certain.

It is not the slightest consequence who gets the nomination of the Convention on the 10th of September. There is not a man in the State who can defeat N. P. Banks in the coming Gubernatorial contest. Stick a pin there.—Bee.

SCHUYLER NOT DEAD.—There is a rumor about that Robert Schuyler, the great swindler, is alive. His wife has built a castellated cottage in an exposed point to the public, on Lake Saratoga, near the fashionable drives, and the story goes that her husband lives with her, and when visitors approach the house, passes through an underground passage to his tomb, which is in a little chapel near at hand. Many people who love the marvellous will believe this invention of the horrid paragraph makers of New York.

THE SUGAR CANE.—Reports as to the Chinese sugar cane begin to come in. Mr. A. J. Mellon of Braintree, writes the Lowell Courier that he planted one acre of it on or about the 1st of May. It came up well but looked very rusty, resembling common barn grass; but it grew very rapidly, and acquired an enormous size, standing 8 to 10 feet high, and is still growing. He has cut a part of the crop and fed it out to his cattle, and he says he has never found any better feed for cows.

CAPE JOHN FRANCES. of Beverly, aged 68 years, dropped down dead in his field on Thursday afternoon, from disease of the heart, to which he had been subject.

Another "Harp of a Thousand Strings."

ELDER FAWCILL ON THE SPIRITS.

"Ethan Spike," of Hornby, in the State of Maine, has written to the Portland Transcript the following graphic report of a sermon, recently delivered in Hornby, by the Rev. Elder Fawcill. It is well worth perusal, and laying to heart:—

"Elder Phineas Fawcill preached again last Sabbath at a great south-west of the Elder's, an 'gin comfort to many. I do suppose that Elder Fawcill, when he fairly waked up, is about as tough a customer as the devil ever wrestled with. I don't rarely suppose he'd be a bit more scared of Belzebub, or even the Old Boy himself, than I should be of a yearling colt. You order hear him talk of the devil—just as familiar as though he knew he had the critter under his thumb, an' aartin he had him of him wear the hair was short. But I was goin' to say sunthin of this last sermon of his."

The Elder laid down saving pints, an' proceed em all.
First.—Satanism is the works of S. N.
Second.—Is the tow joints, worked by a force and vitalized super carbonic electric fluid.
Third.—(This pint I didn't get holt of egactly, he not speak of it legibly.—It was inter Mesmerism or Mormonism, but it don't matter much, as whichever it was, he proved it.)
Fourth.—Is Anyemal magnitudes.
Fifth.—(His pint, nyther, I can't give verbum, but it was some kind of a bug—sounded such like Jew-bug.)
Sixth.—Et it were speerits, they war evil speerits.
Seventh.—Thar is no speerits, no how.

The discourse was chuck full of Scripture bearing on the several pints, an' hysterical facts—for he's just as larned as he can be, an' I do account he's a rightest, post-conviction, ever born in this sublimity age. He actually seemed to take the devil right up by the tail, an' snake him like a cat would a mouse. I reckon he made out, I swear to you, much to immagination, but I swear to you, I jestest thought I could near the old critter nother, as the Elder whanged and cuffed him about. Et I war in his paws, I think twice about it, altho I'd go sunthin round again within the Elder's reach."

He said this sort of thing was nothing new to him. Alluded to the Witch of Endor, and the logs which got the devil into him. At this pint the Elder made out a target about pork—said it was pish—that of the devil ever got out of the pesky hogs he'd got in agin now, in the shape of whiskey sweetened with strach-nine. Then he tuk up the mequams, an' the way he made out, I swear to you, I jestest thought I could near the old critter nother, as the Elder whanged and cuffed him about. Et I war in his paws, I think twice about it, altho I'd go sunthin round again within the Elder's reach."

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POETRY.

THE NEW-MOWN HAY.

BY CHARLES MACRAY.

When swallows dart from cottage eaves,
And farmers dream of barley sheaves;
When apples peep amid the leaves
And woodbine scent the way—
We love to fly from daily care,
To breathe the country breeze afar—
To join our hands and form a ring—
To laugh and sport—and dance and sing,
Amid the new-mown hay.

A stranger comes with eyes of blue;
Quoth he, "I'm Love the young and true;
I wish to pass an hour with you,
This pleasant summer day."
"Come in! come in! you saucy elf,"
And who's your friend?"—"This Friendship"
Come each—come both, our sports to share;
There's welcome kind, and room to spare,
Amid the new-mown hay."

The ring is formed; but who are these?
"Come tell your errand, if you please;
You look so sour and ill at ease
You dim the face of day."
"Ambition!" "Jealousy!" and "Strife!"
And "Scorn!" and "Westiness of Life!"
"If such your name, we hate your kin;
The place is full, you can't come in,
Amid the new-mown hay."

Another guest comes bounding by,
With brow unwrinkled and high;
With sun-burnt face and roguish eyes,
And asks your leave to stay.
Quoth he, "I'm Fun, your right good friend!"
"Come in! come in! with you we'll end!"
And thus we frolic in a ring—
And thus we laugh and dance and sing,
Amid the new-mown hay.

OUR OLIO.

"Lively and gossiping,
Pierced with the resources of the talking world,
And with a spice of mirth, too."

POETICAL MARRIAGE.—A man and woman one night, in a violent thunder storm, knocked sturdily at Dean Swift's door, and at length aroused his slumbers. He rose and throwing up the window, asked what they wanted? They answered they wanted to be married immediately and had called. "No, but," says Dean, "can't you wait till morning? it is now one o'clock." They stated some urgent reason for proceeding without delay. The Dean found it in vain to parley. "Well," says the Dean, still keeping his head out of the window and talking with the bride and bridegroom in the street, "if it must be so I'll marry you now: Attend!"

"Under this window a stony weather
I join this man and woman together;
Let none but he, who made the thunder,
Lift up this woman and man asunder."

A WIFE'S PRAYER.—If there is any thing comes nearer to the imploration of Ruth and Naomi, than the subjoined, we have not seen it:—"Lord, bless and prosper whosoever is growing whiter and a brogue, in order to act as a brother, and demand intentions, on application from my mamma. Cottages for the honeymoon are being fitted up on the lardboard side by Messrs. Jackson and Graham, and will have private telegraphs to the kitchen, nightingales, and Bell's Life.

Weather permitting, races will take place at stated periods, and the Great Eastern Derby will be a feature in the voyage. Once round the vessel being a third of a mile, the heats will be easily arranged. A moveable Grand Stand is being constructed by Messrs. Edington. The stabling in the vessel will afford accommodation for any number of horses, and one of the long-boats (itself a large steamer) can be engaged for trial gallops, and be surrounded with awning and ordered to cruise at some distance, in order to insure privacy.

The Betting Act not applying to the high seas, an office where the odds will be under the superintendence of the pursuer. Other amusements will be provided, an American alley and a skilled ground being situated on the poop, and a spare boiler being fitted up as a Casino, into which boiling water will not be turned without such notice as may be practical. A theatre in course of erection, and an English dramatic author will be kept in the hold, with a safety-lamp, to translate any French pieces that may be thrown down to him.

Two eminent *Fay customers* have contracted to supply dresses, and when not engaged in theatrical pursuits, will be happy to fill up the vacant evening in being converted, on moderate terms, by any passenger who may be going out as a missionary, and wish for practice in dealing with his benighted brethren. (Extra charge for readings of tracts.) A club room is also being arranged, and candidates for the Great Eastern Club had better send in their names. Trade, mustaches, political opinions, whisking, a short pipe, the habit of asking questions, Puseyism, or a pug-nose, will exclude.

Cab stands will be placed at the most convenient parts of the ship, and tables of fares and distances affixed. Inevitably or overcharge will consign the offender to the cat, but the flogging will be conducted in a back-yard of the vessel, where the loudest throat-fellow may bawl without being heard by the public. Bath-chairs and perambulators will also be in waiting, and the omnibus will convey the humbler passenger to various parts of the vessel. Previously to the show of electric light, every evening, a grand display of fireworks and a balloon will ascend once a week with letters for any quarter to which the wind may be blowing.

Further particulars will be published from time to time until the launch.

Nothing renders the mind so narrow and so little as the want of social intercourse.

Punch on the Mammoth Steamship "Great Eastern."

Several incorrect statements have appeared in reference to the Great Eastern (now lying like a red whale in Mr. Scott Russell's yard at Millwall, and so frightening people that they cut across the river and take refuge by scores in the house of Messrs. Hart and Quartermains, who administer white-bait and iced punch with the most humane promptitude). Mr. Punch has been requested to publish the following touching the arrangements on board the vessel:

"Captain Harrison, the captain, who has been selected in contravention of all rules observed in the public service, the proprietors of the ship having engaged him for the vulgar reason that he was notoriously the best captain on the best line of steamers in the world, will merely attend to the comparatively unimportant duty of taking care of the vessel. But as there are to be six hundred first class passengers, other captains will be appointed to administer to the domestic wants of the floating colony. There will be a Dining Captain, with great carving powers, and a miraculous flow of after-dinner oratory; and there will be a Flirtation Captain, whose business it will be to render the brief voyage still briefer to the ladies. The former has been a Freemason, who has eaten his way into all the honors of the craft, and who will hold lodgings in the main top, where the proximity of fire from the chimney will be highly convenient for heating the griddons. The latter has been a more carefully selected, and is a gentleman whom his wife is about to divorce under the new law, for the incompatibility of his red hair with her notions of elegance, and who, under the same law, will be incapable of marrying again. He will therefore have been a family man, which makes him respectable, while at the same time his attentions can mean nothing.

The spiritual welfare of the ten thousand inhabitants of the vessel will be duly cared for. A very handsome church is being built on the after deck, and four chapels, for Methodists, Catholics, Baptists, and Independents, are being erected forward. A pretty rectory house and garden will be placed near the wheel, but it is thought well that the voluntary system should provide for the Dissenting teachers, though in case of sea-sickness during the services, the sea-bellies are ordered to attend everywhere with basins, without regard to distinction of religious faith or bringing up. Births and marriages will be amply provided for, the Directors of the Great Eastern undertaking to be godfathers to any addition made to the population during the voyage (a silversmith goes out expressly to engrave the rings), and bachelors may be had gratis on application to the boatswain. The Captain will act as father to young (or other) lady who may succeed, by dint of moonlight and weather, to the honor of matrimony.

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Reading Advertisements.

Thomas Richardson, DRUGGIST & APOTHECARY, READING, MASS.

Also, Dealer in all the most popular medicines of the day, among which may be found, the celebrated *Ayer's Cherry Pectoral*, *Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry*, *Schell's Pulmonic Syrup*, *Reed's Cherry Pectoral*, *Hall's Balm of America*, *Baker's Sarsaparilla*, *Woodbury's*, *do*, *Murray's*, *do*, *Kenney's* *Great Medical Discovery*, *Howard's Cancer and Cancer Symp.*, *Woodward's Tonic*, *of Sassafras*, *Richardson's*, *Stearns*, *Atwood*, *Langley*, and *Wheeler's* *Bitters*; *Ayer's*, *Wright's*, *Bonnett's*, *Woodbury's*, *Davis's*, *Bell's*, *Smith's*, and *the Tomato Pills*.

Also, for insurance, the most reliable—*Mutual Safety*, *South Reading*, *Mass.*, *Haverhill Mutual*, at Haverhill, Mass., and *Hamilton*, at Salem, Mass. Also, all take charge of any business in the way of *Insurance*, such as *surrendering policies*, *transmitting annuities*, &c., &c.

WOOD PUMPS.

J. B. & A. NICHOLS, JR.

MANUFACTURERS of Common Wood Pumps, with wood or iron trimmings; wood pumps, pumps without wood, patent hand pumps with pipe attached, for houses, cast iron, Copper and Force Pump set and repaired. Also, all kinds of Appliances and Plumbing of all descriptions made to order.

The above subscribers feel confident, having had twenty years' experience, that their pumps and other articles, are of the best quality, and can be relied on for durability, style, or finish. They have been extensively used, and have given PERFECT SATISFACTION.

For the growth and preservation of the hair, is well known to be without a rival in this country. It is now known to be without a rival in this country. It is now known to be without a rival in this country. It is now known to be without a rival in this country.

Lightning Rods of Copper.
L. J. PATENT COPPER LIGHTNING RODS: The subscriber has just received a large stock of these rods, for sale at the lowest price. They are of the best quality, and can be relied on for durability, style, or finish. They have been extensively used, and have given PERFECT SATISFACTION.

GUNNISON & MANN,
Successors to J. C. Spaulding,
READING, N. H. AND BOSTON EXPRESS.

All orders left at the Depot, Reading, Allen, Rowe and Son's Store, Stoneham, and at 41 North Street, Boston, will be promptly executed.

WILL BE PROMPTLY EXECUTED.
W. M. GUNNISON, J. C. MANN.

Woburn Grocery Store.
H. RAMSDELL, informs the inhabitants of Woburn, that he has just received a large and well selected stock of all descriptions and of the best quality; also, Crock and Glassware, which will be sold at the very lowest prices.

Congress Books!
FRENCH CALF POCKET CONGRESS, TYLEE'S BEST.
AUGUSTUS ROUNDY.
May 2, 1857.

Paper Hangings.
THE subscriber has just opened an additional supply of House Paper and Borders, including some nice patterns of wide English Papers. Call and examine specimens.

Winchester Advertisements.
Successors to B. & C. Co.,
DEALERS IN

Coal, Wood, Hay, LIME AND CEMENT.
Yard Near the Depot, Winchester.
All orders attended to with despatch.
Winchester, Nov. 15, 1856.

The Latest News!!
THE undersigned has made arrangements for a supply of the principal Daily and Weekly Newspapers and Monthly Magazines, all of which will be furnished at the earliest moment after publication and at the lowest prices.

The following will be for sale, notwithstanding the attempted monopoly:
Boston Post,
Boston Herald,
Boston Globe,
Boston Times,
Boston Transcript,
Boston Herald,
Boston Globe,
Boston Times,
Boston Transcript.

JOSEPH HOVEY,
Lycium Hall, Winchester.
67

Improve the Opportunity!
IMPROVE THE OPPORTUNITY.
THE subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Winchester and vicinity, that, having in contemplation a change of business, he will offer his Large and Valuable Stock of Jewellery.

Watches, Clocks, Silver and Plated Ware; Gold, Silver and Steel Spectacles, Fancy Goods, &c.
At a large discount from former prices.

In case of want, or likely to be, will find it to his advantage to purchase at the present time, as I am determined to sell at great prices of value.

Also, for Sale, a good two-story DWELLING, with a garden, and a quarter of an acre of land, and from 12 to 15 rooms, with 10,000 to 15,000 feet of land, most of which is covered with trees, and a good number of Carrots and Gooseberry Bushes, Grape Vines, Strawberry, &c.

JOSEPH HOVEY,
DEALER IN
Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery,
SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,
FANCY GOODS, &c., &c.
Lycium Hall, Winchester.

Great care will be used in the selection of pure and good Medicines and Chemicals, and none others will be kept.

Books! Books!
THE undersigned has made such arrangements with the various Publishers and Booksellers of Boston and elsewhere, as will enable him to furnish Boston and other Publications at the Publishers' prices. They can be generally be obtained at the lowest prices in the city.

Ice Cream! Ice Creams!!
SODA AND REFRESHMENTS!!
ON and after June 1st, there will be an Ice Cream Stand opened in connection with the
W. Pratt's Jewelry Store,
in Winchester, where the public can be furnished with ICE CREAM, SODA, CAKES, &c., and all refreshments usually furnished in a saloon of the kind.

Great care will be used in the selection of pure and good Medicines and Chemicals, and none others will be kept.

New Books, &c.

AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE.

Arctic Explorations, by Dr. Kane.
Arctic Voyages, from the earliest date to the last Expedition, by J. S. Sargent. A Companion to the above.
Springer's Sermons.
Pier and How to make them.
Nightingale's Journal.
Boys and Girls Wonder Book.
Boys' Own Book.
Voyages, by G. W. Simms.
A New and Useful Toy Book and Primer, printed on Lin.

Voyages in Palestine with books of explanations.
A New stock of Juvenile books and stationery.
Woburn Book Store, March 30.

JOHN J. PIPPY.
Woburn Book Store, March 30.

BOGLE'S ELECTRIC HAIR-DYE.

CONVERTS Red or Grey Hair into a beautiful Black or Brown, the moment it is applied, it is really dyed, and the hair is not only preserved from the effects of the sun and soft and glossy, without impairing its texture in the least, but it is also a decided superiority over all other Hair Dyes.

For the Growth and Preservation of the Hair, is well known to be without a rival in this country. It is now known to be without a rival in this country. It is now known to be without a rival in this country. It is now known to be without a rival in this country.

JOHN J. PIPPY.
Woburn Book Store.

THE PLACE TO BUY
Paper Hangings!!

THE subscriber has received the first instalment of
HOUSE PAPERS, BORDERS, WINDOW BLINDS, FIRE SHIELDS, &c.
THE stock of papers contains the best quality of GOLD, SILVER, SATIN, GRAY, and COMMON PAPER.

OF FRENCH & AMERICAN MANUFACTURE,
all of which will be sold at a GREAT DISCOUNT from Boston prices.

JOHN J. PIPPY.
Woburn Book Store.

JUST RECEIVED!
A SUPPLY OF THE CELEBRATED
MAGIC COPYING OR
IMPRESSION PAPER!

WHICH for copying Plans, Patterns, Maps, &c., is unrivalled. Also for Writing, it combines the ease of the Pencil with the legibility and permanency of Ink.

Price twenty-five cents for four sheets: RED, GREEN, BLUE and BLACK.
For Sale at the WOBURN BOOK STORE.

BEFORE AND AFTER USING
DR. COOPER'S
MAAMOTH LOTION.

READER, DO YOU WISH
A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION?
IF SO, USE THE

Balm of Thousand Flowers.
THIS BALM ERADICATES ALL
TAN,
PIMPLES, and
FRECKLES

From the Face. For Washing and Shaving, or
Cleaning the Teeth, leaving a beautiful
perfumed breath.

IT HAS NO EQUAL!
FETRIDGE & CO.,
BOSTON, AGENTS,
AND ALL RESPECTABLE DRUGGISTS.

The money refunded in all cases if the article does not prove satisfactory.

PRICE ONLY 50 CENTS.
SOLELY ALSO BY
JOHN J. PIPPY,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Oil Cloths.
A lot of new and beautiful patterns of enameled oil cloth, for sale by
W. WOODBERRY.

Senna Figs.
A FRESH Supply just received and for sale by E. W. Conant, Woburn, Mass.

Congress Books!
GENTS' ALL CALF CONGRESS. \$1.90
Just received by
AUGUSTUS ROUNDY.

Sponges.
A CHOICE lot of selected Turkey Sponges for Bathing, also a superior article for Carriage use, for sale by
JOHN J. PIPPY.

POCKET KNIVES.
A SLENDID lot of pocket knives, various kinds and patterns, has just been received and is offered for sale at low prices by the subscriber.
W. M. WESTON
April 23, 56.

For the Toilet.
Balm of a Thousand Flowers;
Orange Flower Lotion;
Bathroom Tooth Paste;
Caroline and Hovey's Charcoal Paste;
Paragon Tooth Powder;
Delightful Spanish Lavender;
Lemon Hair Dressing;
Rose Mary and Castor Oil;

Cologne Water;
Bain's Perfumery Fluid;
Lavender Water;
Lily of the Valley;
Chamomile Powder;
Flesh Powder;
Low Honey Soap;
And a variety of other Soaps, Brushes, Combs, &c., or sale by
BENJ. W. CONANT,
Nos. 5 & 7, Woburn, Mass.

Carpetings.
GOV can buy Carpetings of all descriptions at the lowest prices, as low as you can buy in Boston.
Main Street, South Reading, Feb. 15, 1857.
W. M. WOODBERRY.

LADIES' HOUSE SHOES, 50 CENTS.
For sale by
AUGUSTUS ROUNDY,
Corner 4th and Railroad St.
May 30.

Lancaster Quits.
JUST received, a few cases of Lancaster Quits, a very low price of \$1.25 for 10 1/2 and \$1.50 for 11 1/2. Also, new styles of Frocks, &c., &c.
Main Street, South Reading, Feb. 15, 1857.
BENJ. W. CONANT.

STRAW MATTING. all widths, for 15
W. WOODBERRY.

DR. S. STOCKING.

SURGEON DENTIST.

Office No. 19 Tremont Row, (up stairs).

Directly opp. head of Brattle St., Boston.

CONTINUED to manufacture and insert whole and half sets of Mineral Teeth, which are warranted to answer all the purposes for which a substitute is designed. It is also introduced into his practice, a very successful mode of setting one or more teeth on plate without extra charge, which sometimes injure the natural teeth.

Dr. S. gives especial and personal attention to the filling of decayed teeth, the most difficult as well as the most important part in operative dentistry; and the one in which there are more positive failures among dentists in any other branch of the profession.

Extracting Teeth at the present day is almost entirely a matter of science, and the developments of modern science. There are three states or conditions into which the teeth are divided, viz: that of soundness and natural solidity, that of entire looseness, and that of local looseness to join, in the region of the tooth to be extracted. The first of these, which is a painful one, dates as far back as the days of the ancients. The second is of more modern date, and is produced by the use of sulphuric ether, and of course is painless. The third, which is still more recent, is a development of modern science, and is a painful one. The question is often asked, and it is an important one, whether it is better to extract the tooth, or to attempt to preserve it. Dr. S. has been successful in preserving many teeth, which were considered hopeless, and he has been successful in extracting many teeth, which were considered hopeless.

Cooper's Celebrated
MAAMOTH LOTION!
For Sprains, Cuts, Bruises, Burns,
Bite and Sting of Insects, &c., &c.

HAVING used this celebrated Lotion for several years with complete success, and impressed with the good effects of this remedy, I am now offering it to the public at a very low price, for what it is recommended.

It is warranted to cure
all kinds of sprains, cuts, bruises, burns, bites and stings of insects, &c., &c.
If properly applied.
For other complaints it does not require use as much.

Manufactured by Dr. J. H. COOPER,
Woburn, Centre, Mass.
Price 25 cents.

Dr. J. H. Cooper.
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This is to certify that I have used Dr. Cooper's Celebrated Lotion for a very long time, and with the most satisfactory results. It is a very good remedy, and is in the public as being one of the best remedies now in use. Manufactured at Woburn, Mass., by Dr. J. H. Cooper.

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Dr

Woburn, Reading, North & South Reading, Stoneham, Winchester and Burlington.

[SINGLE COPY FOUR CENTS.]

Volume VI.---Number 47.

winter, but they are almost as good as new. Now, if you want them for little

"Want them, Mrs. Beach!" answered the washerwoman, with tears starting into her dim eyes—"I haven't any words to thank you or tell you what a treasure they'll be. Why, they will keep the little fellow as warm as toast all winter."

"Well, I will place them on top of the clothes," said the lady, smiling to herself as she thought, "my eyes have been open once to-day."

Not long afterwards Mrs. Beach was on her way to market, (for she was a notable housekeeper) when she met a boy who had lived a short time in her

family the year before, to do errands, wait on the door, &c. He was a bright, good-hearted, merry-faced boy, and had been a great favorite with the family, and Mrs. Beach had become interested in him; but this morning she was in quite a hurry, and would have passed the child with a cordial, but hasty, "How are you, Joseph, my

boy? Do come and see us," had it not struck her that Joseph's face did

not wear its usual happy expression. She paused, as the memory of last night's sermon flashed through her mind, and she asked, "Is anything the matter with you, Joseph? You do not look as happy as you used to."

"The boy looked up a moment, with a half-doubting, half-confiding expression, into the lady's face; the latter triumphed: "Mr. Anderson has moved out of town," he said, pushing back his hair, and nearly dashed cap, from his hair, "but I have lost my place, and little Mary is sick, and that makes it very bad, just now."

"So it does," answered Mrs. Beach, her sympathies warmly enlisted. "But never mind, Joseph; I remember, only night before last, my brother said he should want a new errand boy, in a few days, for his store, and he would give a good one two dollars a week. Now, I will see him to-day, and get the situation for you, if you like."

The boy's white face brightened.—

"O! I should be so glad of it, Mrs. Beach!"

"And see here, Joseph, I am going to market, and, perhaps I can find something nice for little Mary." The lady remembered that Joseph's mother, though a poor seamstress, was a proud woman, and felt that this would be a delicate way of presenting her a gift.

and grapes, and a nice chicken to make some broth for Mary, who she

learned, was ill with fever, before she proceeded to do her own marketing. But it was a pity that the lady did not see Joseph, as he sprang into the chamber, where little Mary lay wearily moaning on her bed, while her mother sat stitching busily in one corner, and held up the chicken and the fruit, crying, "Good news! good news! I've

got all these nice things for Mary, and a place at two dollars a week!"

O! how little Mary's hot fingers closed over the bunches of white grapes, while the sewing dropped from her mother's fingers, as the tears ran down her cheeks.

It was evening, and Mrs. Beach sat in the library, absorbed in some new book, when she heard her husband's step in the hall. Though the morning

had been so pleasant, the afternoon was cloudy, and the day had gone

Now Mrs. Beach loved her husband with the love of a true wife, but he

first beauty and poetry of their married life had settled down into a somewhat

life had settled down into a somewhat bare, every-day, matter-of fact existence. But her heart was warm to-night—warm with the good deeds of the day, and remembering her resolution of the morning, she threw down her book, and ran down stairs.

"Henry, dear," said the soft voice of the wife, "has the rain wet you at all? Just run back, even get your feet dry."

"Thank you, Mary, I don't believe I am any-wise injured, but you may help

any all-wise injured, but you may help me, just for the pleasure of it;" and he stood still, while she removed the heavy coat, with all softness of touch and movement, which belong to a woman. She hung it up, and then the husband drew her to his heart with all the old lover tenderness.

"You are very thoughtful of me.

And there was music in Mrs. Beach's

Litchfield county, Conn., it is said,

has been the birth-place of thirteen United States Senators; it has given birth to twenty-two Representatives in

birth to twenty-two representatives in Congress. It has also been the birth-place of nine Judges of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, and of at least fifteen Judges of the higher Courts in other States, ten Presidents, eight Professors of Colleges. In 1831, the Vice President of the United States and one-ninth of the United

States Senators, were either natives of this county or had been educated in it.

In 1850 one-seventh of the United States Senators, were found to have been educated in that county. The list contains the names of a large number of individuals of still greater distinction in various departments of life.

Middlesex Journal.

WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1857.

Politics.

The annual political spasm is fast approaching, and even now, indicative of the approaching storm, we witness slight agitations of the political waters, the circle of which is every day becoming narrower by the march of time, and the excitement increasing as we approach nearer to the day of election. After that annually eventful period is safely over, the political waters will subside to three hundred and sixty-five gentle ripples, to be again agitated as the ripples become less in number, and are succeeded by the surges and breakers of the next State election storm. The surface of the political sea, (we borrow the simile from Milton,) appears just now to be only slightly disturbed, but if we mistake not the signs of the times, there is an undertow at work which will raise an agitation second only to the quadrennial tempest experienced last year—a storm that may blow the cobwebs from out the eyes of some of the sage politicians and present office-holders of the old Bay State.

Having no office to lose or to bestow, and not being aware that any great or over-riding principle is in imminent peril, we are in that happy frame of mind that enables us to look calmly and pleasantly upon the various parties, and listen patiently and with pleasure, when we have nothing more important to do or to think about—to the sentiments and plans of the adherents and advocates of this or that section. We would not be understood as having no preference, for we entertain a strong and decided desire for the election of a Governor who will honestly represent Massachusetts in carrying out the movement now in progress in favor of free labor in all branches of industry. The man who can best further this progressive movement is the man for the times; and of all the able public men of the State, whose talent, learning, influence, position and past political history deserve the highest consideration,—and there are many such,—Mr. Banks of Waltham is unquestionably the man most capable of furthering this great movement, or of carrying it out to a successful issue, should he be at a future day fortunately placed in the position enabling him to do so. We are therefore free to confess that we desire the election of Mr. Banks, and as he is the unanimous choice and nominee of both the American and Republican parties, in convention, we have no doubt but that our desire will be gratified. But—and it is to be regretted that it is whispered by the present incumbent of the gubernatorial chair is not wholly pleased with Mr. Banks' nomination, and as a large number of the American party are true as steel to Governor Gardner, and will follow wherever he leads, or go in the way he indicates, they re-echo the thought originated by their chief. And as there is in the American party what some persons call a "Hunker set," i. e., men opposed to the free-labor movement, of course their principles coincide with the Governor's disapproval of the Banks nomination.

Thus the American party has become divided; and while the free-labor wing adheres to the regular nomination, the hunker and regular Americans are anxious for another candidate, and have called a convention for that purpose, when it is believed that Gov. Gardner will be again put in nomination. Efforts have also been made, without effect we think, to create dissensions in the Republican ranks, with a view to the same end. We are of the few who incline to the opinion that he will not accept a nomination. After his expressed declaration that he would not again be a candidate for the office, we cannot understand how he can honorably allow his name to be used as such, though no doubt the tender of the nomination would be gratifying to his feelings. Should he be nominated, however, and accept, then will the stormy elements of political strife contend with might and main for the mastery; and a portion of the people, following after a principle of secondary importance, and which can be promoted as well by Mr. Banks as by Mr. Gardner, will become again alienated from the great controlling question of the day. Massachusetts, to be true to herself, to the principles of her constitution, to the conscience of her citizens, to the sentiment of freedom which she desires to inculcate, should unreservedly throw her whole weight and influence into the progressive movement for free labor. Divided into sectional parties, no one of which will greatly predominate over the others, her influence will be entirely unappreciated and unfelt in the national Congress, where it is most needed.

Representative Apportionment.

Speaking of that portion of Middlesex County with which we are best acquainted, we have to say for the County Commissioners that they have acted with a "wise discretion" in their apportionment of representatives. The duty which the amendments to the constitution called upon them to perform, was of so delicate a nature that the wisest exercise of sound judgments, ingenuity, tact, and patience, only could have brought about a result so very satisfactory to the parties concerned. The apportionment could not have been more justly made, bearing in mind that it was not only the aim of the Commissioners, but the desire of the towns large enough for single districts, that they should be maintained as such, even though they should count more votes than were required for the number of representatives the law allowed them. By this means the manner of conducting elections is rendered much more simple than when two or more towns are joined in one district. In Woburn, for instance, we have 1104 voters—some 250 more than would entitle us to one representative—but we will venture the assertion that there is not a voter in the town, who has ever thought about the matter, who would not rather lose this surplus than have the simplicity of our elections interfered with, by joining another town whose votes were less than the requisite number. The consequences of such partnerships, in all affairs concerning elections, nominations, and political gatherings, can easily be foreseen, and ought to be avoided; and, we are happy to state, have been avoided in the apportionment, wherever it was at all practicable. Lowell lacked 266 votes of the number necessary to entitle her to six representatives; she would either have to lose 600 votes or be allowed 266; the Commissioners decided, and we think wisely, to give her the six representatives, as she would before long be entitled to that number by increase of population. Neither did the voters of Charlestown come up to within one hundred of the number requisite to entitle them to four representatives; but they were, nevertheless, for the same reasons, given the four. On the other hand, Cambridge has been allowed three representatives only, which leaves her with a surplus of 500 votes; but her citizens prefer to lose that number rather than submit to the inconvenience and derangement in their elections which might arise if they were joined with a neighboring town. On the whole, the apportionment of this county has been well and skillfully done, and we have yet to see the first man who has any fault to find with it. It was a work hedged round with difficulties, but the Commissioners have done their duty in a manner so entirely satisfactory as to meet with the approval of all parties, which is quite an anomaly in these days of fault-finding.

We give below the places for the meetings of the clerks of the several towns, and the ward clerks of the several cities, in their respective representative districts, for the purpose of ascertaining the result of the elections.

No. 2, ward room of ward 3, Charlestown; No. 6, town hall, West Cambridge; No. 7, city hall, Cambridge; No. 8, town hall, Newton; No. 9, town hall, Waltham; No. 10, at the selectmen's room in Lincoln; No. 12, town hall, Holliston; No. 13, town hall, Hopkinton; No. 16, town hall, Sudbury; No. 17, selectmen's room, Acton; No. 18, town hall, Lexington; No. 20, town hall, South Reading; No. 21, town hall, Reading; No. 22, town hall, Billerica; No. 23, city clerk's office, Lowell; No. 24, ward room, ward 3, Lowell; No. 25, selectmen's room, Chelmsford; No. 26, town hall, Groton; No. 27, town hall, Townsend.

MILITARY.—The Fifth Regiment is to go into camp at Nahant on the 8th Sept., for three days' duty. We hope they will enjoy finer weather than attended their departure from last year's encampment in this town. The Woburn Mechanic Phalanx will turn out with full ranks, under the following officers, who have been invited to command on the occasion of the annual muster, the company not having yet made choice of permanent officers:—Captain, W. T. Grammer; 1st Lieut., T. Winn; 2d Lieut., C. S. Converse; 3d Lieut., John Flanders; 4th Lieut., A. F. Thompson.

LARGE FAILURES.—This week's N. Y. Independent, contains a record of fifty-seven failures for the week ending Aug. 27. The largest of these is the Ohio Life and Trust Company, for seven millions of dollars. Of the 57 failures and assignments, 36 are in the State of New York, three in Massachusetts, and the remainder mainly in the Western States. Of the failures in New York nine are Brokers and Bankers.

THE TELEGRAPH CABLE BROKEN.

—The steamship America from Liverpool, brought the news that the cable of the Atlantic Telegraph had broken when about three hundred and thirty-five miles had been paid out. This disaster will probably postpone the laying of the cable this year, but will not prevent the ultimate success of the enterprise, only retard it. The telegraph fleet have returned to England with the remainder of the cable, two thousand miles in length, more than enough still to unite the two shores; but it is considered doubtful that another attempt will be made to sink it this season.

AMUSING ENTERTAINMENT.

—We are happy to announce that Signor Blitz will give two of his most amusing entertainments in the Lyceum Hall, in this town, on Monday afternoon and evening next. Of Sig. Blitz we would say that though he of course humbugs his audience with his surprising tricks of magic, legerdemain and ventriloquism, yet there is no humbug about the man. For years he has been known to the American people, and has always deservedly commanded the respect and esteem of all who came in contact with him. He is without doubt one of the most surprising performers in the world, and never fails to excite his audience to a most happy state of mirthfulness. To see his learned canary birds alone worth four times the price of admission. Let all who wish to enjoy a rare evening's amusement go and hear him.

THANKS.

—For the beautiful bouquet of rare flowers which ornaments our sanctum table this dull, rainy Friday, inspiring pleasant thoughts and shedding around us a delightful perfume, we return our grateful acknowledgments to Mrs. W.

RAIN STORM.

—A telegraphic despatch from Baltimore, on Thursday evening, announced a north-east rain storm, and it did come with a vengeance. Yesterday was the wettest and gloomiest day of the season.

POTATO ROT.

—This potato rot is said to be in our provision stores the other day, a barrel of white potatoes that appeared quite sound when dug, but in twenty-four hours afterwards nearly a fourth of them were marked with the rot.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM.—This woman, says the New York Evening Post, declares her intention to contest the Surrogate's decision to the last. She has a right to appeal to the Supreme Court, but it is thought that she will be prevented from appealing by a want of funds, the lawyers having already taken care to secure what little she had. She says the decision heaps disgrace upon her; and, above all, she regrets that it brands her daughter Augusta, as a perjurer, than whom a purer or more truthful girl does not live. The judgment of the Surrogate's Court does not affect the criminal charges against Mrs. Cunningham. The District Attorney will carry the charge of felony before the Grand Jury, and if indicted by that body she will undergo trial. She should be acquitted on that charge, she will be liable, together with her daughter Augusta, to an indictment for perjury. Mrs. C's health is rapidly improving, and she is treated with the greatest kindness and consideration by those in charge of her. One or the other of her daughters is constantly with her. They are living at a house in Twenty-third street.

LETTER TO THE BOSTON BEE.—In a letter to the Boston Bee, says:—
"We keep moving and now we are at Lowell. Oh, spouses! oh, cotton! oh, pretty girls! Lowell is responsible for the whole of you! Here Fenwick says that mannikin must have clothes, and shirts, and the cotton of cotton are indispensable—why should not Lowell make them? There is a sign, 'The Boston Mill'!—Yet as we looked up and thought how those bobbins, with all their contrivances, have made Massachusetts rich, we feel that it was not strange that the mechanics of the State are so ready and pleased to do honor to 'the bobbins boy of Waltham,' whom the people wished to make the next Governor."

A SPLENDID PAIR OF HORSES.—Mr. J. A. Harwood, of Littleton, Mass., has just sold a pair of perfectly matched black geldings, of English and Morgan blood, 5 years of age, weighing 1100 pounds each, for \$1050. H. W. Van Voorhis, Esq., of South Maiden, was the purchaser. These horses were raised in Littleton, Middlesex County, by Mr. Harwood, and are well broken and trained for double or single harness.

MR. EVERETT'S LECTURE before the Mercantile Library Association, in Feb. last, (the report of the Washington lecture) produced the sum of \$1,163 17 which was added to the Mount Vernon Fund. Mrs. Kemble's Shakespearean Reading, before the same association, produced \$1,014 32. Mrs. K. declined to receive any portion of the receipts.

In one respect, Mrs. Cunningham's last performance was not a failure. She set out to be confined, and has succeeded admirably. She is now, however, supposed to be in a sinking condition, as the courts refuse to allow her to be bailed out.

PERSONAL.—We learn that the Rev. H. Jewell, pastor of the Universalist church in Lynn, formerly of St. Neuchap, intends to remove soon to Illinois, to join the Rev. O. A. Skinner, formerly of Boston.

Correspondence of the Middlesex Journal.

Letter from Plymouth Rock.

Having spent a few days in "the country" near the sacred spot where the foundations were laid above two centuries ago for all that is now most valuable in New England and the republican institutions of America, I could not tear myself away from this world-renowned part of our continent, without visiting the spot where our Puritan forefathers originally landed. Although not in the least inclined to the superstitions of the Romanist, and as phenologists will tell you, without a very large organ of "veneration," yet the soil whereon I am treading to-day, once pressed by the footsteps of the pilgrims, seems like hallowed and consecrated ground; and methinks I hear a voice supernatural saying, "Take thy shoes off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy!"

It is a memorable era in my life, when wandering alone to-day, for the first time, among these relics of ancient heroism; to stand or kneel on Plymouth Rock; to pass through the old burial place; to "pause" in Pilgrim Hall, where are collected so many memorials of the departed; to sit in chairs once belonging to Gov. Carver and Elder Brewster, to listen to the ticking of a clock, 150 years old, which once "kept time" for John Hancock and lounge on his sofa; to read in a Bible printed 300 years ago; to examine antique articles of apparel or of furniture, brought over in the Mayflower, a beautiful model of which is here exhibited; to be thrilled by the thronging and almost over-powering associations of the past which cluster about a sensitive soul, and listen to the eloquent voices of the mighty dead as they come sounding down through the ages, the voices of Bradford and Winslow and Standish and Brewster and Carver, and other "immortal names that were not born to die."

In order to sympathize fully with that noble band of exiles and martyrs for the truth's sake, who in 1620 landed on these inhospitable shores, one needs to be here in the cold, bleak month of December, and imagine the place in abated only by the red savages of the forest; yet, strange to say, comparatively few visitors presume to come hither in the wintry season of the year, and subject themselves to the uncomfortable chilliness which even a transient call might occasion. Nevertheless, to the credit of Americans, and some foreigners, be it mentioned, that within the space of less than two years above 5000 individuals from abroad have entered their names upon the register at Pilgrim Hall, including quite a proportion of our legislature, yet not quite a proportion of the Cushman tribe, who in one day visited the place.

Results the most stupendous and far-reaching continue to follow the landing here of our Puritan sires—results they never dreamed of, but which small effect auspiciously millions on millions of human beings down to the end of time.

"They little thought how pure a light,
When years should gather round that day
How love would keep their memories bright,
How wide a realm their souls should sway."

In the language of Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College, who visited Plymouth in the year 1800:—"No New Englander, who is willing to indulge his native feeling, can stand on the rock where our forefathers set their first foot after their arrival on the American shore, without experiencing emotions very different from those which are excited by any common object of the same nature. No New Englander could be willing to have that rock forgotten. Let him reason as much, as coldly and ingeniously as he pleases, he will still regard that spot with emotions wholly different from those excited by other places of importance."

And in the language of Rev. Dr. Burgess, of Dedham, who has so much of the genuine and noble spirit of N. E. Puritanism, and who has done so much, both directly and indirectly, for the building up of Puritan churches in our Commonwealth:—"What do we owe to our ancestors? It is an honor to claim such a lineage. They were a peculiar people. They are entitled to our veneration for their private virtues and public services. They claim our gratitude and final respect. Their good example meets our imitation. We ought to carry their plans into execution, so far as we can with a sober judgment and a good conscience. Let us cultivate in heart and life that divine religion which was the solace and guide of our fathers. And while we walk among their tombs, and bow our ears to their slumbering ashes, let us hear their voices,—'Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man.'"

Plymouth Rock, 1857.

(Correspondence of the Middlesex Journal.)
Evelyn House, Greenville, Me.,
Foot of Moosehead Lake,
Aug. 24, 1857.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Joining with the crowd of those who, dwelling within the massive piles of brick and stone which afford a shelter for the denizens of our crowded cities and towns, seek a retirement from the noise of business, and rest from its labors, your long silent correspondent, in company with a few select friends, now hails from this distant and truly romantic region.

Leaving Woburn at six o'clock A. M., on Friday, and joining a portion of our party at Boston, we left there at half-past seven, via Eastern Rail Road, and arrived at Newport, Me., 220 miles, at 5 1/2 P. M. This being the nearest point by steam to the place of destination, we took stage conveyance from there to Dexter, fourteen miles, where we arrived at nine P. M., making 243 miles travel in fifteen hours, including several stops. At Biddeford, we saw a small portion of the remnant of one of those once powerful tribes who roamed through these forests undisturbed by the white man's power. Well may we exclaim, Alas! the poor Indian. The days of his peace are numbered.

With the setting of every day's sun their numbers are decreasing, and soon they will be known only in history.

After a night's rest at the Dexter House, where we found everything in perfect order, our party rose very early and prepared for a survey of the town. The morning air was very cool, but had that beautiful, bracing feeling, unknown to the hot and dusty air that is breathed in the crowded marts of commerce and the densely populated portions of the interior.

Pursuing our wanderings, we reached the summit of one of the numerous hills, almost worthy of the name of mountains, for which this part of Maine is noted. A dense fog hung over the whole view; but soon after we began to survey the surrounding country, the fog began to rise, and the most splendid view of sunrise I have ever seen, well rewarded us for our labors. The view of such a scene as this, with the beautiful sunlight pouring its mellow rays over the vast forests, the rich fields of corn, and smaller grain, with the ever-varying hues of the distant landscape, seemed sufficient to have induced the greatest sluggard in the land to leave his couch and his way to join with others in the contemplation of the works of Him who doeth all things well.

On this hill we found proof of the power of time in changing the products of the soil; and gathered specimens from the trunk of one of the once noble monarchs of the forest, now reposing in the earth, perfectly petrified, and bearing the appearance of real stone. Returning from our ramble, we partook of a breakfast which the victims of many a so-called first-class house might well sigh for, with appetite none the less sharp for our excursion, and at seven o'clock A. M., were on our way to this place, 35 miles, where we arrived about 5 P. M.

The roads through all our route have been good, in fact the best I have ever seen in any country as newly settled as this. The only objection to them is the way they measure them, which makes them rather long. They start a greyhound out, and when he has run himself down, call that one mile.

The crops, though a little late, I think will compare very favorably with those of Mass. There is some talk of potato rot among the speculators and middle men; but the farmers, who ought to know about it, have not yet discovered it.

Greenville, our present head quarters, is at the foot of Moosehead Lake, is the last town which is named in this direction (the others being only numbered), and contains two hotels, 2 stores, and, as report says, 500 inhabitants, though I think, from a hasty view of the place, that 499 would not fall much below the actual number.

For several miles back we saw proof that we were leaving the borders of civilization, in the abundance of log cabins, when, in New England, may be taken as proof that you are in a very newly settled country.

Yesterday was Sunday, but no church-going bell summoned us to the house of worship; but, even in these wild woods, the citizens and strangers here are entitled to credit for their quiet deportment, showing that, at least, they have some respect for the sacred day.

To-day we shall seek the retreats of the trout and feathered game in this vicinity, and to-morrow leave, via Steam to Moosehead, for Mount Kineo, 20 miles above here, where we have engaged a sail-boat and guide for a few days' excursion on the lake and up Moose River, touching at the Canada shore before we return.

A wooden railroad, in that vicinity, two and a half miles in length, with a car drawn by an ox, seems to offer a view of something never seen before, to say the least, and we shall probably take passage on that Lightning Train. The only danger of accidents on this road is said to be by collision of the trains.

Three miles north of Greenville lies a township, said to be very heavily timbered, which belongs to a citizen of Woburn. We shall probably visit that to-day; and, though we shall not engage in timber stealing, we may be tempted to borrow a share of the finny tribe, said to be very abundant there. Hoping to realize the full enjoyment of the objects of our trip,—restored health and pleasant rational amusement, and to return to the active duties of our several stations with renewed strength and spirits, I close this hastily-written communication, and drop the pen of

THE HERMIT.

(For the Middlesex Journal.)

Utility in Art.

BY LUTHER G. RIGGS.

There are things which bind us all, in a greater or less degree, to the practicalities of life. It is necessary that there should be, but few there are who do not at times wish to break them. Our being and a love of intrinsic beauty are inseparable. This love, whether bestowed or not on Him in whom is the perfection of all beauty, it stents itself upon His works, as seen in nature; and upon man's as seen, more especially, in the highest orders of art. Hence it is that we long for deliverance from the dull routine of every-day duties. The life-like productions of the pencil, and the marble, chiseled into the insignia of intelligence, become unchanging centres of attraction. But, though it is the peculiar influence of art, as exhibited in the efforts of genius, to engender a distaste for what the popular mind calls utility, it cannot be supposed that such art is indeed without its use. If the most delicate sensibilities of our nature, alive as they are to every nice distinction of thought and feeling, are not needs a distortion, but the results of the highest culture of our powers,—to deny utility in art would be virtually to demean ourselves and close our sight upon the highest ornaments of the mind.

The use of a thing may be concealed, and still be no proof that it has no existence. The star that but faintly beams on mortal vision, may be a sun to beings of another sphere. The softest strains of music sound first and linger longest only on the ear whose sense is the most acute. Means, the world over, are adapted only to their ends. There are thoughts, profitable only to whom they belong; there are shades on the canvas, which are fully appreciated only by the one who put them there; beauty there is, too, of proportion in statuary, and of harmony in the numbers of poetry—beauty, such as is no less select in its admirers than it is rare in itself. Art, considered in relation to any people, is useful as a means of disseminating ideas of excellence. It is also the evidence of thought, as are the lights in the firmament evidence of the orbs there rolling in their grandeur. It is the language in which an age exhibits its most striking characteristics and thoughts, in which it addresses itself to every succeeding age. Every age, like every

face, has something which makes it different from any other. To secure this prominence of feature is, as has been implied, the prerogative of art. Necessary, then, to a portrait of our own time, the artist, while as he sat himself he calls from the past what is in it, as it should be, must consult the exigencies of the present—must see what its most prominent features are. It is only a proper subordination of the influence of ancient skill to present wants, that can confer upon our selves the true, and only desirable use of art. There is no longer a devotion paid to painted or sculptured gods or goddesses; no longer reverence for deified men; no more demands for expressions of monarchical sternness of war-like severity; unless to render these what they are designed to be,—objects of deeply-settled aversion. The fact that different subjects require different styles, is more true of the prose production than it is of the pencil or chisel—the poet's pen or the minstrel's harp. The departure from the superhuman to what is natural—from the terrible to what is innocent, is what our own age demands, and which, there can be no doubt, it has already, in some measure, acquired in every department of art, so that there is less of that boldness which inspires us with awe, more of that blending, that harmony and simplicity which win our love. There is also, perhaps, less of that representation of material beauty, but certainly more of that which is emblematical of the spiritual—and in this alone, is to be found the ultimate utility of all art,—to which let every mind aspire with a zeal as warm as its laudable.

(For the Middlesex Journal.)

Matters and things in New York.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25, 1857.

The city is all the more comfortable for being empty. It is empty, indeed, not of business men, but of a class who take up the largest part of the room on promenade, in stages, churches, and theatres—the dwellers in vast circumstances of criminality. Summer was never more lenient to the works of peripatetics; our days are free from the perspiration, and our nights are almost too cool for comfort. Baltimore, Boston, and Philadelphia merchants are here in abundance, buying up those "velveteen things" in the way of dress, which come under the head of "something to wear," and which are found here only in abundance. Trade is good, on the whole, though it does not, as yet, come up to the expectations of the more sanguine. The western country has a heavy debt to pay off before it can luxuriate on the strength of its big crop, and the good effects of agricultural prosperity will hardly be felt by our merchants before next spring.

The book trade has languished for a long time under the general depression, which it began to feel before any other branch of business. Literature feels the retrenchment of expenses sooner than any other description of merchandise. Newspapers are the only articles which pay in a dull season; they are indispensable as bread and butter. Among the few new things in the book line, we notice a Life of James Montgomery, a British poet of American popularity, by Mrs. Helen C. Knight. This lady has attained a style which is both readable and solid, a great desideratum with modern readers. Messrs. Gould and Lincoln, of Boston, publishers of the above, have also issued a small volume of memoirs of Amos Lawrence, which is more portable, and much less costly than the large volume; which has had, nevertheless, an excellent sale.

Wall street is just now up to its neck in railroad difficulties. Michigan Southern went down to 24 on Wednesday, and there was a great rush of merchants, clerks, and other small-fry speculators for Michigan shares; then up it went a trifle. Some of our largest houses make it a rule to discharge immediately any person in their employ who is suspected of dabbling in stocks, considering the practice nothing better than gambling, and a strong temptation to dishonesty. It is rumored in private circles that one of the heaviest Wall-st. operators in railroads, has sunk two or three millions of other people's money, and is on the eve of a grand crash.

The Herald of yesterday exposed the grand Castle Garden speculation alluded to in a former letter. The Commissioners of Emigration are now endeavoring, through their agents in Europe, to secure a monopoly of the sale of inland passage tickets to immigrants, thus making a clean profit of about 15 per cent over expenses, on all the tickets bought by the 150,000 foreigners who land here during the year.

Amusements, of the better class, are rather dull. The promenade concerts at the Academy of Music, though sustained at great expense to the Management, have not been well attended. The Festival opera is commencing at Burton's Theatre with a good prospect of success. Watering places within reach of the city, are patronized this season, to an unusual extent, by merchants and their families. Rockaway, Long Branch, etc., are well filled. One reason why Newport and Saratoga have done rather poorly this season, is to be found in the fact that New York merchants have not enjoyed a remunerative spring trade, as a general thing, and have very little free money to spare.

The police get along quietly while the commissioners are out of the way. We have comparatively few murders, and no riots. "City items" are scarce.

The last arrival of filibusters, the scarred remnants of Walker's army, excited some attention and sympathy for the moment, and the occasion was, as usual, seized upon by any number of demagogues, as an opportunity of demonstrating their patriotism and their liberality with other people's money.

The cotton mills, all over the country, are stopping. Manufacturers are squeezed to death between high cotton and low goods. There are too many looms in the country.

There is much excitement at Stafford, Conn., in consequence of Henry E. Chamberlain having taken his new-born male child away from his wife, and disappeared with it and about \$700 in money, which he had collected of the customers to his grocery in Palmer, Mass. Chamberlain's wife was Miss Andrews, of Stafford, whom he married about ten months since. A committee of citizens was appointed to pursue Chamberlain, under the belief that he had murdered the child.

SOUTH READING.

COMPUTING DISTANCE.—Formerly, distances were reckoned by miles and fractions of a mile,—by rods, feet, &c., but now the "table of time" is substituted for "long measure," and we calculate distance by minutes, though seldom by hours. See an illustration of this in the various advertisements of property for sale, within so many "minutes' walk of the depot, schools, churches," &c. An old lady in this vicinity, some years ago, made a very sensible remark when she declared, "there is as much difference in *falls* as in any body." So in this case, there is so much difference in the speed of "folks," that oftentimes the distance would vary between the same given points, while in the world of reality, it takes just as many barley corns for an inch, as ever. See this illustrated also. Not many days ago, business called us to a part of the state where the cars do not run every hour as with us. Being ready to return and unwilling to wait the slow motion of the regular train, we started for a branch road some miles distant, hoping for a little vigorous exercise to make a saving of some hours in time. Under the scorching rays of an almost vertical sun, we were sometimes tempted to turn aside to enjoy the cooling shade of the lofty trees that grew by the wayside. But, "forward, right onward," was the watchword. At the junction of two roads, near the end of the journey as was supposed, we overtook two gentlemen, whose moderate pace seemed more like loitering for pleasure than travelling to the cars. "Gentlemen, is this the direct way to the railroad station?" at the same time pointing to the left. "It is, sir." "How far is it, if you please?" "About fifteen minutes, or may be not more than twelve minutes." "Thank you, gentlemen, thank you." On referring to the watch, exactly twelve minutes remained before the starting of the train. All right, was the quick thought, for twelve minutes can be walked in twelve minutes, though it may be objected by those who are acquainted with our mode of travelling, that we would not walk all that distance, but it was even so, except going down a steep inclination, where holding back would be too great an effort; and we measured the distance in precisely five minutes, and the aforesaid gentlemen arrived in exactly twelve minutes, as the pointer indicated the time of starting.

Well, thought we again, there is a difference in "folks," and distances are made to conform to this difference; so let advisers remember that while one resides five minutes walk from the "depot, schools, churches," &c., another living in the same house may be twelve minutes distant from the same places.

M.

FIVE POINTS MISSING.—The articles of clothing collected as the result of the address of the Rev. Mr. Van Meter, in the Baptist church, a few weeks ago, have recently been shipped to New York. The gentleman who had charge of the packing has given us the following statistics: No. of bonnets, hood, and boys' caps, 32; boots and shoes, 98 pairs; different articles of clothing, 375; in all, 505 articles. Forty dollars in cash were raised on the same occasion.

Mr. Van Meter has since addressed the Congregational church in this place, and received a liberal donation of money and clothing, in addition to the above.

While the engine company were on their way to the reservoir, to work their machine, on Saturday night, a noble and high-spirited horse, belonging to Doctor Hurd, standing at the time at one of the stores on the common, took fright and became unmanageable, doing himself injury on a picket fence in the yard. It may not be possible to avoid the conclusion attendant on such occasions; if it were so, the gentlemen who have charge of the matter would do it. But it makes one shudder at the narrow escapes, not only of horses, but of their drivers and others.

On Friday last a party of nearly one thousand persons, connected with the First Baptist Sabbath School and Society in Lynn, passed through this village in carriages, to hold a picnic at Sweetser's Grove, in Reading.

Parties for Nahant, the beaches, berry patches, and other places of pleasure, keep the "streams" in constant requisition on every pleasant day.

Last Sabbath evening the weather was unsuitable for a meeting in the grove. Rev. Mr. Johnson, of South Reading, who was announced as speaker there, is expected to preach at that place next Sabbath evening.

M.

MILITARY.—At a meeting of the Richardson Light Guard, Wednesday evening, Aug. 19, inst., Lieut. Col. Lyman Dyke presiding, the vacancies occasioned by the resignation of Capt. George O. Carpenter, Lieut. A. C. Cummings, Jr., and Lieut. J. W. Locke, were filled, and the following gentlemen are now the commissioned officers:—Capt., John Wiley, 2d; 1st Lieut., James F. Emerson, 21; 2d Lieut., Edward H. Walton; 3d do., George L. Hawks; 4th do., Charles E. Locke. The company is now in a high state of prosperity, and, according to all appearances, will go into camp with full ranks.

G.

Living in the 19th Century.

The advantages and responsibilities of those who live in the present century are scarcely to be estimated. What great changes have taken place during the last fifty years.

How many "great and effectual doors" are now opened for aiding and accomplishing great, benevolent and wonderful works! "The field is the world."

Nearly the whole human race is now accessible for purposes of improving and blessing. Works of benevolence may be done at home or abroad.

How easily you may make yourself felt on the other side of the globe. The response of the Atlantic wires, when they shall vibrate, will be only an illustration of what has for years been felt in the hearts of those who have communicated over all the great oceans of the earth.

"In the morning and in the evening sow thy seed." Now is the time to be so wide awake!—the time for action—the time to do with your might.

What an opportunity for the young to exert a redeeming influence on society and the world! O that every young man and young woman were duly sensible of this!—would

Reading Advertisements.

WOOD PUMPS.
J. B. & A. NICHOLS, Jr.

MANUFACTURERS of Common Wood Pumps with wood or iron trimmings; wood aqueducts pumps without pipe; patent lined heads with pipe attached, for houses. Cast Iron, Copper and Force Pumps re-
ed, and repaired. Pipes laid for aqueducts and Plumbing of
all descriptions done to order.

The above subscribers feel confident, having had
twenty years experience in the business, that their

They SUPERCEDe ALL OTHERS now in use. They have been extensively used, and have given PERFECT SATISFACTION.

We return our most sincere thanks to the public for their liberal patronage for past years, and solicit a continuance of their favors. All orders addressed by mail to **J. R. & A. NICHOLS, Inc.** will be promptly attended to.

to Place of residence, Weston Square, nearly opposite J. B. Leather's Store, Reading Mass.
Reading, April 19, 1856.

Thomas Richardson,
DRUGGIST & APOTHECARY,
READING, MASS.

Also, Dealer in all the most popular medicines of the day, among which may be found, the celebrated
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Wistar's Balsam Wild Cherry, Schenk's Pulmonic Syrup, Reed's Pulmonary, Hollis' Balm of America, Bush's Sarsaparilla, Woodbury's do., Masury's do.

Kennedy's Great Medical Discovery, Howard's Cancer and Canker Syrup, Woodward's Tincture of Sassafras, Richardson, Skinner, Atwood, Langley, and Wheeler's Bitters: Auger

Wright, Bennett, Woodbury, Davis, Ball,
Smith's, and the Tomato Pills.

—AL 40—

Agent for Insurance Companies of the following companies:—Mutual
Safety, South Reading, Mass.; Haverrhill Mutual, at
Haverrhill, Mass.; and Hamilton, at Salem, Mass.

Insurance of all kinds of any business in the way of
Insuree &c, such as surrendering policies, transmitting
assessments, &c., &c.

Cholera, Dysentery & Diarrhoea.

—CAN be cured by the use of Dr. T. O. RICHARD-
SON'S CHOLERA DROPS, manufactured at the
Haverrhill Dispensary, Haverrhill, Mass. Also in addition the
use of the Tomato Pills, and the Tomato Syrup, will
above, Palpitation, Stomachic, and the bilious
Cholera, Cramp in the Stomach, Sea Sickness, &c., &c.

For sale by Samuel Kingman, P. Westmaster, and C. E.
Lorke, South Reading; Dr. H. Goodrich, Stoneham;
Dr. J. W. Woodbury, at Danvers; Dr. J. Davis, Woburn;
Brooks, Jacob Smith, North Reading; and at Reading by
J. Brooks Leathie and the subscriber, and by Druggists

THOMAS RICHARDSON
READING, July 26th, 1856.

Lightning Rods of Copper.

HAVING purchased the EXCLUSIVE Right to Manufacture and use the
LYONS PATENT COPPER LIGHTNING RODS !
which for superiority of power is from six to eight times
that of Iron, and are not (like Iron) liable to rust. The

subscriber is prepared to place them on buildings at short notice, in either of the towns of Reading, North and S Reading, at an expense not much greater than the common iron rod. Orders respectfully solicited by mail or otherwise, and promptly attended to.

THOMAS RICHARDSON.
READING, July 22d, 1856.

GUNNISON & MANN,
Successors to J. C. Spalding.
READING, STONEHAM AND BOSTON

EXPRESS.
All orders left at the Depot, Reading; Allen, Rowe
and Son's Store, Stoneham; and 41 North
Market St., Boston.
WILL BE PROMPTLY EXECUTED.
WM. P. GUNNISON.....M. T. MAN-

Winchester Advertisements.

A. C. MORSE & CO.
Successors to Hayley & Co,
DEALERS IN

**Coal, Wood, Hay,
LIME AND CEMENT,**

Yard Near the Depot, Winchester.
All orders attended to with despatch.
Winchester, Nov 15, 1836 ly

The Latest News!!
THE undersigned has made arrangements for a supply

of the principal Daily and Weekly Newspapers, and Monthly Magazines, all of which will be furnished at the earliest moment after publication and at the lowest prices.

The following will be for sale notwithstanding the attempted monopoly:

| | |
|--------------|---------------------|
| DAILY. | WEEKLY. |
| Boston Post. | Ballou's Pictorial. |

" Herald, New York Ledger,
" Bee, Middlesex Journal,
" Traveller, Lowell Vox Populi,
" Ledger, Gazette,
" Transcript, And others,
And others.

A L S O,

Harper's and Putnam's Magazines, Godey's Ladies' Book, &c. Newspapers and Magazines of all kinds will be furnished at short notice.

JOSIAH HOVEY.

je7
 Lyceum Hall, Winchester.

Improve the Opportunity!
 IMPROVE THE OPPORTUNITY.

THE Subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Winchester and vicinity, that, having in contemplation a change of business, he will offer his

Large and Valuable Stock of Jewelry,
Watches, Clocks, Silver and Plated Ware : Gold, Silver and Steel

At a large discount from former prices

Also, For Sale. A good two-story DWELLING HOUSE, about a quarter of a mile from the Depot, and from 12 to 15 House Lots, with 10,000 to 100,000 feet of land, most of which is covered with from 500 to 600 trees, such as, Quilice and Plum Trees, with a good number of Currant and Gooseberry Bushes, Grape Vines, Strawberry, &c.

Winchester, June 6, 1857.

JOSIAH HOVEY,
DEALER IN
Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery,
SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,
FANCY GOODS, &c.
Lycoury Hall Winchester

Books ! Books !

THE undersigned has made such arrangements with the various Publishers and Booksellers of Boston and elsewhere, as will enable him to furnish Books or other Publications at the Publishers' prices. They can generally be furnished the same day the order is received.

Ice Creams! Ice Creams!!
SODA AND REFRESHMENTS!!

W. Pratt's Jewelry Store,
in Winchester, where the public can be furnished with
ICE CREAM, SODA, CAKE, &c., and all refresh-
ments usually furnished in a saloon of this kind.
Ice Cream furnished to families at short notice.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR COLDS !
AND the public are reminded that nothing has moved

COUGHS AND COLDS,
AS SWEETSER'S COMPOUND
Iceland Moss Candy.

To this thousands will testify. Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Asthma, Ticklings in the Throat, and all affections of the Pulmonary Organs are cured or relieved by its use.

If your children have the **WHOOPING COUGH**, let them eat freely of the ICELAND MOSS CANDY, and it will afford great relief, rendering the attack less

severe, and tried to a speedy cure.
Prepared only by the Proprietor,
THOMAS A. SWEETSER, Apothecary,
Main street, near Park, South Danvers, Mass.
Sold in Woburn by B. W. Conant, Apothecary, Wades
Block; John J. Pippy, Woburn Book Store; and by
Apothecaries throughout the country.
cl 99, 556.

The Independent Journal.

Woburn, Reading, North & South Reading, Stoneham, Winchester and Burlington.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

"OUR LOCAL INTERESTS."

[SINGLE COPY FOUR CENTS.]

New Series.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1857.

Volume VI.—Number 48.

The Middlesex Journal,
JOHN J. PIPPY,
Proprietor and Editor.
Published every Saturday Morning.
Office—Main Street, Woburn.
TERMS:
\$2.00 PER YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
All papers will be forwarded until an explicit order for discontinuance is received, and on paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.
Letters and communications should be addressed to the Editor at this Office.

Rates of Advertising:
For a square of 13 lines, 1 year, \$10.00
" " " " 6 months, \$6.00
Business Cards, 1 year, \$5.00
Small advertisements, not exceeding 10 lines, 75 c
or the first insertion, and 20 c for each subsequent insertion. Larger advertisements charged at proportionate rates. All advertisements sent to the office not timed, will be inserted till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS:
North Woburn—Messrs. Nichols, Wicks & Co.
East Woburn—Mr. Adams, R. Richardson.
Stoneham—Mr. E. T. Whittier.
Reading—Mr. T. S. Richardson.
South Reading—Dr. J. D. Mansfield.
Winchester—Mr. J. H. Hovey.

The Middlesex Journal Printing Office is supplied with the latest and most improved machinery, and is prepared to execute ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK, IN THE BEST MANNER, AND AT THE MOST MODERATE PRICES.

BUSINESS CARDS.

BOSTON & LOWELL AND NASHUA & LOWELL R. R. SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after Wednesday, April 1st, 1857, trains will run as follows:
Nashua, Woburn, Concord and Upper Railroad, 7:30 a. m., 12 m., 5 p. m.
For Lowell at 7:30, 10 a. m., 12 m., 2:30, 5 p. m.
For Haverhill, Wilmington, and Woburn W. & N. R. R., 7:30 a. m., 12 m., 5 p. m.
For Woburn Centre, 7:45, 11:30 a. m., 5:30, 6:30, 8:15 p. m.
For Medford and Winchester, 7:15, 10, 11:30 a. m., 2:30, 5, 5:30, 8:15 p. m.
Saturdays at 10 p. m.
TOWARD TRAINS:
Leave Woburn at 7:15, 10:50 a. m., 5:30 p. m.
Nashua at 7:15, 11:25 a. m., 5 p. m.
Lowell at 7:30, 9:30 a. m., 12:10, 3:15, 5:30 p. m.
Woburn Centre at 6, 7, 9 a. m., 1:15, 4:45, 7:15 p. m.
Stone Brook train leave Lowell at 7:15, 11:45 a. m., 4:45, 12:35, 5:45.
J. R. WINSLOW
Super. B. & L. R. R. Co.

CONVERSE & CO.,
WOBURN AND BOSTON
RAIL ROAD EXPRESS
5 Trips Daily.
OFFICES: 10 Court Square, Boston.
Rail Road Depot, Woburn.
Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly executed. Particular attention given to collecting and paying notes, drafts, bills, &c.

PERSONS'

WOBURN & BOSTON EXPRESS.
WILL leave Woburn daily at 8 o'clock, a. m., and Boston at 2 o'clock, p. m. Offices in Woburn at E. Trull's and Wm. Wadsworth's stores.
In connection with the above the subscriber will run an Express team from East Woburn on Monday's, Wednesday's and Friday's, at same hour. Offices in East Woburn at stores of W. Beers and H. Russell.
Offices in Boston at 34 R. R. Exchange, Court Square and 46 North Market street.
All orders for goods, packages, &c., punctually attended to.
April 7, 1855.—J. A. PERSONS.

A. E. THOMPSON,
Dealer in American & Foreign
DRY GOODS,
West India Goods,
Flour and Grain,
CROCKERY AND HARDWARE
Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.
No. 3 Wade's Block, April 1, 1855.

D. TILLSON & SON,
SILVER SMITHS
Vermont Roofing Slate,
From their Quarries, at Fairhaven, Vermont.
No. 109 Essex St., Boston.
Orders from abroad promptly attended to—may 6th

W. D. SPEARE,

HAS taken a Shop in Flag's building, where he intends to carry on the
PAINTING BUSINESS
in all its branches, such as House, Carriage and Sign painting, in a thorough and workmanlike manner, at reasonable prices.
Removed to Shop in Parker's Wheelwright Shop.
N. B.—Particular attention paid to Graining, Marble and Enameling, Main Street, corner Salem St. Woburn

HAT MANUFACTORY.

W. A. HASLAM,
PRACTICAL HATTER,
Invites the attention of the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity to his stock of

HATS & CAPS,
of his own manufacture, and hopes by good attention to business, to give perfect satisfaction to all who may call upon him.
Single hats made at short notice. Those persons who find it difficult to get a hat to fit the head, can have one made by leaving their measures, that will be as easy to wear as an old one.
Old hats renovated in good style, from 25 to 50 cts each

HASTINGS & WELLINGTON,
DEALERS IN
WOOD, COAL & BARK,
HAY, STRAW, LIME,
Beach Sand, Hair, Cement and Plaster.
Next to the Bay State Glass Co.'s Works.
Bridge Street, East Cambridge
Coal delivered at Winchester and Woburn on reasonable terms.
CHARLES HASTINGS, JAMES E. WELLINGTON
May 19, '55.—J. Y.

T. BRICHER,
Organist and Director of Music, at Bowdoin Square Church, Boston.
TEACHER OF MUSIC
Office, under the Square, Church Street, Boston.
Residence, 25 Mrs. W. T. Chase's, Bennett Street, Woburn.
Woburn, March 31.—J. M.

BUSINESS CARDS.

N. WYMAN,
—DEALER IN—
English, French and American
DRY GOODS,
NO. 11, WADE'S BLOCK, WOBURN.
July 25, 1857.

Harris Johnson,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
WOBURN, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.

T. W. PAGE,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
WOBURN, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.

William Winn,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
BURLINGTON, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. All orders left at this Office, will be promptly attended to.

SAMUEL TIDD,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
STONEHAM, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.

Thomas D. Radford,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
BURLINGTON, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.

BENJ. W. CONANT,
Druggist and Apothecary,
Nos. 5 and 6 Wade's Block,
WOBURN, MASS.
Dealer in DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, &c.
Physician's prescriptions carefully prepared. Medicine delivered at all hours of the night.

Philip Teare,
MERCHANT
TAILOR,
KNIGHT'S BUILDING
Main Street,
Woburn, Mass.
Garments Cut and Made in the best manner, and executed to fit.
April 28, '55.

NEW STORE

FASHIONABLE GOODS !!
MR. and MRS. A. BUTLER, has removed to the new and elegant store one door west of the Woburn Bank Store, which she has had handsomely fitted up expressly for her.

MILLINERY BUSINESS.
She takes much pleasure in offering to the ladies of Woburn and vicinity a NEW and FASHIONABLE assortment of
Millinery Goods, Ribbons, Embroideries, Bonnets, Flowers, Caps, Hats, &c., which will be sold at very moderate prices.
Particular attention given to measuring, pressing and altering Bonnets, in the most fashionable styles.
Woburn, April 23, '57.

S. CUTLER,
MAGNETIC & CLAIRVOYANT
No. 221 Central Street, Lowell, Mass.

Dr. Cutler will be in Lowell, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week.
Rejuvenation, Neuralgia, Fevers, Nervous and Spinal Complaints, treated with marked success.
Dr. Cutler is assisted in his practice by Mrs. G. W. Walker, a Clairvoyant and Healing Medium.

W. M. WESTON,
Watch-maker & Jeweller,
No. 8 Main Street, Woburn.
Fine Watch repairing done by experienced workmen, and jewelry of all kinds neatly repaired.
Watches, Clocks, Fine & every description of Jewellery, Musical Instruments, &c., always on hand.

FAIRBANKS' SCALES,
of every variety,
34 Kilby Street, — Boston,
GREENLEAF & BROWN, Agents

A full assortment of all kinds of weighing apparatus and state furniture for sale at low rates. Rail road, Hay, and Coal Scales set in any part of the country.
may 9.—J. Y.

JOHN G. COLE,
Painting and Glazing,
Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done with neatness. Also, Graining and Marbling.
Barns, Churches, and every description of Graining, Painting, Oils, and Glass, of the best quality.
Shop near building South of the Branch Railroad depot Feb 14 '57. Main St., WOBURN.

GEORGE W. CHAPMAN,
Plain and Ornamental Painter.
HOUSE Painting and Papering, Glazing, Graining, Marbling, Whitewashing and coloring done in the latest and most improved manner.
G. W. C. also attends to the graining and decorative painting of Pulpit, Church Organs, &c.
Residence corner Highland and Fowle streets. Orders can be left at the Woburn Post Office.
august 23 '57

BRIGHT & GILCREST,
PAINTERS.
PAINTING, GLAZING, GRADING, PAPER HANGING, &c., done in the best style, at short notice and at reasonable prices.

UNION STREET, WOBURN.
(OPPOSITE 200th BLACKSMITH SHOP.)
S. T. BRIDGEMAN. (m31) J. GILCREST

POETRY.

SONG OF THE MISER.

Chink, Chink!
There's a ray of light through the window chink,
That comes to play with my gold, I think;
I must have it out to-morrow.
A loquacious clerk enters:
I'll have no more my counting my store;
They come from a world that's hungry for more,
That spelt my coffers and laid them bare;
That I know to my sorrow.

Chink, Chink!
How the golden eagles glow on the brink
Of the yellow pyramids, built, I think,
From spoils of every people.
Say I frame me a miniature church the while,
And more and more will pile the able,
Doubtless and I will wait it in style,
And crown my ruin up to a steepie.

Chink, Chink!
Across the way but a cinder and a lick,
A spider hides in his web, I think;
A loquacious clerk enters:
He would cut me to shreds severely and cold,
If I were to show him my store;
He's traveling on to his master's fold—
I wish him a suppurating journey.

Chink, Chink!
A beggar girl stood on the pavement
Of the lonely bridge—quite crazy, I think,
And gazed on the moaning water.
She asked for a farthing, I gave her a curse;
She plucked, and the city provided a hearse;
No matter—she might have been terribly worse;
'Twas only a poor man's daughter.

Chink, Chink!
A delicate eye-lid flashed me a wink,
Yestern-day—close by the park, I think;
What widow was it, I wonder?
Why smile upon me, grimy old and old?
If the birds of the lightning were woven with gold,
They would have less than a hawk's white gold;
Despite the following thunder!

Chink, Chink!
My beautiful girl, thy gleams I drink,
Brighter, more numerous than wine, I think;
They glint like stars of even.
I love thee better than sun and moon,
Better than sick men, better than wine and beer,
Better than angels, the poetical prayer,
Better, yes, better than heaven.

From the New York Atlas.

1658!

A LEGEND OF LYNN.

It is chiefly by the light of tradition that we are able to discover the condition, social, intellectual, and moral, of the early days of this vain-glorious people. And I deem myself pretty well set at work in attempting to rescue from total extinction one of those dim receding lights, which have been handed along from sire to son, through an extensive procession of years. The relation which I propose giving, may afford an occasional glimpse of the local scenery and employments of bygone days. But the exhibition of that remarkable condition of mind from which sprang the supposed attendance and ministrations of witches, hobgoblins, and all those mysterious gentry of more or less questionable character, will be found quite as prominent.

Few will need to be informed that our venerable ancestors were much more fond of accounting for any uncommon occurrence, by the direct interposition of agents from the unseen world than by the operation of natural laws. When, for instance, a foolish woodcutter became drunk in the woods, and not being able to find his way home, was obliged to pass the night among such company as legitimately bivouacked there, and in staggering dreams and turbid terrors piously imagined himself the prisoner of some scouting party of Satan's emissaries, who diverted themselves by jerking him through briars, or plunging him through sloughs,—and on his return home in the morning, soberly recounted his adventures,—he was reverently deemed a sort of semi-martyr of the order of St. Anthony.

There are several somewhat remarkable localities in the neighborhood of the writer's residence, and among them, those popularly known as the Pirate's Glen, and the Dungeon Hole. The Glen is a deep, sequestered valley, within a furlong or two of the Cinder Banks' in Saugus, in a south easterly direction. The lofty hill which shuts it in on the west, is almost within a stone's throw of the river bank, depending somewhat, however, upon the size of the stone, and the strength of the arm that throws it. This ravine was called the Pirate's Glen, from the circumstance that about two hundred years ago several pirates secreted themselves here to avoid capture by the pirate hunters sent out by the European governments to endeavor to catch some of the sanguinary rascals who infested this coast as well as the coasts of Mexico and South America.

Some twenty years ago, before the last army of woodcutters made their desolating descent, and when the Glen was, perhaps, the most romantic spot in a circuit of forty miles, the writer had an opportunity to set his favored eyes upon what appeared to be the traces of the well they dug, and the garden they planted. How long they were tenants of this gloomy recess is not known. But history has it that they were finally discovered, and all captured, save one, and their comely forms made to adorn the Tyburn gibbet.

"The Cinder Banks, so called, are on the river bank near the central village of Saugus. They are small hillocks, formed of fine sand, and both the sand and the hillocks are of a reddish color. It is said that the first iron works in America were established on the banks of the river, and that at any time the laborers there, the sparks reveal, new iron documents, and on the work yet more clearly en-

The one whom evil fortune suffered to escape, made his way across the woods, till he reached the renowned rocky cave, always known till within a few years by the euphonic name of Dungeon Hole. The distance must be a mile and a half, more or less, as conveyances say, with their peculiar exactness. This refuge's name was Thomas Veal, and at this day the place is not only known by the above name, but as "Veal's Cave," and the "Pirate's Cave." But the name is of little moment.

Here lived the miserable outcast in the enjoyment of the seclusion and comfort of a wild beast, till the great earthquake of 1658. By that flattering interposition of Providence to save the pious colonists from further danger from his thieving and blood-letting incursions, the great rock, in the bowels of which the cave was, was rent in such a manner that an immense mass was projected forward, closing up the entrance, and, as is asserted, entombing alive the miserable pirate. And there, perhaps, his bones lie at this hour; yea, and there they are likely to lie till the romantic labors of our persevering, enthusiastic and long-bearded friend Marble shall succeed in making gunpowder under the work of the earthquake; or until cupidity finds other means for delving to the treasures which mesmeric eyes have discovered in that unholy keeping—That there is a liberal share of fiction interwoven with the history of this interesting spot, there is little doubt. But the tremendous effects of the earthquake are as plainly visible as are those of Mr. Marble's emulous blasts, and those of the Guy Fawkes' attempts of an earlier day.

The Dungeon Rock is one of the highest elevations within the territorial limits of the town, and the view from it is diversified and romantic in the extreme. The budding glories of spring, and the indolent splendors of Autumn, may here, of all places near the sea-coast of New England, charm the beholder. The aspect of the scenery in this vicinity, has, however, much changed within half a score of years. The unsparring axe of the woodsman has laid bare the rock, the hill, and a large portion of the adjacent swamp. The cave is now in a comparatively open space, is easily found, and not difficult of access; circumstances which in a measure compensate for the loss of the wildest and most striking features of the scenery.

The most direct way to reach the Dungeon Rock is, to follow Linwood street. And the most direct way to find Linwood street is, to consult the directory, for it is so generally known by another name, as is the case with some few of the streets in the good city of New York, that oral inquiries might be fruitless. There is a good carriage road almost the whole distance. The old way, and perhaps the most romantic—is by Walnut street.

From Walnut street enter the woods at the old Dungeon Gate, so called, and keep the main cartway till you come to another cartway, less traveled, that verges off to the right, and winds along the northern margin of a dense swamp. This you take and pursue, making an occasional detour for the purpose of avoiding the sloughs, till a plain, somewhat elevated, opens upon the left. Strike off here, and after crossing this plain and penetrating a deep valley, where many huge pines rear themselves, with here and there a tall, graceful hemlock; and where the damp sward will be found almost covered with the dark green leaves of the checkerberry plant, dimly studded with scarlet berries, to the curling winter-green, winding among it, you ascend a steep hill, progressing with some difficulty, for the activity is barred by shattered rocks, decayed branches, and briars. And, perchance, you may, in the warm season, find the landscape diversified by the interesting feature of a coiled rattlesnake or snapping wood tortoise.

Near the summit of this hill, in the aforementioned memorable year of 1658, a group of oaks and walnuts reared themselves. The underbrush had been cleared away and a rude cabin had been erected for the woodcutter who now and then pursued his labors in that lonely quarter of the forest, furnishing him with occasional shelter from the fiercer intervals of the storm by day, and from the prowling beasts by night, whenever accident, drunkenness, or any other special interposition forced him to pass the slow hours in that lonely region. A rusty horse-shoe, nailed upon the lintel, kept the whole army of spiritual stragglers at bay. And within, a rude fireplace enabled him to secure the comforts of a fire, and a generous fragment of an earthen pan, benevolently supplied by some anonymous towns person, furnished the means of making hot his supper, if such a blessing were at his command.

It was dark.
Still the charmed woodsman remained in the same footprints and the demonic eyes seemed still to expand and increase in lustre.
The frightful storm drew on.
The shriek of the terrified night bird rang through the forest. The winds swept furiously along the ravines and rushed and howled among the crags and trembling peaks. The ripened mast fell like stony hail upon the crackling leaves. And at length the hoarse thunders rolled over the hills, reverberating from rock to rock, and finally in sullen mutters dying away in the dismal bosom of the swamp. The lightning flashed as if the whole expanse of heaven were on fire. Rain, mingled with hail and sulphurous drops, descended in an almost unbroken sheet, and it seemed as if a storm like that which swept over Sodom and Gomorrah were gathering above the quaking hills.

The tall trees that had for centuries braved the fury of the tempest, now reeled to and fro, bowing their mighty heads and mingling one with another their outstretched branches, as if clinging together for support; or, yielding to the fury of the blast, in majestic capitulation falling to the earth. As thunderbolt speaks, cutting a fiery path through the dense thickets of the swamp; the stoutest trees that

stood in its irresistible way, fell like blades of grass before the maw's scythe; the stagnant pools boiled, and the rocks were rent.
But these new horrors of the night had entirely relieved the forlorn woodsman from the serpent spell. He could gaze which soever way he would, and his feet could turn right or left. But whether should he go? The storm still raged; and gazing upon the new-made forest path, with all possible increase of terror, he beheld the Pirate clambering along the tempest-strawed way, his lank locks streaming and twisting in the wind like a cluster of writhing adders, and his brow lighted up with fiendish delight as he inhaled the sulphurous vapors that arose from the smoking bog. And now the woodsman felt an irresistible impulse to follow the wild way of the Pirate. By the lightning's gleam, through a pathless, brar-tangled way, he commenced his perilous march; now, by some unseen elfin hand mercilessly twitched through a barberry bush, and anon tarred into some pestiferous slough. The very earth seemed to rise up against him, forcing him to stride higher and higher at every step, and at each unguarded moment dashing upon him with such violence as to well nigh crack his head, searing his manly face and causing the blood to run down his rent garments. The old trees, of course, joined in the general revelry, and seemed to be dancing such unheard figures that it was impossible to avoid being constantly run against by them, the tenderest embraces of their rough limbs scratching him almost to death, and the kicks of their gnarled trunks sending him limping on his course. But the most terrifying feature was the wild laugh of his invisible tormentors, that was constantly ringing through the woods.

Following the restless impulse, after struggling and bantering for some time, the battered woodsman reached the black mouth of the "Pirate's Cave." The Pirate himself was just entering. Without turning to right or left, with rapid strides the outlaw entered his abode, exclaiming in a gruff, authoritative tone:
"Come in Joel Dunn!"

Without one thought of resistance, Joel obeyed, and soon found himself in a sort of a subterranean cell, which nature had formed in the bowels of the hill beneath the main body of the rock. The pitchy darkness concealed every feature of the cavern. But soon the clinking steel of the pirate had furnished the means for lighting a pine knot; and a red glare was thrown upon the thick coat of filth and smoke that covered the rough stone wall. By the flaring light, too, were made visible a large table of the rudest workmanship, two or three stumps, designated for seats, and a rough kind of shoemaker's bench. In one corner stood an old Spanish musket, and about the blackest space which seemed to answer as a fireplace, were scattered a few bruised and broken cooking utensils.

"Take a chair, Joel Dunn, and sit down on a stump," said the pirate, with a sort of subterranean levity.
Joel seated himself without saying a word, and the pirate proceeded to roll a huge stone against the entrance of the den; which labor was hardly accomplished, when a gouty, bloody-jawed wolf rushed up and made a violent effort to enter; but, the flaming knot was thrust towards him, and with a fierce growl he dashed off into the thicket.

Veal now sat himself upon one of the stumps and drew from one of his pockets some bits of coarse bread and a dried fish, which he began to eat.
"Joel Dunn," said he presently, "have you got any black-strap?"
The mention of that favorite beverage imparted to Joel's disturbed mind quite a soothing influence. As evidencing a fellow feeling, it did much towards establishing a sort of confidence. He was even enabled to reply that he had unfortunately drunk the last drop.

"Just as I supposed," returned Veal, with a snap and a snarl. "You're drunk now, Joel Dunn, and I don't want drunken vagabonds about my grounds. Who sent you here?"
"I've been up here cutting and quartering all day for Squire Belcher."

"Who? Old Gid Belcher, that lives down under the rock, right the Dick Saddle place?"
"Yes, yes, Master Veal, the same Belcher."

"Gid Belcher, you know him, then? He's the old gray-headed, psalm-singing devil that tried in town-meeting, to get the village mob to hunt me like a wild beast. But I've been revenged on him. Where is that pretty girl that he adopted as his daughter? Tell me that if you know."

"O, Master Veal, I wish that I did know; for then I could ease many an aching heart," said the good hearted woodsman, wiping a tear on his rough jacket sleeve. "But nobody knows now. She's gone, gone—lost, lost, now. She's gone, gone—lost, lost. The minister has preached her sermon, and the squire has had the corpse on his hat."

"Bah, bah, Joel! she's gone, sure enough; but you lie when you say that nobody knows where, for there is somebody that knows. But old Belcher has had a lesson that may teach him manners."

The tall trees that had for centuries braved the fury of the tempest, now reeled to and fro, bowing their mighty heads and mingling one with another their outstretched branches, as if clinging together for support; or, yielding to the fury of the blast, in majestic capitulation falling to the earth. As thunderbolt speaks, cutting a fiery path through the dense thickets of the swamp; the stoutest trees that

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Shade Trees about Dwellings.

My views in regard to the effect of shade trees around dwellings coincide with yours—that, to a certain extent, they do engender sickness—but this must depend in a measure upon the locality of the place, as well as the nature of the tree producing the shade. A friend residing in a neighboring county had a large number of the barren mulberry growing in his yard, casting so dense a shade that the rays of the sun never reached the ground. I called his attention to the fact, and advised him to remove every alternate one, but he chose to let them stand; the consequence was, he lost his wife and his only three children, and came very near losing his own life. Now, whether this is to be attributed to the dampness caused by the shade or not, I am not prepared to say; but my impression certainly bears in that direction. I may be mistaken in my notion, but it seems to me that the leaf of the mulberry retains moisture longer, and is more difficult of decomposition, than the leaf of any other tree, for which reason I have always looked upon it as a species of *Upas*, and have never allowed the woodsman to spare it on my premises. On a high, sandy elevation, I cannot think that shade shade would be so apt to produce sickness as on a low place; but in either case the trees should not be suffered to stand so closely as to prevent the sun from drying the ground; and again, they should be trimmed sufficiently high to permit a free circulation of air. I believe, too, that if the housewife would be careful in having all fallen leaves immediately removed to the manure pit before they commenced decaying, a very great cause of sickness would be removed with them. I would also recommend a similar disposition to be made of all slops, dead chickens, etc. This includes a part of my rural management, and I think the neighbors will attest my family has enjoyed a good share of health.—V. L., in *Southern Cultivator*.

Sorghum Sacre.

The Manchester (N. H.) *American* says that the Chinese sugar cane, small patches of which have been planted all through the State, proves to be an entire failure so far as regards the production of sugar. In size it compares favorably with Indian corn, and will probably be superb fodder for fall and winter

BRITISH POSSESSIONS IN INDIA.—The following facts will be interesting at this time. In the year 1800, Queen Elizabeth incorporated a company of merchants, with the exclusive privilege of trading to the East Indies and places beyond the Cape of Good Hope. The English established themselves at Bombay and Calcutta. From 1745 until 1760, there was almost constant fighting between the French and the English in India, as elsewhere, and then the French were expelled—since which the British in India have quietly absorbed territory, and suppressed the native governments.

The extreme length of India, from north to south, is 1,820 miles, and its breadth, in the widest part, a nearly the same. The total area of India is 1,399,413 miles, and its population, as ascertained and estimated by the best authorities, is 172,399,235.

The extent and divisions of the British possessions are as follows:

| Sq. miles. | Population. |
|---------------------------------|-------------|
| Bengal, 235,626 | 41,188,521 |
| Sonor and Nerbudda, 17,442 | 2,143,599 |
| Unsub and Nerbudda, 75,417 | 9,153,309 |
| Satara, 4,659 | 2,314,950 |
| Nagpore, 76,440 | 4,650,000 |
| Pegu, 32,350 | 540,180 |
| Madrass, 132,000 | 25,761,528 |
| Bombay, 120,000 | 11,100,000 |
| North Western Provinces, 85,651 | 30,874,765 |
| 782,683 | 125,000,000 |

Of the remaining 516,760 square miles, containing 48,000,000 inhabitants, a portion is occupied by wholly independent native states, and a portion, as Oude and Mysore, is under the control of British officials, in whose hands, indeed, reside all the substantial powers of government. The gross revenue of the British government in India were in 1856 about \$28,000,000, the net revenue, \$21,096,000, the surplus of the payment of all current charges only £65,000.

The Journal of Commerce says that hard times continue in the mercantile marine without mitigation. Evidence of this is afforded by the fact that the owners of the old Black Bull line of Liverpool packets have determined to lay up two of their ships on their return from sea—vessels which have returned their trips for many years, with remarkable regularity. Facts like this serve to show that the prevailing stagnation is perhaps altogether without precedent, and the favorable accounts of crops from abroad forbid the hope of any material alteration from the exportation of the ripening grain.

THE HARVEST.—The weather is good for harvesters. Nearly all the grain has been cut, but not one half of it has been stacked. The farmers are now stacking rapidly, and we hope the greater part of the wheat crop will be secured during the week. We noticed several loads of new wheat in market yesterday. There will probably be more shrunken wheat than was expected.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Special Notices.

HIGH SCHOOL.

THE next term of the Woburn High School will commence at the High School House, on Monday next, Sept. 7th, at 9 o'clock, a.m.

For order of Superintendent School Committee. Woburn, Sept. 5.

CAUCUS.

THE YOUNG MEN OF WOBURN, and all others in favor of the election of Hon. S. P. BAXTER to the office of Governor of this Commonwealth, are requested to meet at the Town Hall on Saturday evening, Sept. 5th, at 7 o'clock, for the purpose of electing four delegates to the State Convention to be held at Worcester, on Tuesday, Sept. 8th.

For order of Town Committee. Woburn, Sept. 5.

NOTICE.

BY order of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, the office will be open for receiving deposits every Wednesday and Saturday from 10 o'clock to 4 o'clock, P. M.

JAMES N. DOW, Secretary. Aug. 5th, 1857.—4w.

Warren Academy.

The fall term of this institution will commence on Monday, August 24th, and continue fourteen weeks under the charge of John J. Ladd, A. M., Principal. A class will be formed for those intending to become teachers, before which frequent lectures will be given by the Principal in Natural Literature.

Tuition on Common English—\$6.50
" Latin—7.50
" Greek—8.50
" French—9.50

Tuition received invariably in advance.

B. CUTTES, M. D., Sec. Board of Trustees. Hon. G. W. WARREN, of Charlestown, President. July 18.—4w.

WANTED.

WANTED in the Journal Printing Office, a smart, intelligent boy, of fair education, to learn the business. One who parents reside in Woburn Centre preferred.

Removal!

DR. T. RICKARD has removed from his former residence, on Pleasant Street, to the new house on the right hand side of Bennett Street, nearly opposite Dr. Clough's.

Woburn, April 4, 1857.—4w.

Every one should read Dr. Bliss' Advertisement to the citizens of Woburn and vicinity. It is to be found in another column, as well as his succeeding advertisements, which will appear from week to week in this paper. They will interest not only invalids but all persons, and they will be found to be medical essays, replete with new ideas and much that will interest as regards the more common of the chronic diseases. His views will do doubt to a great many be entirely new and novel, appearing as they do from many particulars from the old "orthodox" beliefs regarding the cause and treatment of disease.

HARREL, RISLEY & KITCHEN, Importers and Wholesale Druggists, New York. August 10.—4w.

Just Received!

A superior lot of Hats, of the Fall style, just received at J. W. HAMM'S, 125½ Lyceum building. Woburn, Sept. 5, 1857.—2w.

New Shoe Store.

THE Subscriber informs his friends and the public that he has opened a SHOE STORE in the new shop next to W. Woodbury's, where he will keep constantly on hand a well selected stock of Ladies', Gents' and Children's.

ALVAH BUCKMAN. Woburn, May 9.—4w.

which he proposes to sell at a very small advance over cost, for cash only.

The greater part of my stock is of

MY OWN MANUFACTURE,

and warranted in material, make and finish to be as good as any in the market, and SUPERIOR to most that is offered for sale.

Ladies', Gents', Boys' and Girls' Boots and Shoes made to order.

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Ladies', Gents', Boys' and Girls' Boots and Shoes made to order.

ALVAH BUCKMAN. Woburn, May 9.—4w.

The Great Remedy at Hand!

COMPOUND HEMORRHOID

Strengthening Syrup

SCROFULA & ERYSIPELAS

It Cures

It Cures

It Removes

It Strengthens and invigorates the whole system.

It is a safe and reliable medicine.

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NEW STORE AND NEW STOCK

—OF—

FASHIONABLE AND SEASONABLE

MILLINERY.

MRS. BEERS.

BEGS to inform her numerous customers and the public generally, in this and neighboring

towns, that she has removed to the large store in

LYCEUM HALL BUILDING,

where she has just opened an extensive and elegant assortment of New and Season-

able Goods, consisting of every article of FASHIONABLE MILLINERY, EMBROIDERIES, LACES, GLOVES, HOSIERY, &c., which she offers for sale at the lowest cash

prices.

Particular attention given to ALTERING and CLEANING BONNETS.

Woburn, May 16th, 1857.

A CARD TO GENTLEMEN.

THE subscriber desires to thank his friends and customers for the liberal patronage be-

stowed upon him for many years past, and begs to solicit a continuance of their favor

Gentlemen in want of

Elegant, Rich and Fashionable Garments,

as well as CLOTHING FOR COMMON WEAR, are solicited to examine my

New Stock of Cloths, Pantaloonery, Vestings and Coatings,

the largest ever exhibited in this town, and which has been selected with much care from

the latest importations and best domestic manufactures.

These goods, many of which are adapted to SPRING and SUMMER wear, are offered to the public at

LOW AND UNIFORM PRICES.

Employing the most skillful workmen for each garment, I GUARANTEE to give those who

in favor me with their orders. Garments which, for

FIT AND FINISH,

they will at once appreciate, and of such durability as, it is believed, will give perfect

satisfaction.

I have on a large assortment of appropriate fabrics for Boys' Clothing.

A select assortment of Gents' Furnishing Goods, constantly on hand.

G. R. GAGE.

WOBURN, April 25th, 1857.

WOBURN CENTER MILLINERY ROOMS!

NO. 9 MAIN STREET,

(OPPOSITE JAMES ELLIS & CO'S STORE.)

THE SUBSCRIBER takes this opportunity to thank the ladies of Woburn and vicinity for the

liberal patronage bestowed on her for the past nine years, and hopes by untiring energy

to merit a continuance of the same. Having purchased an extensive assortment of

NEW AND FASHIONABLE GOODS,

—COMPRISING AN—

Elegant Variety of Dress, Straw & Fancy Bonnets.

ALSO, A CHOICE SELECTION OF

EMBROIDERIES, LACES,

AND EVERY ARTICLE USUALLY FOUND IN A

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT.

Which she offers on the lowest terms for Cash.

M. TEARE.

WOBURN, May 23d, 1857.

SOUTH READING MUTUAL SAFETY

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

INCORPORATED, MARCH, 1853.

Office—Bank Building, South Reading, Mass.

CASH AND AVAILABLE CAPITAL, \$100,000

AMOUNT AT RISK, \$2,200,000

A dividend of 25 per cent. on renewals, is now being paid.

This Company insures Dwelling Houses, Stores and other Buildings, Merchandise and

other Personal Property, of the safer kinds, at reasonable rates.

EDWARD MANSFIELD, Treasurer.

LILLY EATON, President.

WILLIAM H. WILLIS, Secretary.

JOHN J. PIPPY, Agent for Woburn.

Office, at the Woburn Book Store.

Feb. 21, 1857.—yt.

N. B.—THE SECRETARY will give his personal attention to all matters relating to insurance.

Also, to writing Deeds, Bonds, Contracts, Leases, Wills, Writs, both civil and criminal;

and all kinds of legal documents. Opinions of eminent legal counsellors obtained;

Bills collected, Estates settled, &c., &c.

REAL ESTATE NOTICES.

House Wanted.

Woburn, Reading, North & South Reading, Stoueham, Winchester and Burlington.

[SINGLE COPY FOUR CENTS.]

Volume VI.---Number 49.

TEA TASTING.—A New York cor.

respondent gives the following particulars of the effects of "tea tasting" and sampling, upon the constitutions of those engaged in the business :

"The death of a famous tea broker in this city lately, calls to mind the curious nature of his business. I wonder if any of your readers at the west know that their fastidiousness in

the choice of the herb which cheers, but not inebriates, is the cause of the establishment of a profession, called "tea-tasting," which is as certain death

The success of the tea-broker, or taster, depends upon the trained accuracy of the nose and palate, his experience in the wants of the American

He everhauls a cargo of tea, classifies it by the color of the leaf, and the general cleanliness of it. He next takes

and breathing his warm breath on it, he sauffs up the fragrance. In doing

his, he draws into his lungs a quantity of irritating and stimulating dust, which is by no means wholesome.—Then, sitting down at the table in his office, on which is a long row of little

In this way he classifies the different sorts to the minutest shade, marks the different prices, and is then ready to compare his work with the invoice. The skill of these tasters is fairly marvellous, but the effect of the business on their health, is, as I have said, ruinous. They grow lean, nervous, and consumptive. At the end of a hard day's work, they feel and act as fidgety as an hysterical old maid.

Everybody should have his head, his heart, and his hand, educated; let his truth never be forgotten.

By the proper education of his head, he will be taught what is good and what is evil, what is wise and what is foolish, what is right and what is wrong.

By the proper education of his heart, he will be taught to love what is good, wise, and right, and to hate what is evil, foolish, and wrong; and by the

The highest objects of a good education are to reverence and obey God, to love and to serve mankind. Everything that helps us in attaining these

WHO ARE YOU ? It is said that the widow of Alexander Hamilton, on a

ertain Sabbath, attended church with-
these same *gracious* walls. Pre-
suming upon her advanced age and high
social position, she availed herself of a
privilege, elsewhere always cheerfully
accorded her, of taking the most con-

nd lady, the proprietors of the pew,
all the magnificence of a purse-proud
trut, and seeing this strange old lady
n their domains, were greatly disgust-
d with her imprudence. All through
ne service there were frequent glances
f contempt at the ill-mannered in-
ruder. At the close, something fell
pon her ear which caused her to speak.

given her a welcome place in any pew in the house of God, and incidentally not drop her name. Never did chameleon quicker change its hue, than did these creatures under their demeanor. Oh, they were delighted that Mrs. Hamilton had occupied a seat in their pew—it

welcome. They were almost ready to fall upon their knees before her. And these people called themselves disciples of Jesus.

Now is the time to free your orchard from those sad plagues, the borers. The old method of destroying the vermin was by following them in their holes with a crooked wire, which gen-

The better method is to pour boiling water around the roots of the tree, wading up the earth at a little distance, that the water may not run off. By pouring the fluid on the bark of a tree, it will also destroy the eggs, and though the boiling water will turn the young bark brown, yet in the end benefits the tree.

A party of twenty-five or thirty Italian organ-grinders left Philadelphia last week for Europe. They took with them a sum sufficient for each one to purchase a homestead in his native land.

Middlesex Journal.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1857.

The Vicissitudes of Life.

"There's nothing fixed but change." The expression of this idea in the form just quoted, is usually ascribed to the gifted but unhappy author of *Childe Harold*. It matters very little, however, whether the misanthropic Byron gave it utterance from a heart writhing with bitterness and disappointment, or whether it was breathed forth from some afflicted yet chastened spirit, that could look beyond the apparent darkness of cloud and tempest, to a sky peaceful and serene, fit emblem of the haven of rest beyond life's troubled waters. We draw our plans, we fix our aims in life, and fondly dream that success and happiness will crown our wishes. Favoring skies and auspicious gales may, for a season, wait us prosperously onward. Our efforts to secure a competence, at least, of this world's goods, may be rewarded with an overflowing abundance. Honors may stand thick around us, and proffer their aid for the promotion of our happiness. We may seek, and secure a wide circle of friends, kindred in taste, in thought, in feeling. We may decorate the spot we call our home with all that can minister to our physical and intellectual comfort and happiness, and forget that all things earthly must quickly change and glide away. In a moment the accumulated treasures of years may pass from our grasp; our circle of friends may be deprived of its links, one by one; and, by a single stroke, like a bolt from a shining sky, all that rendered our home the dearest spot on earth may be struck down in its presence, leaving us too keenly sensible of our loss not to feel that change is the destiny of all we thought most enduring. Very different are the trials experienced amid the different vicissitudes of life. The lost savings of years of toil may be replaced by renewed exertions. If the devouring element lays in ruins a lovely home, labor and skill can build another, more beautiful and attractive, it may be, than the one we lost. But when death enters the circle of our nearest and dearest friends, and lays one and another low in the sleep that knows no waking, what earthly hand can fill the void or heal our wounded hearts.

And such is life. Our hold upon the dearest objects of our affections is but as the spider's thread, that the passing breeze may sever. They disappear when we think them most secure. Who does not know, in the depths of his own experience, that "the world is full of farewells of the dying, and sorrow for the dead." Who will soon forge the throb of anguish that was felt throughout this whole community, when the sad intelligence of a most melancholy event, occurring in our midst the present week, became known? How like a dream it yet seems, that one so endeared to us, so lovely and so amiable in all the tenderest and dearest relations of life, so fitted to bless and adorn the circle in which he moved, is to be seen by us no more on earth. Her light went out so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that her friends seem blinded by an almost total darkness. What wonder that the tide of sympathy for the bereaved should flow forth with a strength and fullness, with a tenderness almost unknown before. How consoling to the heart most stricken it must be to know, that he is not alone, though his dearest earthly friend will no more tread the path of life by his side. Yet the loss is not his alone, for

"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise."

But let us humbly trust that "it is well;" well for the lost one, and well for the stricken hearts left to pursue the path of life in loneliness and sorrow. How mysterious are His ways who, we are assured, "doeth all things well." At the very moment when her cup of earthly happiness seemed full, when a new and precious jewel had been given to deck her maternal brow, when the vista of life in the future seemed redolent of overflowing joyousness, the arrow sped, and even while we looked, she had gone to her reward.

Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend?

NEW ROAD.—The Board of Selectmen advertise for proposals for making a new road at the West end of Woburn, as laid out last year by the County Commissioners. It is computed that this road will cost the town nearly two thousand dollars.

QUARTERMASTER.—We omitted to notice at the time of the appointment, that General B. F. Butler had given the commission of Quartermaster of the Third Brigade to Thomas J. Porter, Esq., of this town.

Encampment of the Fifth Regiment.

We took a run down to Nahant on Thursday to look at the Fifth Regiment on the muster field. We found the Encampment very orderly, very quiet and very military. It was "a purely military affair," as Colonel Rogers said he desired it to be, and as annual musters always ought to be. In the afternoon there was an accession to the number of visitors, among whom we noticed the veteran officers of the Cadets, in undress uniform, Col. Burbank and other notable military men; none of whom were in uniform, however, except the Cadets. Though but little versed in military etiquette ourselves, we think that officers visiting encampments should appear in undress uniform, as a compliment to the regiment, a credit to themselves, and a duty all soldiers, whether volunteer or regular, owe to their profession. The appearance of the officers of the Cadets at Nahant was in happy contrast to that of other military men on the field. They came as soldiers and received from the officers of the day the consideration due to their rank.

The Fifth Regiment, though less in point of numbers than it was at the annual muster last year, is not excelled, if equalled by any, in military discipline and drill. The parade on Thursday afternoon was excellent; every movement being prompt and well performed. The exercises in firing, both by company and battalion, was remarkably good, and elicited the applause of the military visitors. The striking of the tents at four o'clock was very handsomely done, after the manner of the line was formed and the troops embarked on board the steamer Neptune, for Boston, followed shortly after by the steamer *Relly* Baker, filled with visitors returning to their homes.

The weather during the three days of the encampment was very fine—the duty on the whole was light, and the troops appeared as if they had enjoyed themselves well throughout the muster.

The **WOBURN MECHANIC PHALANX**, though excelled by none in the performance of their duty, did not appear to advantage on the field, owing in part to the fact that twenty-two members were drafted for guard duty, which appears to be an unfair proportion from one company. A further draft of five men was also made from their ranks, but Capt. Grammer very properly refused to bring the company into regimental line until these men were returned, whereupon Major Kettell was despatched to bring them back. This was standing up for the rights of the company in the right spirit. It is a pity to see so fine a company, enjoying, as they do, a military reputation second to none in the state, going into camp without a regularly commissioned officer, and what is perhaps still worse, without that spirit of emulation, energy and activity which a few years since actuated every member of the corps.

"It is not the old Phalanx," said one of the members to us, and we could but acknowledge the truth of his remark. Many of the members think that it is impossible to bring the company up to its former position until it is reorganized. If such is the case the sooner a reorganization takes place the better. The Phalanx has hosts of friends in Woburn outside of the ranks, who express a warm interest in its welfare, and desire to see it successfully and creditably sustained.

Politics.

This has been an eventful week to politicians. The Young Men's Convention at Worcester and the two Conventions in Boston have absorbed the public mind, we mean that portion of the public who believe that the safety and success of the State and of the nation depends upon the adoption of the principles of the party to which they adhere. We are liberal enough to think otherwise, and believe that the state will prosper and the nation go on prospering whoever is elected, whether it be Banks, Gardner, or even Beach.

The two leading candidates are now squarely before the people. We have heard what both of them have to say, and must judge and vote accordingly. The Democrats will probably nominate Mr. Beach, or some other candidate—it makes no difference who—in order to keep their party together, but they do not of course expect to influence the election to any extent. We hear it stated that there is a feeling among moderate democrats in favor of Mr. Gardner, and that some at least will vote for him; on what principle it does not appear, except for the purpose of defeating Mr. Banks, the pro-slavery people believing him to be the worst evil of the two, and so they prefer Mr. Gardner, as the lesser evil. But the American party cannot expect to get the foreign vote for their candidates, and Democrats know a trick worth two of letting Pat loose to vote for whom

he will, thus splitting up the little strength they have in the state, which they would find difficult to get together again. Not a bit of it, the democratic party is too wide-awake, if they are small in numbers, to follow any such foolish plan. They will rally round their own man and throw their full party vote for him, and for no one else; though it is true they might this year, with little effort, turn the election in favor of either of the other candidates.

The Convention at Worcester on Tuesday was well attended, about two thousand being present. A great deal of unanimity, and a confident feeling that Mr. Banks would be elected by a large number of votes over his opponents, pervaded the Convention. This excessive confidence is perhaps a rock on which the Banks party may be stranded. If it is not to be over confident of any result in politics. If Mr. Banks is elected it will be after a most thorough canvass and hard-fought campaign. If his friends do not exert themselves manfully, energetically and continually in his behalf, he will be sure to come in second best at the end of the race.

The "Americans," as a body, are now opposed to Mr. Banks, whom many of them helped to nominate, and are fully committed to support Mr. Gardner. They have a candidate whom the most of them adore—one of the shrewdest men and smartest politicians in the country; they will work for him day and night; they are well organized, used to the business and like it, and are usually successful in State elections. If Mr. Banks is elected against all these odds, it will be a great victory for his party, and one worth working for.

The two American conventions at Boston, on Thursday—once known as the Fremont Americans, the other as the Fillmore or Straight Americans—were large and pleasant gatherings of the American party. Both conventions nominated the same ticket with singular unanimity, and in the evening held a ratification meeting in Faneuil Hall, which was addressed by Governor Gardner, Col. Alexander De Witt, the candidate for Lieut. Governor, and others. The joint American state ticket stands as follows:—

For Governor,
HENRY J. GARDNER.
Lieut. Governor,
ALEXANDER DE WITT, of Oxford.
Secretary of State,
BENJ. L. ALLEN, of Boston.
Treasurer,
TIMOTHY INGRAHAM, of New Bedford.
Auditor,
CHANDLER R. RANSOM, of Roxbury.
Attorney-General,
JOHN H. CLIFFORD, of New Bedford.

A meeting of the friends of N. P. Banks will be held in the Town Hall this evening, for the purpose of forming an "Ironides Club."

The friends of Mr. Banks in Somerville formed an Ironides Club last evening.

Hon. N. P. Banks will address the Republicans of Portland on Saturday evening.

The friends of Mr. Gardner talk of holding a grand ratification convention in Plymouth county, at Abington.

A seven hours' pleasant journey.

By reference to our special notice column it will be observed that a call is published for a public meeting on Monday evening, for the purpose of inviting Hon. Edward Everett to deliver, in this town, his Address on the Life and Character of Washington.

NEW PATENT.—Among the new patents issued by the United States Patent office this week, is one to Seth D. Tripp of Winchester, assignor to himself and Luther Hill of Stoneham, for improvement in machines for pegging boots and shoes. We learn that this is a very valuable improvement, and will be put into immediate operation in Stoneham.

SEPTEMBER is the "thrilling month" of all the train. No skies like hers—no music of wind and wave like hers—no landscapes like hers—no nights and twilights like hers! Spring is welcome for the release from icy fetters which it brings, for the first glimpse of green which it grants, and for its breath of violets and fresh buds and grasses; and Summer is the chosen season "of all the glad new year," for its delicious fruits and flowers, and days of growth under the sun's beautiful creation; but in September the fullness has come—the Summer has subsided into something of soberness—the hills and valleys are touched with their russets and grays, and the balmy winds sweep over them with their most wilder strains, while the clouds pile up in gorgeousness which painters may dream over, but not faithfully imitate. At her touch, the pulses go bounding through the veins with a life that has strength,

and daring, and noble purpose in it; and the heart within us whispers more passionately than June roses and May murmurs ever answered to. Poor denizen of the city, pent up in walls as changeless in hue and association as a prison! September lavishes her beauty in vain for you, alas! and it is a cruel service, perhaps, to remind you of the great loss which every day is yours. Fly away, for a day, to the hills and woods, to the seaside, to the fields, and draw in inspiration enough to speed you through the winter which is at hand! Be comforted, O ye who are in daily communion with nature, for yours is, indeed, an enviable lot; and with September at your door, with all its passion, and power, and beauty, grow into such nobility of soul as the good God designed!

(For the Middlesex Journal.)

WOBURN, Sept. 10, '57.
MR. EDITOR:—As the political campaign is now opening up before us, and the various parties and cliques are ready to open their batteries upon the unsuspecting ones, we would propose the organization of a "Common Sense Party," to be composed of all who possess the requisite qualities contained in the name above suggested, to meet as soon as may be, to counsel together against the common enemies of the working class, which, strange to say, now actually controls the business community, and can only be successfully met and repelled by some such organization or association of men, composed of all the different nations, kindred, tongues, and people who suffer from the present misrule of state and political demagogues.

No matter what has been the name, party, nation, creed, or color, let all come together in each and every town where there are those who sympathize with us in the views above expressed, and take measures for an organization, to act unitedly together against our most vital enemies, and a triumph is certain and sure.

Name an early time and place for a primary movement in the matter, and the ball thus put in motion will not stop until it shall have crushed the oppressor.

PHILANTHROPY.

(For the Middlesex Journal.)

PLATTSBURGH, Sept. 4, '57.
FRIEND P.—I am bound to give you some jottings by the way-side, and even though it should be sheer vexation to you, you will please remember it is fun for me, and just such an one-sided bargain as I am accustomed to drive.

Leaving the quiet little town of Westminster on the line of Vt. and Mass. Railroad, in company with your fellow townsman and friend, Mr. Barnard and lady, and checking baggage (and company too, I believe) thro' by the excursion route for Burlington, we were on the way, with all the trimmings for travellers and fixings for comfort—taking care (as you know friend Barnard always does) for all necessities to the comfort of both the inner and the outer man.

Traversing the rough corner of Worcester North, noted for rocky fields, sturdy farmers, and honest men (a little self glorification there, you see, for there happens to be "first place where you was raised"), we were soon in the full enjoyment of those picturesque scenes in the beautiful valley of the Connecticut. Leaving the banks of that river and its farms so justly celebrated, with their beautiful and just ripening harvests, we had upon the one hand the rugged range of the Green Mts., the iron horse tearing along just at their foot, and the dashing spray of the hill streams close upon the other; and, by the way, friend P., if any of the wood and water nymphs of ancient song and story, should wish again to settle in these lower regions here among the miniature groves upon the tiny streams tracing in silvery lines down the mountain sides, we could choose them a location just to their liking.

A seven hours' pleasant journey.
Whizzing thro' the mountains,
Rattling o'er the rail,

brought us in sight of the waters of Lake Champlain. The cool breeze from its surface was specially agreeable to the dusty and heated car travellers, who promenade with great satisfaction the deck of the little steamer Montreal, in waiting to take us to Plattsburgh, about twenty miles up the lake on the other shore.

With merry company and fine sailing, we had a pleasant trip, enjoying the beautiful scenery of the lake shores, dotted on all sides with villages, and thrifty farms running down with their green sward to the very water's edge. In conversation with a fellow traveller I expressed surprise that the painter and sketcher should not travel this way with the port-folio and easel, and was told that several were even now engaged in taking bird's-eye sketches from the lake and its surroundings; and, certainly, it will be worth the labor, for here are to be found some of the finest scenes God has anywhere spread out to the view of his creatures. Still, paintings of scenery are tame beside the reality, and a copy would be as far from what we saw in its freshness and beauty, and as different, as the hand of the Father from the pencil of the artist.

In changing from the cars to the steamer, our friend Barnard found to his utter dismay his baggage missing; like the Dutchman's goose, it wouldn't come to time or checks.—Full of fun all day, and happy as a clam at high water, now a cloud settled upon his lengthened physiognomy; but a bluff friendly greeting from our Captain, Lot Chamberlain, more familiarly known from New York city to Canada as "Captain Lot," who by the way, is a most excellent fellow, together with his promised assistance in forwarding the missing articles, soon put us all to rights. In accordance with his promise, on meeting the return boat from Plattsburgh, he signalled her to "lay to," and running along side, sent back a messenger on his baggage-hunting errand. We had a glorious sunset scene, and they the moon rose from behind the grim old mountains, and, shedding its light down upon the smooth waters of the lake, made a scene, the influence of which a painter and poet might feel, but none describe.

Arrived at Plattsburgh, and intending to await the forwarding of the baggage, we found most excellent accommodations at the Fouquet House, and a genial "hall-fellows-well-met" host in Douglass Fouquet.—Should you ever be so fortunate as to travel this way, you must not fail to give Capt. Lot Chamberlain a hearty, social grip and look for most comfortable arrangements and good fellowship at Fouquet's.

We have found many objects of interest and pleasant resorts in and around Plattsburgh. Settled about the year 1797, it became an important military post in the war of 1812, and is rich in historical associations. In plain sight from the streets of the town, Mc Donough captured the British fleet, and close by the village, the American troops fought and drove the British land forces from the field.

The town takes its name from the family of one Zephaniah Platt, one of its first settlers, whose descendants have from that day to this, been men of note in the politics and trade of Northern New York. One a Judge of the Supreme Court, and another a state Senator, and a contemporary and fellow-laborer with De Witt Clinton, in the great schemes of internal improvement which have contributed so much to the commercial prosperity of the state, and conferred lasting honor upon their originators. William Pitt Platt married Hannah Kent, a sister of Chancellor Kent, the author of Kent's Commentaries.

We visited the battle ground and the now deserted U. S. barracks, which are soon to be sold by Government—the station at Rouses Point, in case of trouble with the Canadas, being deemed best for a military post.

Near the village is the tomb of that gifted and youthful author, Lucretia Maria Davidson, who, dying at the early age of sixteen, had yet evidence of remarkable powers of mind, and the possession of the head and heart of a poetess. In the same cemetery are interred the British and American soldiers and marines who fell in the last war. Foes in life but friends in death, they lie side by side on common soil together.

Early to-morrow morning we leave for Niagara Falls, where you may hear from us again, with the incidents of travel.

WM. C.

(Correspondence of the Middlesex Journal.)

Matters and things in New York.

NEW YORK, SEP. 8, 1857.

"It is a muddle," says Nicholas of the "hard times" and the present state of things in Wall street is decidedly a muddle to multitudes of small depositors and bill holders, who don't take a wide view of things and are not able to appreciate the grand laws of monetary fluctuation and depression. It always seems to happen that "the who hath much, o him much is given," and he who loses much lately has given a great deal, while those who have but little to lose are sure to lose that little altogether. Heavy operators, from their high water towers behold the gathering storm, and pack up their little private effects in time to save a trifle for themselves. Well, the crash seems to be over, and stocks are reviving; but money continues extravagantly high. Some of the street rates for common business paper range as high as 25 per cent; a rate of usury which ought to start the prophets of the Old Testament out of their graves.

Business is dull, of course; nothing else was to be looked for during the continuance of such a panic. Any body who has fixed capital of any kind, declines to invest in uncertain merchandise. The high rates ruling for money have prostrated many speculators; among others, the parties retorted to in another letter, who undertook to hold 70,000 tons of sugar, at rates which deprived half the population of their customary allowance of sweetening. Woe be unto him who speculates in the people's bread and butter; he shall surely have a fall.

Sugar has fallen, and with it the hopes and the credit of the operators. The jobbers of dry goods and groceries are now doing an active business; but importers are quiet for the present. Cotton goods will rise in the course of a fortnight, if the monetary panic blows over. Silks are no higher in price. Woolens are generally poor property; a vast number of innocent sheep have been sheared to no purpose, for more woolsens have been manufactured for this market than the American people can afford to wear during the coming winter.

The financial prospects of the city are brightening. If the last week's troubles had come a month or two later, when the jobbers will have heavy payments to make the effect would have been most disastrous. Instead of a dozen failures we should have had a hundred. These will happen yet, however, if money should keep up at 12 and 20 per cent, which is not probable.

People are returning rapidly from the country. The Wall-st. troubles exercised a magnetic influence on all the distant inhabitants, bringing them back in carloads to the focus of interest.

The opera, at the Academy of Music, sets in on Monday, under magnificent auspices. The full foundations are beginning to be displayed. Dress patterns in silks are larger, more showy, and more brilliant in colors than ever before. By the way, a word in private with lady readers. Gents will please face about and put fingers in ears. The *ton* has decided that hoops have reached a sufficient expansion and are to be thrown out as a vulgarism. An extensive demonstration will be made in the beginning of the season, in order to throw the vulgar uninitiated off the track; but this piece of information is confidential; having been communicated as such to your correspondent by the very central pin of the "first circle."

I notice that the Police of this city have finally commenced paying "particular attention" to a class of swindlers who are duping thousands and accumulating fortunes for themselves by advertising wonderful cures and other benefits to be communicated by letter for a consideration. There is one character of this kind who ought to be developed. He is the husband of the famous Madame R.—, of Chambers street, who has been frequently brought before the public for attempting to do away with the consequences of crime. He receives hundreds of dollars

per diem, through the mail, enclosing five dollar notes, in return for which he communicates medical information of a criminal tendency. He drives one of the most elegant turn outs that is to be seen on the avenue of a sunshiny day, is royally attired, does his business with the air and surroundings of a Rothschild. He is well known to the police and to sporting men, though there are few who would dare compromise themselves by recognizing him in the street.

The weather is warm for September, thus far, though not uncomfortably so.

SOUTH READING.

(For the Middlesex Journal.)

Biography.—No. 1.

CAPT. THOMAS EMERSON, SEN.

(Concluded.)

The children of Capt. Thomas and Mrs. Ruth Emerson, were as follows:—
1. Ruth, born Nov. 3, 1733, married to Mr. Joseph Burnham, son of Col. Joshua Burnham. She is now a widow and resides in South Reading.

2. Thomas, born Oct. 2, 1735, married Betsey, daughter of Dea. James Hartshorn.
3. Clarissa, born Oct. 6, 1737, married Mr. Benj. Cox, of Lynnfield.

4. Charlotte, born May 1, 1739, married Col. Matthew Cox, of Lynnfield.
5. Hannah, born April 6, 1792, married Col. Thomas Parker of South Reading.

6. James Bancroft, born 1794, and died in 1795.

7. James Bancroft, born January 26, 1797, married Lydia Parker, sister of Col. Thomas, and died, as did his wife also, in Natchez, of yellow fever, in 1822.

8. Hubbard, born April 30, 1799, married Harriet, daughter of Col. John Orne, of Lynnfield, and grand daughter of Rev. Caleb Prentiss, former minister at South Reading. He now lives in Lynnfield.

9. Sarah Bancroft, born July 1, 1801, married Mr. Warren Aborn, son of Deacon Samuel Aborn, of Lynnfield, and died March 6, 1825.

10. Elizabeth, born April 6, 1806, married Mr. Jacob Taft, of South Reading.

The descendants of these families are quite numerous in South Reading and vicinity.

As a family connection, they may be considered observable for industry, thrift, enterprise, business capacity, public spirit, and honorable dealing. For many years its members have occupied a large space in every department of society in our community.

Perhaps we may be allowed, without being charged with invidiousness, to speak a little more particularly, of the oldest son of Capt. E., who has long been one of our most eminent citizens. Hon. Thomas Emerson was born in South Reading, Oct. 2, 1735, as has been already stated; consequently, he is now in his 72nd year.

With no other education than such as could be obtained from a limited attendance upon our common schools, obliged to labor from his earliest years upon the farm and at the bench, to assist his parents in rearing a growing family amid the privations and hard times consequent upon the war, our friend had need of all his native enterprise to enable him to emerge from the "little world," in which his lot was cast, and to place himself upon the more public theatre of active life.

Soon after attaining his majority, he formed a partnership in business with the late Rev. Ebenezer Nelson, formerly of South Reading, under the style of "Emerson and Nelson." Under this connection a store was opened in Providence, R. I., for the sale of boots and shoes, under the immediate management of the Junior partner, while the manufacture of those articles was carried on at South Reading, by his senior partner.

This partnership existed with various success for several years, until Mr. Nelson felt it his duty to quit trade and enter the ministry. The connection was then dissolved by mutual consent and entire good feeling.

After this Mr. Emerson continued the shoe manufacturing business at South Reading, enlarging the amount from year to year, experiencing the usual ups and downs, the reverses and successes of business, but on the whole steadily advancing to wealth and independence.

Mr. Emerson has for many years done a very large business, giving employment to a great number of persons of both sexes. To him belongs, in a great measure, the credit of substituting for the old custom of paying employees in goods, on which exorbitant profits were often charged, a system of regular and prompt cash payments. Our friend has thus been of incalculable benefit to the town, contributing instrumentally to the private interest and happiness of many, and to the general prosperity and ornament of the town.

He has also borne his share of the burdens and the honors of the various departments of society. We find him, early in life, the popular commander of that famous band of "Light Horse," which was long the pride of our neighborhood, from which he received that title, which had been long most worthily worn by his heroic father, and has been borne not less worthily by our friend, and which has recently been conferred upon his son; so that the name of "Capt. Emerson" is destined still to be, what it has long been, as familiar and pleasant to our ears as our most common household words.

Our friend was for several years an efficient member of the boards of Selectmen, Assessors and Overseers of the Poor, and, subsequently, Town Treasurer.

He has been a member of both branches of the State Legislature, and has the honor of having been elected to the House of Representatives a greater number of times than any other citizen of South Reading.

He is an influential and liberal member of the Orthodox Church and Society, in South Reading. Possessed of ample means so to do, he seems always ready to contribute of his store to such objects of charity and public weal as he thinks merit his benefactions.

He is now retired from active business, and holds no public office but that of President of South Reading Bank, a duty which he performs, we presume, more from amusement than any thing else.

* Name of the locality in which he lived.

He resides at his pleasant mansion in South Reading, situated on the borders of Quannawitt Lake, with his children settled around him, and the companion of his youth still living to share with him his honors and his comforts, together enjoying, in a green old age, the fruits of a life of honorable industry. His sons have succeeded to the business by their father so prosperously established. His daughters are married to respectable and enterprising merchants, doing business at the metropolis.

Long may he and his amiable lady live to enjoy these blessings, and be themselves blessings to their family and friends.

Slowly and late, but cheer and bright,
And golden hours of even,
As set the unclouded summer light,
Its rays still lingering on our sight,—
In view a sparkling vision;
So may our friend, who like the sun,
Pursues his shining way,
When circling life shall all be run,
O'er death's dark shades, the victory won,
Depart to endless day.

E.

CHANGE OF LOCATION.—We learn that Messrs Wheeler & Co., are about to remove their store of Groceries to the little building at the corner of Main and Avon streets, recently purchased by Mr. Wheeler. We re-

gret very much that such a change is to be made, believing that people will not encourage business to any great extent, when it must be transacted on a portion of land which has always been kept green, and it is a part of the general prospect of a pleasant public common. Messrs W. & Co. are good citizens and deserve patronage, but many will be deterred from trading at a place which they have heretofore looked upon as an ugly excrement upon the face of the Common.

This building was erected by another person about a year ago for two stores, but they have ever since remained vacant, as no one could be found to occupy a place which was held in such odor, by a community from whom they wished to obtain a livelihood. It is on a handsome door yard, with its front pushing down full to the town line; so much so that an observing citizen at the time it was built, remarked, that while the boards were on private land, the point on the boards jutted out on the common. We hope not to be accused of unkindness to the men, because we thus speak of a matter that calls forth so much conversation; but we wish for the sake of all concerned that Mr. W. would change his purpose and set the building on wheels forthwith.

M.

FIREMEN'S MASTER.—The Yale Engine Company returned from the Firemen's Master on Saturday afternoon in good spirits as could be expected, considering they did not hear along with them a prize. On leaving the cars they immediately repaired to one of the reservoirs on the Common and gave specimens of fine playing. One thing was very noticeable, viz: the quietness and good order of the company. There is a charm about everything that we call *ours*, and it seems puzzling that it should not be equally charming to others. As in the choice of companions, nearly every man thinks he has the best, so every engine company think they have the best machine. An old gentleman who was often engaged in litigation, used before going to law, to sit down in the chimney corner with his worthy spouse and argue each case on both sides, then, as a matter of course, render a verdict in his own favor, but bitterly perplexed and chagrined was he, as, in every instance, the decision was reversed when it came to trial in a higher court. So with Engine companies, they assemble together in their respective towns, play a good stream, and unanimously agree that no company can play so high or so far by several feet; therefore in a trial for prizes they are sure to win. A gentleman whose business called him into most of the towns that were represented at the late muster, told us, before the meeting, that in every such town he had visited, the company was certain of a prize, and most of them expected the highest. It is under this impression they go, meet on the trial ground, and return, many of them sadly disappointed; but as "it is natural for men to indulge in the illusion of hope," the next year they enter the lists again, and share again the old man's fate.

In connection with the muster at Worcester, we are sorry to learn, that during the ten minutes allotted to the "Yale," one of our company received an injury which operated as an important hindrance to success.

M.

DRESS MAKERS.—Complaints are again being heard on account of the scarcity of dress-makers. If a few good ones will apply personally or by letter to E. Mansfield, of South Reading, they can be furnished with rooms and employment on satisfactory terms.

M.

At a meeting of the Democrats of South Reading, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 9th, Mr. John Stevens was chosen Chairman, and Samuel Kingman, Esq., Secretary. The following gentlemen were chosen delegates to attend the State Convention to be held in Boston on the 16th, next: Lucius Beebe, Doct. S. O. Richardson and Col. Thomas Parker. Substitutes, Thomas Fensler, Lewis Fairbanks and Jonathan F. Harshorn.

M.

TO THE MULLION.—Prof. Wood, of St. Louis, has, after years of deep study and untiring research, succeeded in presenting to the public an article superior to any now in use, and indeed it is truly a wonderful discovery. We advert to his Hair Restorative; the only article that has been completely successful in cleaning age of his gray locks, removing dandruff, itching, scurf, &c. It restores the gray-headed to more than the original beauty; adds new lustre to locks already luxuriant; having the effect on coarse, harsh hair to render it glossy and wavy; restores permanently hair that is loose or falling, and many other qualities which will become known as soon as used.

The pride of mankind is singularly developed in the keeping and arrangement of the hair; perhaps it is the fact that it is the only portion of the human body that we can train in any way we choose; how important, then, having this portion left to our care, that we should use all the means science has placed in our hands, to render it beautiful and permanent. If you would have beautiful hair, glossy hair, hair with its natural color preserved to extreme old age, don't fail to purchase Wood's Hair Restorative—*Daily Iowa State Gazette.*
Sold by all respectable Druggists.

POETRY.

RIPE PEACHES.

A Parody on Old Ironsides.

BY A SCHOOLBOY.

Aye! pull the rosy peaches down!
Long have they hung on high,
And many a boy has watched their growth
And heaved a longing sigh,
Beneath their rung the trunk's shout,
When burst the building's war;
Their rosy cheeks and plump round sides
Shall hang on high no more.

Their sides once green in springtime gay,
When farmers' seed do sow,
When winds were hurrying over head,
And blossoms white below,
No more shall fall the cold northwest,
With voice so pure and free;
The trunks of the school shall pluck
The peaches from the tree.

O! better that their ripened sides
Should be made into pie;
Their juice cause the mouth to weep,
And there they all should lie;
Open your mouths, ye hungry crew,
And give unto the appetite
Their pulpy richness rare.

OUR OLIO.

"Lately and gossiping,
Stored with the treasures of the tailing world,
Any with a slice of mirth, too."

LOOK OUT FOR THE WOMEN.—Young man, keep your eyes peeled when you are after the women. If you bite at the naked hook you are green. Is a pretty dress or form so attractive; or a pretty face, even? Flounces, boys, are no sort of consequence. A pretty face will grow old. Paint will wash off. The sweet smile of the flirt will give way to scowl of the termagant. The neat form will be pitched into dirty calico. Another and a far different being will take the place of the lovely goddess who smiles and eats sugar candy. The coquette will shine in the kitchen corner, and with the once sparkling eye and beaming countenance will look daggers at you. Beware! Keep your eye peeled, boy, when you are after the women. If the dear is cross, and scolds at her mother in the back room, you may be sure you will get particular fits all over the house. If she blushes when found at the wash-tub, with her sleeves rolled up, be sure she is of the disgraced aristocracy—little breeding and a great deal less sense. If you marry a girl who knows nothing but to commit woman slaughter on the piano, you have got the poorest piece of music ever got up. Find one whose mind is right, and then pitch. Boy, don't be hanging round like a sheep thief, as though you were ashamed to be seen in the day time, but walk up like a chicken to the dough pile, and ask for the article like a man.

A farmer once told his man, who was thoroughly Irish, to run into the pasture and catch an ox. "I mean the off, I will manage the other myself," said he.

Pat ran to do as bidden, but suddenly pattered with the exclamation: "He's a reasonable fellow any how, beaded: and how am I to know which is the orphan?"

Sydney Smith says he heard of a clergyman when jogging along the road told him he came to a turnpike. "What is to pay?" "Pay sir, for what?" asked the turnpike man. "Why, for my horse, to be sure." "Your horse, sir, what horse?" There is no horse, sir. "No horse?" said he, suddenly looking down with his legs. "God bless me! I thought I was on horse-back."

A gentleman in Alabama, was lying in bed one morning, when a friend, stepping in, said:—"P—, breakfast is coming on." "Let it come," exclaimed P—, with a look of defiance, "I am not afraid of it."

A young lady engaged to be married, and getting sick of her bargain, applied to a friend to help her to untie the knot before it was too late. "O, certainly," he replied, "it's very easy to untie it now, while it is only a *beau* knot."

"Pa, what does the printer live on?" "Why, my child?" "Because you said you hadn't paid him for four years, and still take the paper." "Wife, spank that child."

"What have you done to further human progress?" said a sententious philosopher one day to Jenkins. "I've produced seven boys and two girls, sir."

The philosopher departed, and for the first time in his life, thought.

"I never shot a bird in my life," said one to another. "I never shot anything in the shape of a bird except a *Squirrel*, and that I killed with a stone, when it fell from a tree into the river, and was drowned," was the reply.

There is not one thing in the whole compass of creation fully understood by any human being. In a single drop of water, there is mystery enough to baffle the wisdom of the wisest philosopher now living on the earth.

The old maid who did not love scandal, nor hate girls, has been justly rewarded with a husband.

CONQUERING BY KINDNESS.

I once had a neighbor—a clever man—who came to me one day and said—"Squire White, I want you to come and take your geese away."

"Why," said I, "what are my geese doing?"

"They pick my pigs, when they are eating, and drive them away; and I will not have it!"

"What can I do?" said I.

"You must yoke them."

"That I have not time to do now," said I, "I do not see but they must run."

"If you do not take care of them, I shall," said the shoemaker, in anger!

"What do you say, Squire White?"

"I cannot take care of them now, but I will pay all damages."

"Well," said he, "you will find that a hard thing, I guess."

So off he went, and I heard a terrible squalling among the geese. The next news was that three of them were missing. My children went and found them terribly mangled and dead, and thrown into the bushes. "Now," said I, "all keep still and let me punish him."

In a few days the shoemaker's hogs broke into my corn. I saw them, but let them remain a long time. At last I drove them all out, and picked up the corn which they had torn down, and fed them with it in the road. By this time the shoemaker came up in great haste after them.

"Have you seen anything of my hogs?" said he.

"Yes, sir, you will find them yonder eating some corn which they tore down in my field."

"In your field?"

"Yes, sir," said I, "hogs love corn, you know, they were made to eat."

"How much mischief have they done?"

"Oh, not much," said I.

Well, off he went to look, and estimated the damage to be equal to a bushel and a half of corn.

"Oh no," said I, "it can't be."

"Yes," said the shoemaker, "and I will pay you every cent of the damage."

The shoemaker blushed and went home. The next winter, when he came to settle, the shoemaker determined to pay me for the corn. "No," said I, "I shall take nothing."

After some talk, we parted; but in a few days I met him on the road, and we fell into conversation in the most friendly manner. But when I started on, he seemed loath to move, and paused. For a moment both of us were silent. At last he said:—

"I have something laboring on my mind."

"Well, what is it?"

"Those geese. I killed three of your geese, and I can never rest until you know how I feel. I am very sorry."

And the tears came down into his eyes. "Oh, well," said I, "never mind I suppose my geese were very provoking."

I never took anything of him for it; but when my cattle broke into his fields after this, he seemed glad, because he could show how patient he could be.

"Now," said I to my children, "conquer yourselves, and you can conquer in no other way."

CALIFORNIA POETRY.

When from my room I chanced to stray, to spend an hour at close of day, I ever find the place most dear, where some friend treats to Lager beer.—*Sacramento Age.*

Ah! yes, my friend of city life, sure such a treat creeps such a strife, but better than such a dose by far are pleasures of a fine cigar.—*Placer Herald.*

Such pleasures may suit baser minds, but with the good no favor finds; we think the purest joy of life is making love to one's own wife.—*Verano Ledger.*

Most wise your choice, my worthy friend, in Hyman's joys our cord to end; but we, though tired of single life, can't boast of having our own wife, and so when 'neath our eaves we faint we fly to kiss some gal that ain't yet.—*Napa Reporter.*

That 'lager beer,' will bile provoke, while 'fine Havana' ends in smoke, To court one's wife is better far, than lager beer or vile cigar. Kisses, the dew of Love's young morn, break on the lips as soon as born. These all are taught to that greatest joy—the first proud glance at your first-born boy.—*Evening Ledger.*

'Tis true a boy's wished for blessing, but then suppose the first's a girl! A dear sweet child with ways caressing, with pouting lips and flaxen curl, with dimple cheeks and laughing eye, to come and bid "papa" good by? So whether boy or whether 'other, embrace the babe and then the mother!—*San Francisco Globe.*

"Are those bells ringing for fire?" inquired Simon of Tiberias. "No, indeed," answered Tibie, "they have got plenty of fire and the bells are now ringing for water."

A Down East paper says that during a thunder storm in the vicinity, recently, a man and three telegraph poles were knocked down by a thunder-bolt, and remained insensible a nearly half an hour.

Speaking of the merits of a watch, Abel says he had one once that gained enough in three weeks to pay for itself.

An old lady in Connecticut being at loss for pincushions, made use of an onion. On the following morning she found that all the needles had tears in their eyes.

"I hope I don't intrude," as the cat said to the pigeon-house.

TO THE CITIZENS OF WOBURN AND VICINITY.

Allow me to call your attention to a new medical preparation, known as "WILSON'S REMEDY."

This is a compound, and is the result of long practice, extensive observation, and close study of all cases having the disordered state of the stomach, and adapted to every stage of those diseases, from their incipient symptoms to the daily mounds of flesh as a practicing physician, and is given to the public in a popular form, in the hope, as in the belief, that it will not fail in giving relief to the sufferer from Dyspepsia, in any instance when the directions are properly attended to.

Like good Dyspepsia may be said to be a fashionable disease; it is more readily than any other, a victim of its own kind, and it is a chronic disease, and is given to the public in a popular form, in the hope, as in the belief, that it will not fail in giving relief to the sufferer from Dyspepsia, in any instance when the directions are properly attended to.

It is not suddenly but it is a gradual process, and it is a chronic disease, and is given to the public in a popular form, in the hope, as in the belief, that it will not fail in giving relief to the sufferer from Dyspepsia, in any instance when the directions are properly attended to.

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For the Toilet.

Balm of a Thousand Flowers;
Orange Flower Lotion;
Parisian Tooth Paste;
Cologne Water;
Bogal's Hygienic Fluid;
Lavender Water;
Chinese Powder;
Peach Powder;
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And a variety of other Soaps, Brushes, Combs, &c., or sale by

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WARREN'S TURBINE WATER WHEEL.

Particular Notice to Manufacturers.

NOTICE is hereby given, that I have discontinued my connection with the American Water Wheel Co., as Agent and Manager of said Company, and am now manufacturing turbines from my improved patterns, which embrace all important improvements which have been made since I originally invented the wheel, and am enabled to furnish a wheel capable of saving from 75 to 85 per cent of water, and of a much smaller size than the turbines made of iron steel or brass, according to order. Contract taken for all kinds of mill building.

DESCRIPTIVE BOOKS, containing a large amount of useful information on the subject of turbine wheels, and a clear and useful description of the same, together with full particulars of the various improvements, and the advantages of the same, will be forwarded to any person applying for them, on receipt of a small sum of money, or on the receipt of a letter from the proprietor, Mr. J. H. COOPER, No. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

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A lot of new and beautiful patterns of sunbeamed oil cloth, for sale by

W. WOODBERRY.

New Books, &c.

AT THE WOBURN BOOK STORE.

Arctic Explorations, by Dr. Kane.

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Cooper's Celebrated MAMMOTH LOTION!

For Sprains, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Bite and Sting of Insects, &c., &c.

IT is a well known fact, that the most valuable remedy for all the above mentioned ailments, is a lotion of the kind which I have prepared, and which I have named "MAMMOTH LOTION."

It is a well known fact, that the most valuable remedy for all the above mentioned ailments, is a lotion of the kind which I have prepared, and which I have named "MAMMOTH LOTION."

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It is a well known fact, that the most valuable remedy for all

The Middlesex Journal.

Woburn, Reading, North & South Reading, Stoneham, Winchester and Burlington.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

"OUR LOCAL INTERESTS."

[SINGLE COPY FOUR CENTS.]

New Series.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1857.

Volume VI.—Number 50.

The Middlesex Journal,

JOHN J. PIPPY,

Proprietor and Editor.

Published every Saturday Morning.

Office—Main Street, Woburn.

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For the first insertion, and 50 c for each consecutive

insertion. Larger advertisements charged proportion

ate rates. All advertisements sent to the office not

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East Woburn—Mr. Albert L. Richardson.

Stoneham—Mr. E. T. Whittier.

Reading—Mr. Thos. Richardson.

South Reading—Dr. J. D. Mansfield.

Winchester—Mr. Josiah H. Hays.

The Middlesex Journal Printing Office is

located at No. 100 Main Street, Woburn, and

is supplied with new and superior type, and the

proprietor is prepared to execute ALL KINDS

OF JOB WORK, IN THE MOST MANLY AND

AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE, ON REASONABLE TERMS.

BUSINESS CARDS.

BOSTON & LOWELL AND

NASHUA & LOWELL R. R.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after Wednesday, April 1st, 1857,

trains will run as follows:—

Nashua, Woburn, Concord and Upper

Railroads, 7.30 a. m., 12 m., 3 p. m.

For Lowell at 7.30, 9.30, 11.30, 12.30, 2.30, 4.30, 6.30, 8.30, 10.30, 12.30, 2.30, 4.30, 6.30, 8.30, 10.30, 12.30.

For Billerica, Wilmington, and Woburn W. R., 10

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POETRY.

HARVEST HOME.

Men of sinew! hale and hearty
Brave at scythe and sickle, come,
Come and swell our gleesome party,
Reapers! sturdy reapers, come!
Time for all things, this for leisure;
Time for all things, this for pleasure.
Sing our merry Harvest Home.

Mother's meek, home troubles leaving,
Join your husband's joy and come,
Honor, love, respect receiving,
From the honest hearted, come,
Nought unmet for woman's bearing,
Nought unmet for woman's bearing,
Blots our merry Harvest Home.

Maidens modest! fear no roughness,
Fathers, brothers, are we; come!
Kind and true, despite our bluntness;
Maidens modest! come, then, come!
To our village long bygone, come!
With your own unsullied brightness,
Maidens! Bless our Harvest Home.

Aged folks! our hamlet's glory,
Dames and grandires!—all must come;
Come and tell again the story,
Of the days long bygone, come!
Ye who with life's ills have striven,
And to whom now rest is given,
Welcome to our Harvest Home.

Laughing children! lend your rattle
To our merry making; come!
Good to hear is childhood's prattle;
Children! merry children, come!
Ye have worked as hard as others,
Gleaning proud beside your mothers,
Ye must share our Harvest Home.

High and low! with one another,
Young and old! come, join us, come!
Each to each, in God, a brother;
To our village High-day, come!
Well it is that harvest labors,
Richly crowned, should bind all neighbors
In a thankful Harvest Home.

[From Harper's Magazine.]

MY THEORY,

AND A FEW FACTS AGAINST IT.

I am not a "Spiritualist." My bells are never rung on my table by unseen hands. I believe that the "mediums" are humbugs and impostors; and I have no more desire to inquire into the way in which they get up their "manifestations" than I have to investigate the manner in which Signor Blitz or Professor Anderson perform their slight-of-hand tricks. Of the two, I think these much the more clever and more respectable performers. Nor have I any faith in ghosts, omens, premonitions, and supernatural warnings. I believe them to be the results of weak nerves or over-exercised imaginations. Any occasional coincidence between the omen and the event I hold to be purely accidental.

Such is my theory. In general it is perfectly satisfactory to me. But I own that I cannot reconcile with it certain incidents with which I was closely connected. I have propounded my theory. I will now narrate the incidents.

Many years ago—five-and-twenty or thereabouts—two lads, Harry Burton and George Walters, entered my counting-room on the same day. They were sons of old friends of mine, tho' they had never seen or heard of each other till they found themselves seated at the same desk in my office.

There was a strange likeness between these two lads; not close enough, certainly, to make it difficult to distinguish them; but none the less perplexing on that account. The complexion, the color of the hair and eyes, were altogether different, and there was no very striking similarity in the general cast of the features. The likeness lay rather in the absolute identity of expression. The glance of the eye and the turn of the mouth were the same in both. The tone of the voice was exactly alike. To the last, I could never, by the ear, distinguish which was speaking. Their movements and gestures were similar. In a word, their resemblance was spiritual rather than material. It was as though one soul animated both bodies.

It was not a little singular, also, since one came to us from Massachusetts and the other from Virginia—that they were dressed precisely alike.—This continued to be the case ever afterwards. I do not believe that there was any direct understanding to this effect, or that either of them was fairly conscious of it. Another coincidence was that they were born on the same day, and as nearly as could be ascertained, at the very same moment.

From the first, these lads conceived a great fondness for each other. We read of love at first sight—theirs was friendship at first sight. They became almost inseparable.

In my counting-room George and Harry grew up to be two fine young fellows as one would wish to see, and gave promise of becoming capital men of business.

Partly on their own account and partly from old friendship to their fathers, I had them much at my house, and was by no means sorry to see a strong affection springing up between them and Agnes and Mary Clay, the pretty twin nieces of my wife.

For a long time I was puzzled to guess how the couples were to pair off. Each of the young men seemed to be equally attentive to each of the sisters. I could perceive no division of affection. I used sometimes to wonder if each of the young men did not love both of the girls, and vice versa.—However, I suppose there was a differ-

ence perceptible to their hearts. In due time I learned that it was to be George and Mary, and Harry and Agnes.

But God willed that the two-fold marriage was not to take place. Agnes was called to pass the portals of the Silent Land. This bereavement seemed to draw still closer, if possible, the bonds between the survivors; and when at length George and Mary married, there was no thought that Harry should leave them.

In due time the young men left my counting-room and established themselves in business, with flattering prospects. Then came the great crash of 1837, in which so many of our mercantile houses went down. Among those which were swept away was the house of Burton and Walters. I would gladly have assisted them, but it was beyond my power. My own house, which had stood unmoved for a quarter of a century, was sorely shaken, and barely weathered the storm.

George and Harry clung together in adversity as closely as they had done in prosperity. Together they had failed, and together would they re-establish their fortunes. They went to New Orleans and commenced business under the old name. Success crowned their efforts, and before many years the house of Burton and Walters had gained a firm position in the Crescent City. From New Orleans up the Mississippi and Ohio, and across the lakes, they were known, personally, and by reputation, at every point of business.

During all these years their friendship remained unbroken. They had but one home, and a stranger could never have told which was the head of the family. Mary was equally dear to both. She was seen with one as often as with the other, and with both often-er than with either. Her friends used jestingly to call her "Mrs. Burton-and-Walters," and would ask her how her "husbands" were.

In their frequent visits to New York, my house was invariably their home. They had passed the summer and early autumn of 1852 with us, and were ready to return to New Orleans. Harry and George had business on a river which might detain them somewhat. My wife and I were to start by sea for New Orleans in about a week; and at our earnest request, Mary was induced to remain to accompany us, while Burton and Walters went overland. We all expected to be in New Orleans at about the same time.

On the evening of October 4th (I must now be particular about dates), George and Harry took their departure. The separation was to be for so short a time that few regrets mingled with the parting. All that evening and the next day Mary was as happy as usual. Why should she not be? What evil had she apprehended?

"Well, Mary," said I, as she was about to retire the next evening, "where do you suppose your husbands are now?"

"In Buffalo, I presume; I hope they are as happy as I am. What a lovely night it is!" she added, drawing aside the curtains and looking out into the calm moonlight. "Surely, nothing evil could happen on a night like this."

And she bade us good-night with her usual glad smile.

I was roused from my sleep by an eager, continuous rapping at my chamber door. It seemed as though some one, faint with mortal terror, was seeking entrance.

"Who's there?" I exclaimed, springing to the door.

"It's me—Mary. For Heaven's sake let me in. Oh God!"

I opened the door, and there stood, or rather cowered, Mary Walters.—Her snowy drapery was not whiter than her white face. The pale dawn, mingling with the faint gas-light in the hall, made her look still more ghastly. Her large eyes dilated with horror; her breath came and went in quick, convulsive gasps.

"In Heaven's name, Mary, what is the matter? What has happened?" I asked, as I bore her to the sofa.

"Dead! dead! Both dead—George and Harry! I heard him call me, and I could not go to him. Oh my God, have mercy on me!"

The wild paroxysms soon passed away. She became calm and composed. But a look of stony, unutterable woe settled upon her face, more fearful than the wildest burst of agony.

"Tell us what has frightened you, Mary. What is a dream?"

"A dream? No. It was all real! I heard him call me with his dying breath, and I could not help him—could not go to him!"

Her voice sounded low and hollow, but she went on speaking with the utmost distinctness:

"I was awakened by hearing his voice calling me. I know it was he. You cannot distinguish his voice from Harry's; I can. 'Mary! Mary!' he said; and his voice sounded low and faint, as though it came from a thousand miles away. Yet it was clear and audible, as though breathed into my ear."

"Why, you foolish child, you have been dreaming. It's all over now."

"I was not dreaming. I was as broad awake as I am now. Could he call me, and I sleep on?"

"All a dream," said my wife; "I've

had the same a hundred times when my husband has been away."

"So I thought, at first, and I looked around, to be sure where I was. I saw every object in the room. The moonbeams came calmly in at the window, just as they did when I retired. I saw my dress on a chair by the bedside. It partly hid the open grate. I saw the clock on the mantle. I heard it strike two. I was half-reassured, and said to myself, 'It was a dream.' Then again I heard his voice calling, 'Mary! Mary!' I tell you it could be only his voice. Do I not know it? Could I ever mistake it? It seemed as though my name was wrung out from his lips by the agonies of death. I tried to spring up. I was powerless. I could not move a limb. I tried to speak, but could not utter a sound."

"Oh! the night-mare, Mary. You must not lie upon your back, child."

"It was not the night-mare. I was not lying upon my back. Listen to me. I lay upon my side, looking toward the grate, which was partly hidden by the chair, upon which hung my clothes. As I lay, incapable of speech or motion, a picture—no, not a picture—a real scene opened slowly far within the grate. It was far off—how far I know not—a thousand miles perhaps; but there it was. I saw it. My husband was lying in a narrow room, lighted by a single lamp, in the extremity of mortal agony. I saw Harry bending over him, vainly endeavoring to relieve him. At intervals I heard him call my name in the same fearful tones that had awakened me, tones that never yet came from human lips until the seal of death was upon them. The little room where he lay was only half lighted, and the chair partly hid it, so that I could only partially make it out. It seemed more like the cabin of a vessel than an apartment in a house. But there he lay, in mortal agony, calling upon me. I saw all; I heard all. I knew that in my body I was lying here in your house, yet in soul I was there too. I knew everything that passed here and there. I heard every step that passed along the pavement here. I saw, all the while, every thing in my room. I saw the calm moonlight shining coldly through the half-drawn curtains."

I was there too. In soul I was in that dark room. I saw the death-dews gathering on that forehead. I heard him calling my name. I heard too, as I remember, something that sounded like the rush of waters poppling against the side of a vessel.

Then all was dark. I could see nothing; but I heard my husband's groan of agony. I heard him again and again call my name. The clock on the mantle struck successively, three, four, and five; so I knew that I had lain in speechless, motionless agony, three hours.

Day began slowly to break, here and there—here calm and bright, but there gusty and overcast. Then, as the gray dawn lighted up the room—both rooms—that in which I lay in body, and that in which my husband's life was ebbing away—I saw there new faces. I heard eager voices whispering; what they said I could not distinguish.

At last I heard my husband's voice calling my name in a tone of deeper agony. Then for a moment all was still. Some one said, "It's all over. He's dead!" With a strong wrench I burst the invisible chains that bound me. The distant scene faded away. I saw the dawn streaming in at the window, and heard the clock on the mantle strike six. I rushed down to your door, where you found me."

I could not but be impressed with the earnestness with which she spoke. Still I put the best face on the matter. "You were nervous, Mary. Your fancy and your fears were unduly excited. You have had a severe attack of the nightmare. It's all over now. Before night you'll have a dispatch telling you that all's well."

"Mr. Winter," said she, "you have known me from a child. Did you ever know me to be nervous or fanciful? I was not disquieted. I had no evil forebodings. I never went to rest a happier woman than last night. I never slept more calmly than I did until awakened by my husband's cry. I was never more fully awake and conscious than I was during those long hours of deadly agony. I tell you that I heard my husband's dying voice, and I shall never hear it again with my living ears. I tell you he is dead—they are dead. I must go this very day after them. I shall never see them living, but I must look on their dead faces. Mr. Winter, you will help me now. I must go."

Her piteous look moved me.

"Yes, Mary, I see that you are bent upon it. If we do not hear good news to-day, you shall go by the evening train."

Toward noon a telegraphic dispatch was brought to me. I gave it a hasty glance, and hurried to Mary.

"Here, my child, is good news! Is not this a consoling message from two dead men? Listen: 'Buffalo, October 6, 8 A. M. Start for Cleveland in an hour. All well.—B. & W.' Now, how about your dreams?"

"It was no dream," she replied. "I saw him die. I heard his last cry with my own mortal ears. His living voice I shall never hear again. But I may

look upon their dead faces. I must go. Will you aid me?"

"But, Mary, you heard, or thought you heard, all this in the night; and here you have a message from them, alive and well, hours afterward."

"If they are not dead now, they will be before we can reach them. It was a forewarning. I heard his dying voice. I must go. Will you help me?"

It was in vain to struggle with this fixed idea; and I left her with a promise to see her safely on her way. My friend Marston was to start in a couple of days for New Orleans by the western route, and at my earnest entreaty he agreed to hasten his departure and go that very evening. At Buffalo they met a score of persons who had seen George and Harry leave for Cincinnati in perfect health. Marston and Mary lost no time, and followed on their route. As they had intended, Burton and Walters had twice stopped over a train to transact some business. At Cincinnati they were almost overtaken; George and Harry were only six hours ahead. The river was too low to allow the usual steamers to run when fully loaded. But the Forest City was down the next day to Cairo, and there take in a cargo. Just as they had decided to wait for her, they learned that the little Fox, which, it was said, could run in a heavy dew, was about to start. They took passage on her, and started off without delay.

Marston and his companion learned this at Cincinnati, and remained overnight for the Forest City. Although the Fox had eighteen hours' start, it was hoped that the Forest City would overhaul her at Cairo. In this they were disappointed. No sooner had they touched the wharf than Marston recognized an acquaintance.

"Hallo! Wilson!" he shouted.—"How are you? Is the Fox in?"

"Yes, and gone—an hour ago."

"Did you see Burton and Walters?"

"Yes, they were on board. I saw them off."

"How were they? Mrs. Walters is with me. She got frightened, and followed after. We hoped to overtake them here."

"She need have no fear. They were never better. They intend to stop at Memphis. You'll overhaul them there."

The Forest City remained at Cairo for two days. From here Marston wrote me a full account of all that had happened. Mary, he said, was unmoved in her opinion. She was not wild or demonstrative, but calm and sad. "The bitterness of death is passed," she said, in reply to all attempts at encouragement. "I shall never behold them alive, but I shall look upon their dead faces. You are very kind; I thank you for it; but they are dead. I heard his dying words. 'What nervous things women are!' moralized Marston. 'I wonder what she will say when she meets her husband?'"

This letter reached me by the evening mail of the 12th. I will own that I was greatly reassured by it; for in spite of myself, I could not wholly divest myself of a lingering feeling that something was amiss.

Some friends dined with me that evening. Among them was Watson, of the Telegraph Company. I told them of the whole

South Reading Advertisements.
DR. A. C. COGSWELL,
SURGEON DENTIST,
(Sign of the Golden Tooth.)

AFTER an absence of several weeks through the British Provinces, is now ready to resume his business. Dr. C. has been located in South Reading for the past eighteen months, and has received a good share of public patronage, and trusts he has given entire satisfaction. He is still prepared to insert

ARTIFICIAL TEETH

on Gold and Silver Plate, for whole or parts of sets, on the principle of Atmospheric pressure.

PIVOT TEETH
inserted so as to correspond with natural ones.
Deciduous and diseased Teeth extracted or filled with
gold or silver.
All operations done at Boston prices and warranted.
For reference please call at my office on Main street
near the Universalist Church.

South Reading, Se, t 14, 1857.—tf.

LADIES' CLOAKS !

THE Subscriber has made arrangements to keep on hand a good assortment of Ladies' Cloaks, a few of which for fall wear he has already received. Circulars of any pattern or color, made to order at short notice.

E. MANSFIELD.

So. Reading, Sept. 10 Main St.

**SOUTH READING
DRY GOODS STORE!**

New Spring Goods.

IIAS just received and offers to his friends and customers, the choicest and best selected stock of **NEW SPRING GOODS** to be found in the country. Such as
FLANNELS, LINENS, LINEN SHEETING AND SHIRTING, DAMASKS, DAMASK CLOTH, NAPKINS, DOYLIES,

**TOWELS, DOESKINS, BROAD
CLOTHS, SATINS, DRILL-
INGS, DE LAINES,
CASIMERES, CAL-
ICOS, GING-
HAMS, PLAID
BARAGES,**

Paris Muslins, Black Silks, Shawls,
Velvet, White Goods, Handkerchiefs,
Alpacas, Modanas, Furniture
Patches & Curtain Patches,
Crashes, Diaper, Lin-
en, and Woolen.

**And a good assortment of
HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.**

Collars, Mitts, Ribbons, Fringes, Trimmings and Buttons, Plain & Plaid
Muslins, Brilliants, Hair Cord
and Figured Cambrics, Mar-
seilles, Nainsook, India

**Linen, Bishop and
Cardinal Lawns.**

I HAVE A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF
PAPER HANGINGS!

Consisting of
Satin, English and French
 STRIPED AND FIGURED.
 Some choice new styles for 12 and 15 cents.

Foreign and American Mattings, Rugs,
Bockings, and Oil Cloths of all widths.
FRANCIS F. WADE.
March 21, 1857.—tf.

EAST INDIA GOODS

—AND—
GROCERIES!
DANIEL NORCROSS

HAS recently commenced business in his old stand
MAIN STREET, South Reading, where
will constantly be found a large and varied assortment
of **CHESTNUT, APPLE, AND OTHER** GROCERIES.

D. N. returns his grateful thanks for past favors received, and will endeavor to deserve the increased amount of patronage now bestowed on him.

South Reading, Nov. 24,

JAMES F WOODWARD,
MANUFACTURER OF
Shoe and Harness Maker's
A W L S

ALBION STREET, (near the B. & M. Depot,)
SOUTH READING.
 ✂ Awl blades of every description made to order
 None genuine, unless J. F. W. is stamped on the round
 of the tail.
 nov. 25 tf

CHARLES F. LOCKE

Druggist and Apothecary,
Main Street, South Reading.

HAVING bought out the Drug and Apothecary business formerly carried on by Dr. J. D. Norcross, has removed the stock to the store recently occupied by Mr. Henry Knowles. In addition to the former stock

Patent Medicines.—C. E. L. will keep constantly on hand all the best Patent Medicines of the day; and a complete assortment of Perfumery, Cooking Extracts

REMOVAL!

JAMES O. BOSWELL, Real Estate Broker, has removed his Office to a room adjoining Mr. Wiley's brick house, on Main street, where he will be happy to wait upon all those who wish to buy or sell Real Estate, Hire or Let Houses, or any other kind of buildings.

Mr. B. has on hand 1,000 House Lots, varying in price

from \$25 to \$8000. 50 Houses and Farms, varying in price from \$550 to \$6,000. A number of Lots of Land containing from 2 to 6 acres. A number of lots of wood land and meadow land, &c.

I intend to make my office a reliable place of information to all those who wish to trade in Real Estate. I will also spend a portion of my time in writing Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, Liens, and any other kind of legal instruments, contracts, and will cooperate with all

The Great Remedy at Hand!

Dr. Barron's
It Cures

COMPOUND HUMOR
AND
Strengthening Syrup
SCROFULA & ERYSIPELAS.

| | |
|-------------------|----------------------------------------|
| It Cures | SALT RHEUM AND ALL HUMORS. |
| It Cures | ALL WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH & KIDNEYS. |
| It Removes | ALL IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD. |

It strengthens and invigorates the whole system. It is *unlike* any other medicine. It is *pleasant and agreeable* to the taste, and can be used by the most delicate invalids and children, with untailing success. It has been used by a *practicing physician* over 13 years, and has *never* failed in any curable case. Recommends can be shown from a large number of Physicians.

From Dr. Cutler, the Physiologist.

WARREN, March 25th, 1857. Mr. John Moore—Dear Sir: Having been made acquainted with the materials of which the popular medicine known as the Compound Humor and Strengthening Syrup, is composed, it gives me pleasure to say that I consider your combination of articles of known medicinal value, well adapted to relieve and cure that numerous class of diseases that result from what is popularly called impurities of the

blood, humors, &c. I cheerfully recommend the diseased to make a trial of it.

CALVIN CUTTER, M. D.

— ALSO, —

DR. BARRON'S

Magnetic Pain Destroyer,

Warranted superior to anything before the public, for the cure of Neuralgia, Canker, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Pains in the Head, Stomach and Bowels. In chronic cases it should be used in connection with the Syrup.

Manufactured by John Moore, Warren, Mass., sole proprietor. Sold by all Apothecaries and medicine dealers.

Sept. 5.—3m.*

Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1857.

HARD TIMES.

It is an old adage, that it is always darkest just before day. If such is the fact, the many thousands who, with aching hearts, as they look upon their families, have long been peering into the future with anxious gaze, perchance they may catch the first dawning of better times—may begin to take courage. Almost every kind of business is at a comparative stand-still, and many are wondering what its next phase will be. The darkness that has been slowly creeping on for the last two or three years, in the form of high prices for the necessities of life, and in diminished wages for labor, has indeed become black, but it is not utter blackness. There is still a "silver lining," to the cloud, for we can yet see its edges faintly tinted with light. There is a very slow but sure tendency downwards in the price of some articles. Flour is not now thirteen dollars a barrel; sugar is not fourteen cents per pound; and so of some other articles.

This tendency, to be sure, is slow. It may, indeed, be rather difficult to tell which way the current is flowing; but a few months, we think, will show important changes for the better. Matters cannot long remain at such a stand-still. Money, all know, is decidedly "tight," and not to be obtained at any per cent, except of "shavers." Yet there is prevalent a hopeful spirit among those who are best qualified to judge in respect to the future. True, we now and then hear the roar of "breakers," yet, with timely warning, many business men have wisely taken in sail, curtailed the amount of their trade, and will outlive the storm in safety, though their ship may receive some pretty hard bruises.

One of the hardest things, at the present time, is being thrown out of employment. To the man who is willing to work for the means of supporting his family, it is very trying to have "nothing to do." But let no one despair. Food and raiment are necessary for mankind, and will be bestowed upon those who trust in Providence and use all the means in their power to obtain them. There is a time when all may indulge in the luxuries of life freely. When everything is abundant and cheap, there is no call for that careful economy so imperatively necessary at a time like the present. And now when the earth has yielded abundantly for the supply of man and beast, there can be no good and valid reason why there should be so much anxiety and distress in view of the future. We firmly believe that it is mostly owing to a monopoly on the part of speculators and men who can wield bank facilities at will. But let them not forget that they themselves may be crushed by an overwhelming ruin, while no one will bestow upon them a single tear of pity or sympathy.

It becomes every one, at the present time, to practice economy in everything, till a better state of things shall prevail. There are very few who may not curtail their expenditures in the matters of clothing and personal expenses. Amusements are too expensive to be indulged in to any great extent at the present time. If a little of the good old spirit of '76 was prevalent, many of the articles for which high prices are demanded, would find few or no purchasers, and thereby become a drug in the market, and sink to a price merely nominal. But the habits of living have become such that no one is willing to change them, till absolutely compelled to do so. And too many prefer to live on credit as long as possible, then fail, and start anew with high head and unabashed front, because they were "unfortunate."

Why should not all look forward, cheerfully, to a "good time coming," and do all in their power to usher in that much wished for day? Grumbling and complaining will not do any good; envy because a neighbor rolls in abundance will not not help the matter. Too many of the rich in every age and place have become so by a love of money too inordinate to admit of their remembering a poor neighbor. They have money enough, they find no such thing as hard times, and they think there is no need that anybody should be short, if their own course had been followed. But with all their abundance, it is questionable whether the poor man who lives by his daily labor, a labor rendered sweet by the thought that it is performed for "loved ones at home," does not taste more of the real happiness designed for this earthly existence than they.

MOTTO FOR THE GOVERNOR OF ILL.—Do it while your's Young.

Calamitous Shipwreck and Loss of Life.

The most terrible marine disaster that ever saddened the hearts of people occurred last week, in the foundering of the steamer Central America, with her living freight of 587 passengers and crew, 160 of whom only are known to have been saved. The Central America left Havana on Tuesday Sept. 8th, and soon encountered a storm which caused her to leak so badly as to extinguish the fires. On Friday the pumps gave out, but all hands bailed for life, keeping her afloat until Saturday night, when she sank in the ocean. A few hours before she went down, she was approached by brig Marine, of Boston, to which all the women and children were safely transferred—the whole company of crew and passengers heroically standing back while these were embarked in the boats. About five hours after the ship went down, the Norwegian bark, Ellen, came along, the captain of which, hearing the cries of distress, hove to and picked up forty-nine of the drowning multitude, and brought them safely to Norfolk. It was hoped that the commander of the Central America, Capt. Herndon, had been saved by the Sch. El Dorado, which was laying to near the steamer at the time of the disaster, but that hope is crushed by the arrival of the El Dorado at Boston on Thursday, not having rescued any of the ill-fated passengers or crew.

This horrible catastrophe, which calls out a general burst of sympathy and sorrow, is made yet more distressing by the annihilation of nearly \$2,000,000 in gold, upon the safe arrival of which the future prosperity of so many depended. The gold! which empty pockets yearned for, which thirsty banks desired, is sunk, and rests quietly among the other millions of treasure which the insatiable sea will never render to owners. It may be unfeeling to talk of money when such a loss of life is before us, but this is no ordinary time. The happiness of thousands, almost the very existence of the mass of laboring men, depends upon the speedy restoration of financial tranquility. The dead have perished, and our mourning cannot recall them, but the living must live. It has been a week of panic; perhaps the next will dawn with a brighter countenance.

Democratic State Convention.

Our last week's notice of the State Convention of the Democratic party, held at Boston on the 16th instant, for want of space was necessarily short. We have heard this convention characterized, by men widely differing in political creed from those who took part in it, as the most harmonious and dignified assemblage of political men that have met in convention this season—a gathering of "potent, grave and reverend signiors." The proceedings were orderly, and conducted with sober dignity, excepting only some sharp personal allusions indulged in by the gentleman who (the Chairman said) was thought unfit for a Colonel by the Governor but was made a General of by the people, and a few others who gave expression to their uncompromising democracy in speeches against Banks and Gardner and their several parties, couched in language more pointed than polished, more energetic than elegant.

The men assembled at this convention were not of the Young American stamp. Most of them were aged men; gray haired sires, grown old in the democratic faith, from which nothing under the clouds could sever them. All honor to them for faithfulness to their political creed. The constitution of Great Britain teaches that the Sovereign can do no wrong, and they believe the same of the democratic party, that it can do no wrong; that it always was right, and no matter what it does—it always will be right. Most of them were born democrats, and they will die true to the principles inculcated by their fathers. We admire their steadfastness much more than we do the acts of the prominent leaders of the party, for it is indeed refreshing to see some firmness and constancy of purpose in these turn-coat days of political juggling and fence jumping. If the democratic party at the north could only shake its skirts clear of the countenance and support it gives to slavery extension, it would without doubt be the ruling party. But that it cannot do and hold office, and will therefore stand in a minority, so long as it sustains a pro-slavery administration.

The speeches delivered, and the long string of resolutions adopted, repudiates the idea of the democratic party extending sympathy or support to either of the other candidates in the field, as we prophesied it would. The following resolution settles that point:—

Resolved, That Republican Know Nothingism and Know Nothing Republicanism are alike antagonistic to the Democratic party and Democratic principles, and to favor either by sympathizing with the one or the other, or expressing a determination to support the

candidate of either one or the other, while professing to be a Democrat, is no better than to vote for them; and to vote for them or either of them is to forfeit all claims to fellowship with the Democratic party.

But it has become evident that the democrats prefer Mr. Gardner to Mr. Banks, and it is not unlikely that some of them will covertly use their influence in his favor.

The three contestants for the high and honorable office of Chief Magistrate of Massachusetts are now fairly in the field. Their speeches, their letters of acceptance, and their avowed principles, have been made patent to the people through the public prints.—Every man who reads the newspapers can judge which of the three will best represent his policy in the administration of the Government; and after having duly weighed in his mind the qualifications and capabilities of each, we advise him to vote for—the one he likes best.

Mr. Everett's Address.

We take pleasure in calling attention to the notice in another column of the expected Address from Honorable Edward Everett, upon "The Life and Character of Washington." Probably but very few of our citizens have heard Mr. Everett deliver this Address, or ever will have another opportunity to do so; and we advise them all—men, women, and children,—to be present and hear his noble and eloquent eulogy upon the man who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

We suppose it is very well known that Mr. Everett has generously devoted all the proceeds arising from the delivery of this address in aid of the "Mount Vernon Association" of Virginia, for the purchase of that sacred spot—Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, that it may be preserved as a place consecrated to the memory of that greatest of men, and has already paid over between thirty and forty thousand dollars for that purpose. The following, from the October number of the Lady's Book, will explain more fully the organization and purpose of that Association.

From the correspondence between Messrs. Washington and Ritchie, recently published in the *Inquirer*, may be seen our brightening prospect of obtaining to commit to the trust of Virginia—Mount Vernon and its sacred precincts. Linked with our patriotic sisters of the other states of the Union, we resume our labors, for, for cogent reasons, have been so long interrupted, that distant friends might well infer that our Association had been disbanded. But no; we only awaited the result of the noble and indefatigable exertions we were being made by our pioneer, "The Southern Matron." As we anticipated, success has attended them; and we proceed in this soul-stirring enterprise, and again solicit the co-operation of our countrywomen throughout the "Old Dominion" hoping they will use every means in their power to further this inspiring work. Nay, we will not, cannot doubt that there will be promptness and energy of action on their part in a cause that must be done to every patriotic heart. Nor will Virginia consent to receive Mount Vernon as a gift from her sister states without contributing her full quota. Be it remembered, too, that the payment of one dollar each, by a few members of the many prosperous families in Virginia, will supply the amount at present needed to make up the purchase money. All contributions and sums collected should be forwarded to the president of the "State Association" at Richmond, or to one of the vice-presidents, or to the corresponding secretary, to be handed over by them to the treasurer. We enjoin their names, whose office it is to aid and incite others to organize minor associations in their respective cities and towns.

President.—Mrs. Julia M. Cabell.
Vice Presidents.—Mrs. General Pegram, Mrs. R. V. Daniel, Mrs. Wirt Robinson, Mrs. John S. Cockle.
Recording Secretary.—Mrs. John Nelson.
Corresponding Secretary.—John R. Thompson.
Treasurer.—William H. Macfarland; all of Richmond.

A mass State Temperance Convention will be held at Fitchburg on the 7th and 8th of Oct. The meetings will commence on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 7th, at 2 1/2 o'clock, with a grand meeting of the children, and be addressed by Mr. Sinclair of Scotland, and continue through Thursday. All friends of Temperance of all organizations are invited to be present.

Questions of great importance will come before the meeting. The fare on the railroad from Boston to Fitchburg will be reduced.

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.—Whoever has occasion to ride to Cummingsville cannot fail to notice the great improvement of Burlington street. This has been one of our bad roads,—crooked, narrow, and rough. But we have now—nearly completed—a well graded, wide, and excellent road. Many thanks to energetic men through whose influence this improvement has been made.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday a child of Mr. Hugh McNulty, of East Woburn, about twenty months old, fell down stairs, striking its head against a carpenter's oil filter, the spout of which entered the child's head, near the union of the parietal and temporal bones, to the depth of an inch and a-half. On withdrawing the spout a portion of the brain came with it. The child is under the care of Dr. Ephraim Cutter, and is doing well.

WOBURN BANK.—The \$50,000 additional capital granted to the Woburn Bank by the last Legislature has all been taken up by the former shareholders. As none of the stock was offered for sale, its actual market value cannot be stated, but we hear that from four to eight dollars bonus was given for half shares. The stock would probably bring from nine to twelve per cent, if it was offered for sale. During the money panic last week the Bank was called upon to redeem \$60,000 of its bills, which it did promptly. The state of its finances was examined by the Directors on Thursday, preparatory to declaring the semi-annual dividend.

WINTER SQUASHES.—The crop of this excellent vegetable has been remarkably good the present season, and they can be purchased exceedingly low. Good marrow squashes can be purchased at from seventy-five cents to one dollar per hundred pounds, of our Burlington farmers. Squashes can be kept all winter, and into the spring, by a little care. It will not do to put them into a cellar. The dampness, combined with the warmth, is sure to make them rot. The best place to keep them is in a dry upper room, with the temperature kept just above the freezing point. Sound, hard squashes, of small or medium size, should be selected for keeping. The crock-neck squash keeps admirably when hung upon the walls of the kitchen, if the temperature of the room is right. To all who love the luxury of a good squash pie we say, now is your time to secure a stock for the winter. It is far better to purchase of the farmer now at one cent per pound, than to pay to the retailer four or five in the spring.

"Surgery" writes to the Transcript that the legs of a horse can be as securely splinted as those of man, and with as good a result. He thinks that it should be generally known that the art of surgery is as applicable to the lower animals as to men, and that their recuperative powers are even better.

Corroborative of the above is the fact that Dr. Benjamin Cutter, of this town, some two years since, set the fractured leg of a cow belonging to John Johnson, Jr., and the cow rapidly recovered from the injury and was apparently as strong in the broken limb as in either of the others. "We once saw a valuable blood horse shot because of a simple fracture of one of his legs, whereas no doubt he might have been saved had the above fact been known and appreciated.

AN OVER-CROWDED SCHOOL.—The Middle Primary School, taught by Miss Lizzie Jaquith, is crowded with no less than one hundred and fourteen scholars, and by one-half too many for any teacher to instruct, or even manage. The School Committee have endeavored to lessen the number by sending some of the scholars to other schools, but so numerous are the children in this district that an additional primary school will have to be provided before the evil is remedied.

TAXES.—The collector has issued a notice giving all an opportunity to pay their taxes before the 1st of October. After that date all unpaid taxes bear six per cent interest. Those who do not like to pay interest would do well to "settle that little bill" with the collector, who may be found at the Selectmen's room on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday next.

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE BANKS.—The room adjoining Mr. Woodberry's store was opened this week as the Head Quarters of persons favorable to the election of N. P. Banks. We are requested to state that the room is free to all who desire to visit it.

A UNION PARADE OF THE Woburn Firemen is strongly talked of. We hope it will be carried into effect. It would without doubt be highly gratifying to our citizens to see the firemen and their engines out in full feather.

PICNIC.—The Woburn Catholic Cemetery Association held a Picnic in Hiawatha (Fowle's) Grove last Saturday, for the purpose of raising a sum sufficient to cancel the debt due on their cemetery lot. The occasion was a very pleasant one to all who attended, although the rain in the afternoon interfered somewhat with their enjoyment.

"Harper's Monthly" for October is received at the Woburn Book Store. It is an unusually rich number.

We have received the August number of the "North British Review" from Messrs. L. Scott & Co., the American publishers.

FAILURES.—The Independent of this week has over a column of failures, and a list of 27 broken banks which failed between August 25th and Sept. 18th. None of them in Massachusetts.

FIRE.—About five o'clock on Thursday morning a fire broke out in a dwelling house at East Woburn, owned by John Gulliver and occupied by a man named Mc Nulty. "Gen. Worth" company of Stoneham was early at the fire, Engines Nos. 1 and 3 of this town arriving shortly after, but their united efforts failed to subdue the flames, and the house was entirely consumed. We hear it was insured for \$750,—worth \$1200. Owing to No. 1 Engine being too closely packed the Company could not work their machine to advantage. After the fire the "Washingtons" generously entertained No. 1's company with a bountiful breakfast.

We learn that the First Congregational Society of this town have it in contemplation to purchase the property on the south side of the Common, formerly owned by the late John Fowle, for the purpose of erecting a Church thereon.

THE NEW BAPTIST CHURCH AT WATERTOWN.—The corner stone of the new Baptist Church on Mount Auburn street, Watertown, was laid on Tuesday afternoon with the services usual on such occasions, conducted by the pastor, Rev. Wm. R. Brown.

Our readers will please notice the advertisement of new and rich goods, by Messrs. Chandler & Co., in this day's paper.

A Boston money lender was heard to groan, one day last week.—The Post thinks this is a "good symptom."

The Montreal Witness says "the adulation bestowed on Lola Montez in Montreal, is a deep wound to the moral character of that city." Oh mi! the Witness is absurd.

CIRCUS.—Sloat and Shepard's Circus will exhibit in this town on Saturday, October 10th, afternoon and evening. This is Joe Pentland's famous circus, with several attractive additions, and furnishes the most splendid equestrian performances in America.

Matters and Things in New York.

Up to-day the tone of the market had been gradually improving; money was a little easier and trade moved more freely.—All descriptions of business had been checked, and prices were tending downward; but there had been few failures since the week ended, and everybody began to hope for better things. The Independent reports eighty-seven failures this week, a larger proportion in Philadelphia than hitherto. The western failures are also heavy.

A great many laborers will be thrown out of employment this week if the present state of things continues. The extensive factories of Newark have shipped hundreds of mechanics on account of inability to raise the necessary amount for weekly wages. Sugar is likely to go down. Cotton cannot keep much longer, as the eastern mills have reduced their consumption of raw material 50 per cent at the least estimate. Breadstuffs are looking up. Dry goods bring pretty good prices, with the exception of very expensive silks. \$100 robes and articles of similar cost go 25 per cent below first cost.

In the literary way there is likely to be little doing for some time to come. Daily newspaper are the best stock at present; the leading papers of this city are probably clearing more on the capital invested than they could have made from the same capital in any kind of business. The Herald is especially prosperous and jubilant; rejoices in its yacht and country seat, and in the chance fulfillment of its predictions of evil. We notice that Alexander Smith has brought out a new volume of poems, which will of course be republished in this country.

All kinds of amusements are doing well, owing to the great number of strangers in the city, and, perhaps, to the financial excitement, in some degree. For people are never more disposed to dissipate than in times when they cannot tell whether their property is their own or belongs to their creditors. The opera at the Academy is thronged, and Frezzolini, Lagrange and Vestrali, shine as alternate stars. Thalberg is drawing crowds.—Matilda Howard performs at Wallack's with unabated vigor and popularity.

The Firemen have nominated "Harry Howard" for Mayor, and the Tammany Hall people have now another squabble on their hands. It takes an expert to keep posted in our city politics. All the parties are Hydrant-headed.

The most amusing episode of the week was the triumphant entry and precipitate hieira of Andrew Jackson, Jr., the bearer of "that snuff box." What could Gen. Jackson have been thinking about when he threw that apple of discord into the ranks of the New York military? How shall the bravest man be discovered? Shall he uncover his scars to the base mob, as the patrician Cincinnatus disdained to do? Shall he exhibit the scalps of slain Mexicans strung around his victorious neck? Shall he hang up in the City Hall his "battered helm and blood-stained blade?" Who is the bravest man? It is our private opinion that the box ought to be given to Comptroller Flagg, that Corbush of the treasury, who for three long years has withstood manfully all the barking, snapping and biting of the hungry ones who seek to break in and devour the children's bread.—But the box is gone. Request in vain.

Everybody is waiting "with white lips," for everybody else to fail. To-morrow will test the matter. If there are no heavy failures then reported, our boat may yet launch on a smoother sea.

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WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

There's beauty on the ocean deep,
When winds are still and waves asleep;
When through the waters fishes glide;
There's beauty seen on every side.

There's beauty seen o'er hill and vale;
Where bloom the rose and lily pale;
There's beauty seen on every hand,
Throughout this great and goodly land.

There's beauty seen in shady bowers,
Where children spend their happy hours,
Where float along sweet songs of mirth,
Proclaim there's beauty still on earth.

There's beauty in each tiny blade,
Which God, in his pure love, has made:
The lone and sorrowing heart to cheer;
To light us on our pathway here.

M. A. S.

Last Thursday Mr. Wm. E. Anderson, employed in the felt factory at Winchester, caught his hand in a belt which was over a three inch revolving axle, and being carried over received a simple fracture of the right arm, and a compound fracture of both bones of fore-arm.

On Wednesday evening the Excelsior Engine Company voted that, so long as Mr. Anderson, who is a member, requires watchers, he shall be supplied by the company.

Mr. E. is doing as well as the nature of the accident will admit.

SOUTH READING.

WASHING-DAY.—Soaps and Fluids, of various kinds have been invented and used to lessen and facilitate the labor on "washing-days," but still the ladies declare that these things are all useless of themselves, as wood be pens, paper and ink without mind to indite, and hand to direct. So some come forward and offers a machine to do the work of washing. The machine has no will of its own but needs a controlling power. Now it must be acknowledged that washing machines (whether necessarily so or not) are very cumbersome, and make up in weight what is saved in convenience—about the same amount of strength being required to locate and work the machine, as found necessary to do the whole work under the general system of washboards, with this difference—the labor can be transferred from the fairer to the sterner sex. We venture a suggestion that may prove of service to some enterprising Yankee. In the first place it would be quite too vulgar for some families to do their own work, and other families, from ill health and otherwise, cannot do theirs. In the next place, Monday seems to be as appropriate for "Washing-day," as Thursday does for the annual Thanksgiving, and those who are wont to "discern the face of the sky" may have noticed that Monday will average a more favorable day for drying purposes than any other secular day. But it is certain that under the present system, help cannot be obtained to perform all such work on Monday. Inventors, vendors, and agents of washing machines, if we believe half of their recommendations, generally have more confidence in them than any one else, hence they are the proper persons to use them. Suppose then that they or some in their employ should do the community and themselves a service by taking their machines on Monday and answer the calls to operate an hour in one place, to turn out a washing in another, &c., according to the situations and desire of the family, charging enough to make it pay well, and prove mutually a benefit to the parties.—Should this suggestion induce any one to make the trial, let him put us down for the first hour on Monday morning. M.

[For the Middlesex Journal.]

SUCCESS.

Mr. Editor:—Ought not every person to be willing to be valued as he makes himself valuable? When the gentleman and basket-maker were cast on an island of savages, the basket-maker presently found food and favor among the natives by his skill in weaving osiers, while the gentleman, whose sole occupation had been to eat and drink and amuse himself, was considered hardly worth preserving alive, and was sentenced to be the basket-maker's servant and cut up osiers for his work.

A malefactor, who had been a great nuisance to society, just before his execution coming somewhat to his senses, begged that his corpse might be given to the surgeons for dissection, that his dead body might at least be of some service to the community, which, while living, he had only injured.

John Shore, a poor young man from England, employed in India as a clerk, on a salary of £12 a year, feeling somewhat discouraged with his lot, stated his case to an elderly person for his advice; who said to him, "Young man, make yourself useful and you will succeed."

He adopted this direction as his rule of life, and arose from one station to another, till he became Governor general of the British East Indies.

This is a rule so short that it can be easily remembered and daily applied.

But without going to Asia for an example, you, Mr. Editor, may agree with me that my own neighborhood furnishes a good illustration of this principle in one of our correspondents, who continues to be as useful to this community as the thirteenth letter of the alphabet is to the Printer; and who, though he should not be Governor of the East Indies, will doubtless have some other office quite as good.

In conclusion, I give every youth who pursues the Journal, Lord Teignmouth's (John Shore) cardinal maxim—"Young man, make yourself useful and you will succeed." J. E.

[For the Middlesex Journal.]

Mr. Editor:—I noticed an article in your Journal of last week, under the signature of P. H. S., which requires of me a passing notice.

It seemed to be the intention of the author of that article, to set forth a supposed professional delinquency of a certain "Dr. Zero" (referring to me) for not visiting a child of his, who had met with a slight accident.—The article referred to is a tissue of misrep-

resentation. There is scarcely a shadow of truth in most of its statements. But to come, and the only one, is—that Dr. Z. would not visit the patient because Dr. S. had first been sent for. This statement I pronounce a malicious, unmitigated falsehood, for which some one is responsible. Why did not P. H. S. first learn the facts in the case before making such an unfounded assertion and such a wanton attack upon a friend and neighbor? Was he afraid that by so doing the wind would be entirely taken from his sails, and he would lose the opportunity of parading before the public, and stigmatising one who has never in word, action, or look, done the first thing to destroy his reputation, or knowingly to injure his feelings?

I have no wish to pursue this subject.—What I have said, justice to myself, to my profession and friends, required that I should say. Now, if P. H. S. sees fit to continue the warfare upon which he has entered with so much apparent zest, he is perfectly welcome to all those *deceiving and pleasing* emotions, which he may derive from such a contest. J. D. MANFIELD.

S. Reading, Sept. 22, '57.

A PRACTICAL CURIOSITY.—TRUTH CONQUERS ALL ASSAILANTS.—The admirable Critchton, the greatest logician of his day, was accustomed to seek a controversy with the Sophists of the French and Italian Colleges, by nailing challenges to the gates of those institutions. Thomas Holloway, the inventor of the popular medicinal remedies that bore his name, has adopted a more public and comprehensive method of defying Error and establishing Truth. He has advertised his pills and ointment in nearly every newspaper in the world; and fortified his proclamations with a mass of authentic testimony which no disputant has thought it prudent to assail. Critchton was a great theorist. Holloway is a man of facts. He takes for his premises twenty years of successful practice, and innumerable well-attested cures, and asks the world to draw its own conclusions. He has a simple and perspicuous theory of the common origin of all diseases, and upon this theory the composition of his famous remedies is based; but he rightly deems that the experimental proofs of their efficacy constitute a better passport to public confidence than a thousand philosophical essays upon the causes which lie at the root of their astonishing effects. In argument, the ingenious and subtle caviller, may sometimes prove an overmatch for plain reason; but there never lived the man, however eloquent, that could overcome a solid array of facts. They present the same sort of impenetrable barrier to the attacks of the most brilliant declaimer, that a square of infantry presents to the charge of light dragoons. In the centre of his *cheval de frise* of facts, stands the hero of countless victories over disease, Professor Holloway, invulnerable to the shafts of envy and prejudice.

What are his credentials? Have not his preparations relieved tens of thousands of victims in every clime, upon whom an antediluvian inquest of the "profession" had been held, and a verdict pronounced of "utterly incurable?" For a response to this question, consult the press, everywhere, the volumes of private testimonials, the records of hospitals, the complimentary letters of princes and nobles, the archives of governments, and public opinion throughout the world. These are Holloway's vouchers. Who is prepared to question them?—London "Dispatch."

A SHORT, SAD HISTORY.—A poor young woman started from New Haven to this great, cold, heartless city, in search of employment, respectable employment of some kind.—Friendless and alone, without means, she arrived here on Thursday last, and being sick, tired, and hungry, she called on a lady residing at 205 Lewis street, begged for employment and a little assistance, and as the tears rolled down her sad face, told the lady how destitute and forlorn she was.

The lady encouraged her, gave her something to eat, and kindly administered to her comfort as well as possible, and the poor girl left her, but in a dejected and despairing state of mind. She was desirous of working in order to live respectably, but evidently shrunk from the task of striking out into this great, selfish city, to seek the relief she needed, and stated to the lady that the fear of losing her salvation only prevented her from drowning herself. Being a total stranger here, and utterly destitute, had almost broken her heart.

The girl left the lady that evening and their next meeting was the recognition of the poor creature, cold and senseless, at the inquest of the Coroner. She was found drowned yesterday, at the foot of Fifth street, and evidently preferred death to a life of infamy, though it might have purchased luxuries for a time. Her name is not known.—N. Y. Day Book.

THE MONAD.—The monad, the smallest of all living creatures, swarms by myriads in a drop of water; for it has been compared to that within this small space no less than five hundred million could be comprised; and this calculation is not to be regarded as unworthy of confidence, inasmuch as the monad is never found to attain a greater length than the twelve thousandth part of an inch. In a cubic inch of a certain kind of mould, consisting entirely of animalcules, more than forty-one million of distinct beings were estimated, by Ehrenburg, to exist; a fact which, when taken in connection with others of the same nature, renders it highly probable that the living beings of the microscopic world surpass in number those which are visible to the naked eye.

DEATH.—On Saturday morning a man named O'Brien and his wife, living on Charles street, East Cambridge, both of whom had been sick of consumption for a year, died within three hours of each other. The one who died last was not apprised of the death of the other.

CLERICAL.—Rev. Barzillai Frost resigned his pastorage of the Unitarian Church at Concord, Mass., by a letter which was read last Sunday morning, making the close of twenty-one years' devoted pastoral duty.—He is to seek the recovery of his shattered health in the balmy climate of Fayal.

